

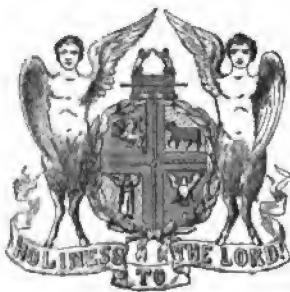
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Thos. Brown

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No. 1.



DRAGON MOWTHPHOOLE DECIDES.

**BIRTH, LIFE, AND DEATH OF STONE-SQUARER'S
LODGE.**

IN THREE PARTS—BY ROB. MORRIS, G. M. OF KY.

Part First—The Birth.

“Now eff this don't make the ole man chaw his 'backy fine, I'm a guinea hen! He's done fowt the Masons ever sense we've been together, now gwain on forty year; and to have the drotted things now stuck here right under his nose!—t will be the death of him, sure as shootin'.”

These words, portentous of evil speedy and vast, were addressed by old Mrs. Mowthphoole, to her grand-daughter, Hepsibah Truck, who had just brought her the startling tidings, by way of neighbor Serks's, that “the Masons had done detarmed to start a lodge, and set their masonry mill a grindin', next Saturday come three weeks!”

Mrs M. was a finished specimen from the old-fashioned anti-masonic trestle-board : one of a class, fast passing away, who did the evil-speaking, and dirty work generally of their grand master, Satan, until the year 1826, when a political party took it out of their hands. This lady was a member of a church—that class invariably is—which approaches nearest in doctrine to pure fanaticism. There is no institution that so plainly inculcates the duty of works in evidence of faith as Masonry ; therefore none is so obnoxious to fatalists in general.

In her apparel, Mrs M. was peculiar as the freemasons themselves. She wore the covering, and adorned herself with ornaments, similar to those which had served her ancestors generations before. Her gown was homespun and home-made, but alas ! the skill of the widow's son was visible neither in the web, nor in the cut, nor in the make. The pattern was the same to which nature cuts all her coverings, that is, the frame itself ; and with curious fidelity did the garment follow the curves and angles, the hills and valleys, for which the steel had prepared it. As this old dame was reduced in flesh, her dress, suggestive of the jewel it inclosed, forcibly reminded you of the bark on a cherry tree, and you irresistibly yearned to pull out your knife and cut it open, that the imprisoned body may be released. Her shoes were of—they were, in fact, out of sight ; for the weather was too warm for—horseskin. Her head, naturally rejoicing in a sandy mat for a covering, was now enfolded in the additional envelop of a red flannel cap. A string of purple glass beads and a cob pipe, completed both her attire and adornments.

The reader will see our motive in describing so particularly this venerable dame, when we apprise him that in that vicinity there were several other old women who also wore red woolen caps, incased themselves in cherry bark frocks, were wealthy in glass beads, smoked cob pipes, locked up their horseskin in sultry weather, belonged to the Mohammedan style of church membership, and were ardent anti-masons. One word as to Mrs M.'s house, and we will get along faster. Of course it was log, earth-daubed, etc.—many an excellent mason lives in no better, and we once had no better for us and ours ; but the tenement of Mrs M. was of the meanest description. The census-taker thus described it for us : "The mud, it was put in in frosty weather, and was always fallin' out ; while the bark from the poles, they being cut in summer, it was always fallin' in !" Around the room hung four Hartford lithographs—Washington, Clay, Jackson, and one that was labeled "Banviewrin," which latter, from the fact of its having no topknot, was probably intended for the ex-president from Kinderhook. The facial resemblances borne by the first-named three were by no means flattering, as the originals would freely approbate. Finally the room was furnished with some three-legged stools and a broken-back chair, upon the latter of which Miss Hepsibah was seated. And now let us hear something further from Mrs M., as she murmurs through her cob pipe.

"I'll be dogged eff it don't kill the old varmint"—she meant her husband—"plumb dead—*fee-ee-ee*"—this last sound is the murmur of the pipe—"the minute he hears it. And whose the no-counts that 's gettin' it up ? Parson Ellyphant, did you say ? *Fee-ee-ee* ! I'll be bound he's one. Yes :—*fee-ee-ee*—tall assurance. His fingers ollers 'minds me of a handful of 'possum tails. Oh, dearee me, eff there's a one thing I would n't never marry, it's a sarkut rider—*fee-ee-ee*."

These reflections, the result of profound investigation, were interspersed with periodic sucks at the pipe, in acknowledgement of which attention the smoke and vapor gurgled antagonistically through the cane tube, producing the sound we have attempted to represent.

"But here's the ole varmint himself. It 'll kill him, I know it 'll kill him plumb dead! Leastways it ought to!" And with praise-worthy resignation the dame seated herself in the chimney corner, in a position to afford her a view of the catastrophe, come as it *mout*, and continued her amusement through the hollow cane with increased zest, despite her anticipated widowhood.

He was not a tall man, old Ben M. was not; that is at the date of this narrative. If he ever had been tall, he had sunk—there is, in fact, no architectural term to describe such a building as he. The Egyptian order which delights in the massive—Byron terms it the colossal copyist of deformity—has something like it in those pillars which bulge out in the middle, as if the weight on top was too much for their shoulders. Such, though on an enlarged scale, was Benjamin Mouthphoole, or if it was not, there is nothing else that was.

The dress of this worthy patriarch—he resembled the patriarch Job in two things, the number of his children and the way he raised them up—the deacon's dress, we say resembled that of his antiquated partner, except that his nether garment was dyed with smac juice, fastened with copperas, and that he wore shoes untanned and home-made, of course, and a coon-skin cap. Both had evidently kept the same grand principles in view, viz: to confine the scissors to the ancient landmarks, and to let no man or body of men, or women either, make innovations.

His first movement, on entering his dwelling, was towards the barrel of "red-head" always on tap in the corner of the room. Thence he drew a cupful of fluid, originally concealed in the shape of corn, but very differently flavored now from any corn in the world. This he drank, and the effect of the potation was cordial. There was an increased glow of the countenance, and a loosening of the lingual cable-tow. He had not heard the dreadful intelligence, that was certain, and as his expected demise was postponed, Mrs. M. relaxed in her attention, and resumed her work. This was to turn a pile of old garments, by means of a cast-off pair of tailors' shears, into slips for a rag-carpet, to be exchanged for "store truck."

It is annoying to observe what an affectation of wisdom, ignorant old men will put on while uttering their nonsense. The deacon, relaxed by the cornjuice aforesaid, commenced an interminable twaddle, about a heifer he had been to Redbook's to trade for, and how the sorry thing had the hollow horn when he "see'd" her, and how some young mules "chaw'd off" his horse's tail—every hair of it; and how old "Marm Swett was battling her clothes down 't the branch as he came past, while her no 'count gals was rubbin' snuff at the house;" and how there would "be a late spring this year 'cause Easter come so late; and "a heap" of similar rubbish. Fortunately, in this instance, the twaddle was prematurely nipped. A halloo at the fence was heard; a yell from dogs followed; a flock of dirty children, white, black, and composite, rushed to the door; while over all loomed the grizzly thatched head of deacon Mouthphoole.

It was no body but neighbor Serks, a mortal of the deacon's class,

The dog riot was quelled, and the visiter ushered hospitably into the house, whither he was followed by the hounds, who with noses pointed towards each other, compared notes satisfactorily concerning him. Billy Serks, figuratively speaking, was down at the heel. A cupful of the juice failed to gladden his heart—the first failure of that sort unto him ever known. A second was equally unsuccessful; for Billy sat silent, only batted his eye (the other was in North Carolina, “gouged”), looked solemnly at the deacon, and shook his head. It was so dry a head, and so much resembled a dead gourd, that when he shook it, you naturally expected to hear the seeds rattle, and you were disappointed because they did not. A third cupful operated more powerfully. With a reckless disregard of human life, he blurted out, “Deacon, I come over to tell you, the Masons is gwain to start a lodge at Swipsey’s; right off; I’ll be dogged eff they aint!” and he reached out his hand for a fourth cup.

The human mind is telegraphic in its nature. It calls up the past, it anticipates the future with equal rapidity. That of Deacon Mowthphoole flashed with inconceivable speed as it took in at a glance all the evils of this step. Not even the penman of that lightning verse, “Adam, Seth, Enoch,” (1 Chron. i. 1,) could dart over the centuries more swiftly than this experienced anti-mason. In the gloomy perspective he saw it all—schools would be established, whisky-drinking abolished, improvements in farming, in dress, in manners, in religion; churches built on free-grace principles; a neglect of old-fashioned things and old-fashioned people like himself; these and other mischiefs would assuredly follow upon the establishment of a Mason’s lodge.

But the deacon was no child of yesterday. Exacerbated as he was, he remembered that one man can destroy an edifice which exhausted the skill of a thousand builders. Therefore he did not faint. He did not die “plumb dead” as his yoke-fellow had predicted. Bad as he rather undeniably was, he did not even lose hope; he only took a cupful of cornjuice, and in a resolute voice declared, “Eff they try it they’d better not!” In that phrase he expressed the sentiments of all the antis in Squash’s precinct.

The report thus conveyed to the auricles of Deacon Mowthphoole was genuine. The six stray sheep of the masonic fold who lived in the Bend *had* resolved, that to go twenty miles to attend lodge at Elgin was too great a sacrifice for them, and they must have one nearer home. The idea was by no means novel; indeed it had long been entertained. Years before, there was a petition started by that enthusiastic young brother, McLesky, who proposed to erect a hall at his own expense, so anxious was he to see Masonry planted in the Bend. But his sudden and melancholy death closed the scheme. Then Elder Flint, who had held a quarterly conference at Swipsey’s Chapel, and had been half starved for want of temporal and spiritual spiritual accommodations, recommended the Musons to organize a body there, if only for religion’s sake, and offered to help them. Next the Grand Lecturer, Bruce, who was on a visit to his uncle, Parson Moses, joined his solicitations to the others and proposed, if the brethren would go into it, to stay a week among them and give them instruction gratis.

But although the demand was urgent, and these offers tempting, the Masons were slow to move. None of them in worldly matters were unembarrassed, however efficient they might be in masonic

wealth, and they feared the expense. At last a motion became visible, as we have said, and at a stated meeting in Elgin Lodge it was decided by the six, that if the town Masons would come out and give them a start, and lend them funds to begin with, and recommend them to the Grand Master, they would shoulder the burden, and strike in the name of the Lord. The town Masons shook hands with them as a token of acceptance.

The enterprising six were, Parson Moses,¹ an old man but young in Masonry, who had been expelled from the fatalist church the year before, a church in which he had preached from his youth up, for becoming a Mason; Mr. Alexander Boxton, the schoolmaster and class-leader at Swipsey's Chapel, so rigid in doctrine that he had more than once declared himself, "Methodist warp and filling, drove up by a beetle!" Thomas Houghton, carpenter, and, like all carpenters, the father of many living children; and the three brothers Bell, of whom it had been pleasantly said that, if ever three bells *were* cast to the same sound, they were Saul, Noah, and Isaiah Bell, so well did the Bells agree in everything. Such was the seed of the new lodge. The three principal sources of opposition to be encountered were these:

First, the neighborhood, as the reader has already learned, was offensively anti-masonic. The professing Christians in the Bend (all except the few who met at Swipsey's, and a couple of Cumberland Presbyterians,) belonged to Deacon Mowthphooles's church—a church of which it may be truly said, that *the creed is not written*, and for the sufficient reason that *ink is not dark enough to indite it*, but which is as well known to friend and foe as though it were printed in the pages of the "American Freemason." Second. There were four licensed grogshops and a distillery in the Bend, the full-egged nests of vice and strife. Beside this, the housekeepers generally kept a barrel of "red-head" for family use, bought at the distillery of Deacon Mowthphoole. The stereotyped excuse for this was—did ever a mortal purchase strong drink without some good reason for it? a liquor-seller hears as many confessions as Father O'Riley, but not quite so many promises—the excuse was, that the *milk-sick* was in the hills, and a barrel of liquor cost less than a cow anyway! This apology was about equal, in point of application, to that of the Frenchman who said he put eggs into his sugar-water to get out the *purities*. Third. Beside these two sources of anti-Masonry—than which none is more helpful than the free use of strong drink, and therefore it is that temperance comes first in our list of cardinal virtues—there was a whole list of abandoned women on the river-side, and a splendid game country in the hills, opposite, the one spreading licentiousness, the other idleness, all through the Bend.

Then, there was no house fit for lodge purposes, nor could the feeble half dozen, who were about to shoulder this heavy burden, bear the expense of building one. This difficulty had appeared insurmountable ever since poor McLesky's death, but on the second coming

¹ We were once visiting a lodge in a certain State capital, and saw the principal officers of the State, the Governor, Ex-Governor, Secretary, Supreme Judge, Auditor, Attorney General, Adjutant General, &c., all Masons, and members of the lodge, while the lodge itself was governed as follows: the W. M. was a journeyman printer; S. W., a carpenter; J. W., a painter; Secretary, a tinner. It is known that George Washington himself never rose to distinguished masonic honors, and for the good reason, that he never attained to what is technically styled the *work of Masonry*. "Masonry values no man on account of his worldly wealth or honors."

of Elder Flint, that whole-souled Mason suggested that another story might readily be built on Swipse's chapel, and to start the thing handsomely, he pledged himself to raise fifty dollars toward it, if the brethren in the Bend would advance the rest—so powerfully impressed was this experienced minister with the importance of throwing a moral restraint around that abandoned district, by the aid of Masonry, which religion, single-handed, seemed inadequate to do. The brethren agreed to the latter proposition, although, as the chapel was of logs, and had been erected ten years before, the additional story looked like a new French bonnet upon a venerable dame of ninety. The title to one half the property was henceforth vested in the Grand Lodge, the other half in the General Conference of the church.*

An election for constable, held at Squash's grocery, enabled the settlement to learn, amid the picking of banjoes and the torturing of feline viscera, that the Masons, with Parson Moses in the van, had got a dispensation from the Grand Master—a *disposition* public report styled it—and would begin next Saturday. Much blasphemy and some threats followed upon the news. The former fell unnoticed. The latter, which had reference to the unlawful application of fire, was met in a decided manner by Mr. Boxton. He took down the names of those who had dared to hint at arson, and gave it out that if Swipse's chapel *should* at any time catch fire, a couple more should go from Gowan county to the penitentiary. As Gowan had already eight there, learning to make trace chains, this remark stifled further threats, and Daddy Hook, who had been one of the incautious, never saw a thundercloud pass over for a twelvemonth afterward, but he prayed it might not hit Swipse's.

A consultation meeting had been held at the house of the Rev. Dockery Moses, his excellent wife being previously and most unfairly decoyed away on an imaginary report of a neighbor's sickness. This convention was opened by reading the Scriptures, and prayer. The first thing to be settled at it was the name of the new lodge. There were four prevalent notions to consider. The parson first suggested the name of the Grand Master, by way of policy, but the other five opposed that, especially Boxton, who protested against using the name of any living person, on the ground that we don't know what a man will come to before he dies. He cited three instances of lodges that had been compelled to *change* their names, because the persons who had been thus honored in lodge nomenclature were afterward *expelled* from Masonry for gross offences. Boxton proposed the title of *Conference Lodge*, as being euphonistic and not un-Masonic. But the others voted that down with a shout. It was sectarian, they said, and would be so construed by the public. Brother Houghton was of the opinion that *Temperance Lodge* would be a good hit. Declined unanimously. The three brothers Bell agreeing, as usual, offered *Convexity Lodge* as just the thing. What idea they had connected with the term convexity is inexplicable. The other three refused it. So they did the various substitutes of Bible Lodge, Compass Lodge, Square Lodge, Bend Lodge, Swipse's Lodge, Chapel Lodge, Flint Lodge, Level Lodge, Gavel Lodge, Trowel Lodge, Moses' Lodge, Globe Lodge, Lodge of the Two Pillars, and many others. It did

* This will appear to some a singular coincidence. But we have reason to believe that the ancient masonic usage on this head guided Wesley's mind in arranging the title-deeds to the chapels and other church property in the connection.

really seem as if the brethren would disperse on the question of naming. At last, Mr. Houghton, who was turning over the leaves of a family Bible with marginal notes, that lay on the table, called the general attention to the word *Ghiblim*, translated from the Hebrew, *Stone-Squarer*, and suggested the adoption of that word. Weary with the debate, it was accepted, and resolved that the new lodge should be styled *Stone-Squarer's Lodge*.

The next subject was quarterly dues. The members generally having large families and small means, a minimum charge for lodge purposes must be adopted. But how much? Borton said fifty cents a quarter. Too much. Noah Bell said fifteen cents, the other two Bells assenting. Too little. Then forty, thirty, twenty cents, were severally proposed and discussed. At last, by way of compromise, the latter was adopted, and eighty cents a year agreed upon. Then came up the code of by-laws. Printed copies of those in use by the surrounding lodges had been furnished them by Elder Flint, and some judgment was needed to adopt the better portion and reject the rest.³ A very stringent section concerning immorality in general, and the vices of intemperance, fighting, blasphemy, and gambling, in particular, was inserted by unanimous consent. It was also resolved, *nem. dis.*, to have a chaplain as a standing officer, and that acting preachers, of whatever denomination, should receive the degree gratis.⁴ This, the general custom in the United States, was done with reference to the fact that preachers are rarely remunerated for their labor as other men, and therefore in charitable contributions they should be spared. The stated meetings were now set for the Wednesday night after each full moon, to give the members light homeward; and thirteen meetings a year—the old rule.

Time and place being then satisfactorily designated, the few other necessary preliminaries were arranged, and the consultation was closed, as it had been opened, with prayer. Rev. Dookery Moses was nominated first Worshipful Master, Bro. Borton, first Secretary. The two elder Bells were made Wardens, and the younger Treasurer, on the Grand Lodge principle, that a man of worldly substance should fill that office. Let them reconcile the principle to any constitutional principle who can. Another error was committed, a very usual one, that of making Houghton, who had no capacity for committing or delivering a sentence, the senior Deacon, one of the most important officers in a lodge. Three of the Elgin Masons, whose names had gone with theirs on the petition, were taken to fill out the list of officers.

And now as to fittings. As funds were scarce, a few strips of tin, procured at the tin shop, were ingeniously shaped into the form of lodge jewels, though, like the Egyptian hieroglyphics, they required an expounder to give their true intent. A few yards of bleached goods and tape served for masonic aprons, after passing through the discipline of scissors and needle in the hands of the forgiving Mrs. Moses. Houghton made a beautiful G and gilded it, also some turned pillars, an altar, the necessary seats and stations. In framing the

³ It is to be regretted, that in many States no constitutional form of by-laws for the use of subordinate lodges has been furnished under Grand Lodge authority.

⁴ In 1788 the Grand Lodge of Scotland decreed that the clergy should be initiated into Masonry free of charge. We opine that the cause of this will continue to exist till the millennium.

latter he was Freemason enough to avoid the idea of pulpits, and substituted the true masonic principle of thrones. Miss Smith, sister-in-law of Boxton, who was in possession of a small income of her own—old man Snale, her father, being dead—presented the lodge with curtains having the square and compass neatly embroidered thereon with her own fair fingers; also a bucket and dipper for water; a big Bible, having the name and age of the new lodge under the head of *Births*; and a cushion. This liberality on the part of the maiden, we are happy to say, met its own reward; for Saul Bell, who was all his days inclined to be over-bashful, took her generosity as a password, entered the door of her dwelling with masculine boldness, filed his petition for marriage, and astonished everybody by wedding her on the Wednesday after the second meeting of the lodge. As the three Bells prided themselves on striking the same note, the other two were driven in less than a twelvemonth to the same desperate act, and little Bells jingled in due course of time.

The necessary notice had been forwarded to town, and the following announcement appeared conspicuously in the *Elgin Courant*:

"MASONIC—The members of Stone Squarer's Lodge, U. D., will organize at Swipsey's Chapel, in Pickett's Bend, Wednesday, May 5, at 2 p. m. Brethren from other lodges fraternally welcome.

The day set apart for this august ceremony proved pleasant. Every omen was favorable. The sun rose clear, the breeze was balmy but not too fresh; the birds sounded the passwords, and made the signs their ancient brethren had done before them since they followed Eve out of Eden. By noon there was a large collection of people on the hill, which was crowned by Swipsey's chapel. The reader will please accompany us thither.

That old cataphracted man, whose tobacco-stained lips match his sumac-stained breeches, *that* is Deacon Mowthphoole. Some persons might feel a delicacy in hanging round a masonic lodge this way, but he has none to feel. He says *he's gwain to larn outhen*, and from his stupid appearance, it is certainly time he did. Luckily he's a trifle deaf, or something might slip through the large crack in that upper room, and he hear it!

That bony-looking young man, with Gen. Lewis Cass on his breast-pin, and a pack of hounds on his coat buttons, *that* is Henry Herz. Henry has already put in his petition to be made a Mason, and can't be persuaded but that he'll be put through before midnight. He once paid a quarter to see an elephant, he says, and he got to see him right off. Why, then, should the Masons make him wait?

Those two chunky fellows on the log yonder, with eyes like a locomotive, are Rossini and Auber Linley. Their father once played his clarionette at a Mason's funeral, and he brought his sons up to worship the very idea of some day joining the Masons. They are sitting there watching Bro. Ranwed's saddle-bags, from which they suppose the *branding irons* will be drawn. Ah, if they can only stand *the burning*, what Masons they'll make!

And hurrah, here comes the Elgin brethren, thirteen of them, all in a row, a real baker's dozen, and merry as griggs! That's Lee's voice! Bless us, you'd know it a league. He has just finished a joke, a real oyster of a thing, and see, Chandler looks pale and exhausted, as though he had been spitting blood, and the rest of them talk huskily, they've laughed so hard. Lee will be immensely wealthy

whenever sound jokes are taken at par, but meantime he must stick to press-board, goose, cabbage, and needle.

There's Graylet. To look at him, wouldn't a man think he had lost his grandfather lately? And yet that man, Graylett, says dryer wit and enjoys it better than any other in his chapter. But he laughs *inside*, as though he was swallowing tobacco juice, and keeps his enjoyment tyled as close as he does the Royal Arch degree itself.

Here they come; make way for them, for they are the salt of Elgin. Here's a body of Masons that Masonry may glory in. Every one of them is a temperance man; not one of them swears. Every one of them has his little pasteboard box, inclosing his regalia, brought down in honor of the new lodge; not one of them but what belongs to some church. Good-fellowship lightens the orient of every eye. Fraternal feeling glistens through the pores of the face, and their very tongues ring with it. God bless such Masons as they. Not one of them laughs at the funny-looking bonnet of a thing perched up there on top of the chapel, for they all understand 't was the best the brethren could do, banished as they were to the banks of the Euphrates. Oh! such a sinewy grip as their hands can give; they would almost lift up a dead body. They forbear to laugh at the hieroglyphical jewels so economically got up, and at the general rudeness of arrangements, for each visitor knows the heavy burden these enterprising six have shouldered; yes, and each one has brought down a V in his pocket-book to loan them. Therefore, instead of fault-finding, there is an expression of gratified surprise that so much has been done, and so well done too; and many an encouraging prophesy is ventured, and many a pledge of aid is offered, if aid be required, and many—oh! God bless such Masons anyhow.

The crowd of cowans, by this time, has now increased to a tumult. Jehosaphat! only look at 'em. Here's the whole Himmel family to the third generation! Here's Bull Argot, the grocery keeper; in his case curiosity has prevailed over covetousness, and dragged the spider from his den. Here's Zelmira Jones, who teaches; and Parson Long-fellow, who preaches. Here's all the boys and girls of the band. Here glistens two-bit calico, under the glaring meridian, gay as a pea-fowl's tail expanded. Here do greatly abound glass beads, gaudy ribbons, red-leather shoes, artificial flowers of the heliotrope genus, bandana handkerchiefs, and other things; concerning all of which we may safely say, that King Solomon was not so decorated. Yonder lady wears four dozen chickens in her ears. Her sister, by her side, whose *Christian*-name is Jabesh-gilead, has three geese and a coon represented in her breastpin, eight pairs of socks in her lace veil, a whole onion patch in her bonnet.

Surely these folks must suppose that Stone-Squarers' Lodge is to be organized in public, else why that remark from the philosophic Mowthphoole, echoed by Billy Serks at his back, that *he'd larn euth-en bout the drotted things fore supper, gawl swizzled off he didn't!* What wonder that Bro. Ranwed thinks, "No person has half so much curiosity to learn Mason secrets as the real red-hot anties; and if they would take such pains to acquire Masonry in a lawful way, they would beat Solomon himself!"^a

^a A celebrated jester, no Mason, once published handbills in a locality like this, that he would deliver an address on a certain day, exposing all the Masons' secrets.

But Swipse's chapel is now full of them. They are not the sort to be driven away; they've come for something, and something they'll have before they go!

After a whispered consultation behind the house, it is considered best to ask them all up into the lodge-room, and let Lee give them a talk. Agreed. He mounts the horse-block, and in his loud comic way invites all within sound of his voice, two thousand yards—if a fathom—to congregate *upstarrs* and hear a masonic discourse. Horrors, what a rush! Houghton, the carpenter, closes his eyes in dismay that he may not see the *starrs* fall. They were never made for such a strain as this. Many accidents occur. Deacon Mowthphoole, first at the start, but failing in the outcome, has his glasses broken and his wife her pipe. Miss Zelmira Jones is heard to utter a naughty word as her tenderest corn is flattened under a behemoth's foot. Bull Argot, who rarely swears to a preacher, condemns Parson Longfellow in characteristic language for treading upon his. The parson, who has dropped his hat, is borne upward by the current without it. The peddler Jochalfrosa loses his card of masonic breastpins that he had brought for sale, and it is supposed that one of Mike Mack's sons abstracted it, for the whole Mack family started to Texas that night, and wore masonic breastpins all the way. Behind the rushing cow-ans appears a long trail of crushed beads, broken sashes, fragments of ribbons, colored garters, and a small round cushion, for which no Mason can possibly imagine a use. The Masons come last, purple with laughter at the whole scene, and that stolid Graylett, who never cracks a smile, brings up the rear.

In the lodge-room sits curiosity personified in a hundred forms. Eyes, not pedunculated like a crab's, therefore obnoxious to an overstrain, *are* overstrained in fixed stares, first at the open Bible—rare sight in Picket's Bend—then at the aprons which hang on the walls, then at the golden letter G. But we must hurry on.

Brother Lee calls out in stentorian notes that the Rev. Dockery Moses will address the throne of grace; whereat the Masons rise like civilized beings, and the Benders sit still, as the Indians did when Columbus first celebrated mass in their presence. Prayer being ended, the inveterate punster Lee entertained the audience for an hour with just such a broken, disjointed talk as suited the audience around him. The pith of it, if it had any, was to show by the *reductio ad absurdum* (as Euclid hath it,) what Masonry is *not*. It is *not* religion, he said; it is *not* vice; it is *not* free; it is *not* costly; it is *not* easy of access to the bad, it is *not* difficult of access to the good. He illustrated with many rib-bursting anecdotes, and several that were pathetic, at which latter Miss Zelmira wept a tear, and old Billy Serks shouted an amen.

The congregation, supposing all to be done, now went home quietly. Deacon Mowthphoole "deklarrin on his voracity that afore he'd had his own eyedis 'bout Masons, but now he know'd they wan't the clean thing, caze they bragged so, and he'd give 'em goss yet, see eff he didn't."

The hill-top being quiet, and no sign of humanity visible, save the neglected graveyard on the dark north, the brethren proceeded to

An immense crowd gathered. Some came two days journey with families and wagons. But the joker did not appear, and the multitude dispersed, sadly disap

organize in regular form, and this was the birth of Stone-Squarer's Lodge.

The following song was furnished them as a comprehensive sketch of masonic duties, connected with their new engagements to God, to the Order, and to each other.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

"Let brotherly love continue."

By one God created, by one Saviour saved,
By one Spirit lighted, by one mark engraved :
We're taught in the wisdom our spirits approve,
To cherish the spirit of Brotherly-love.

Love, love, Brotherly-love—

This world has no spirit like Brotherly-love.

In the land of the stranger, we Masons abide,
In forest, in quarry, on Lebanon's side ;
Yon temple we 're building, its plan 's from above,
And we labor supported by Brotherly-love.

Love, love, Brotherly-love—

This world has no spirit like Brotherly-love.

Though the service be hard, and the wages be scant,
If the Master accept it, our hearts are content ;
The prize that we toil for, we'll have it above,
When the Temple's completed in Brotherly-love.

Love, love, Brotherly-love—

This world has no spirit like Brotherly-love.

Yes, yes, though the week may be long, it will end,
Though the temple be lofty, THE KEYSTONE will stand ;
And the Sabbath, blest day, every thought will remove,
Save the mem'ry fraternal of Brotherly-love.

Love, love, Brotherly-love—

This world has no spirit like Brotherly-love.

By one God created—*come, brothers, 'tis day !*
By one Spirit lighted—*come, brothers, away !*
With beauty, and wisdom, and strength to approve,
Let's toil while there's labor in Brotherly-love.

Love, love, Brotherly-love—

This world has no spirit like Brotherly-love.

DEATH AND THE MOTHER.

AN ALLEGORY.

A MOTHER sat in sorrowful anxiety by the side of her infant ; she trembled and was afraid it would die. The eyes of her innocent babe had gradually closed ; it was pale, it caught at its breath, then nothing could be heard but a faint sigh. The poor mother began to consider the babe with still more solicitude.

Suddenly some one knocked at the door ; then a man came in, wrapped up in a large blanket, which he required, for the day was intensely cold. Those who ventured out were almost instantly covered with snow and hoar frost ; the wind blew with so much violence that it seemed to cut your face.

Whilst the old man stood shivering there, and the child appeared to sleep, the mother went and poured out a little beer into a pot, and came to the fireplace to warm it. The old man was rocking the child's cradle, and the mother, sitting down by its side, fixed her sad

and pensive eyes on the sick infant, who scarcely breathed. She took its tiny hand into her own. "He will live, will he not?" she inquired of the old man; "God is gracious, and will not bereave me of him?"

The old man (it was Death himself) shook his head about in so strange a manner, that there was no telling whether he meant yes or no. The poor mother could not sustain his look; tears ran down her cheeks. But by degrees her head fell upon her bosom, oppressed with sleep and watching—she had been sitting up for three nights; she slumbered a little, for a very few minutes; then she started up again, shuddering with cold.

"What's this?" said she, looking round with bewildering eyes. The old man had vanished, and the child along with him.

The poor mother rushed out of her cottage, calling out for her babe in despair.

She met a woman dressed in a long black gown, and sitting in the midst of the snow. The woman in black said to the mother, "Death has been to thy house; I saw him pass out with thy child; but he travels more fleetly than the wind, and what he once takes away he never returns."

"Tell me, oh! tell me the road he took!" cried the mother; "show me the way, and I will overtake him;"

"Yes, I know the road he took!" answered the woman in black; "but I cannot tell it thee until thou hast sung me all the songs thou sangst to thy child. I love them above all things; I have so often listened to them; for lo! I am Night, and many are the times I have seen thee weeping as thou satest singing."

"I will sing them all over to you," said the mother, "but delay me no longer. I may, perhaps, even yet overtake them; I may even yet recover my babe."

But Night was inflexible and silent. Then the poor mother began to sing, and as she sang she twisted her arms about in despair. She sang many, many songs, but the tears she shed were more numerous still.

At length Night said to her, "Go into that dark forest of fir trees; for therein did I see Death enter with thy child and disappear."

Then the poor mother ran on, and, plunging into the forest, she came to a crossway, where several roads met; she stopped, not knowing which to take.

She saw a thorn bush, without either flowers or leaves upon it; for it was mid-winter, and flakes of snow hung from the branches.

"Have you seen Death pass by with my child?" inquired the anxious mother.

"I have seen him," answered the bush; "but I will not show thee the way he took until thou hast warmed me against thy heart. The frost will kill me; I am half frozen as it is."

Thereupon she pressed the thorn bush upon her bosom so strongly, that her vital heat passed through; the thorns pierced deeply into her flesh; her blood gushed forth in a stream, and at every drop of blood that spouted on the bush a fine green leaf appeared. Cold as the night was, the thorn bush was filled with flowers, so great was that vital heat in the mother's heart. The bush then showed her the way to go.

Next she came to the edge of a large gloomy lake, whereon there

was neither boat nor vessel to be seen. The ice was not strong enough to walk upon, and it was too deep to be forded. The lake separated her from her child. Then she knelt down, and wanted to drink the lake dry. This was more than any mortal could do; but the poor mother, in her love for her child, thought she might perform a miracle.

"Oh! what would I not give to meet with my child!" said she, weeping; and then she jumped into the waves.

• They bore her along like a boat. She reached the other side, where stood a fantastic house, a mile long at least. The poor creature could not distinguish whether it was a mountain, with its grottos and forests, or a mere house of wood and stone. She had almost lost her sight with weeping.

"Where shall I find Death, who stole my child away?" she asked.

"Death is not yet come," replied an old, very old woman, the keeper of the tombs. "But how hast thou contrived to find thy way here? Who has assisted thee?"

"God," replied the mother; "God has taken pity on me. But my child, tell me where he is."

"I know not," said the old woman; "but you cannot see it. Many flowers and many trees have withered during the night; Death will come soon to transplant them. Thou knowest, I suppose, that every one in this world has his *vital* flower and tree. They look like other trees and other flowers, but nevertheless they have beating hearts in their stems. So have children. Go on, then, to the field of Death; it is possible you may discover your child there. But what wilt thou give me if I tell thee what thou must do next?"

"I have nought to give thee," answered the mother; "but I will go to the world's end to serve thee."

"Of what avail would that be to me?" interrupted the old hag. "Thou shalt give me up thy long, flowing black hair, which is so beautiful. I must have it. You shall take my grey hair in its place."

"Is that all you require?" cried the mother, eagerly. "Oh! I will give it thee joyfully." So she gave up her beautiful dark ringlets, and took the grey locks in exchange.

They went, therefore, to the field of Death, where the trees and flowers grew and became entangled in one another most strangely. There you saw jacinthas beneath globes of crystal, and the beautiful peony with its vigorous stalk; water plants, some of which were fresh and full of pith, others drooping. Black toads crawled along their spacious leaves, and water-snakes were seen to lay their heads on the cup of the flowers.

There, too, you saw palm trees, plantains, and oaks, the flowery thyme and parsley. Every tree, every flower, had its proper name, and represented the life of a man. He whose life was connected to such and such a tree was still living, one in China, another in Greenland, a third in Russia, and so on all over the world. In one place, large trees, planted in pots too small for them, were stunted in their growth; in another a drooping flower might be seen, though its bed was a rich soil, and a magnificent moss overlaid it.

The mother, holding in her panting breath, bent over the small plants, listening to the beating of their hearts within.

"Here is my child!" she suddenly exclaimed, stretching out her quivering hands towards a delicate blue flower, whose little head was

leaning over its stem. The mother had distinguished her child's flower among millions.

"Don't touch that flower," said the old woman to her—"only remain here; and when Death comes—as very soon he will—forbid him to touch it, and threaten to pull out others if he does: that will frighten him; for he is responsible for all these trees and these flowers, and none can gather them without his leave."

Soon after, a cold frosty wind fretted and groaned through the walks of the vast garden, and it sounded like a rolling atmosphere of sobs and lamentations. Then Death appeared to the weeping, trembling mother.

"How hast thou been able to find thy way hither?" he inquired of her. "How is it thou art here before me?"

"I am a mother," answered the poor woman.

Then Death stretched forth his hand to take the pretty little blue flower; but the mother, wild with terror, stopped his arm, and held it in her own stiff fingers with superhuman strength. But Death blew upon her hand, and the poor woman, rendered powerless by the touch, fell to the earth. The old man's breath was much colder than the wind.

"Thou canst not wrestle with me," said Death.

"But God is mightier than thou art," muttered the mother, in an agony of pain and grief.

"I do but fulfil His decrees," replied Death. "I am his gardener. My duty is to take up these trees and these flowers, and to transplant them into Paradise, the unknown country. But I cannot tell you how they thrive there afterwards."

"Restore me my child!" repeated the mother; and she wept and supplicated.

All at once she snatched at two beautiful flowers, fresh, and perfectly straight, one with each hand, and cried out:

"I will pull up these flowers myself, if you drive me to despair."

"Touch them not," said Death. "Art thou so wretched thyself, and wilt thou render another mother equally miserable?"

"Another mother!" stammered the poor woman; and immediately her hands relaxed, and she let go the two flowers.

"Look down into this gulf at thy side," resumed Death. "I will tell thee the names of those two flowers you wanted to pull up, and then thou wilt see their future life, and all that thou wouldst have destroyed."

She looked down accordingly into the gulf, and a most delightful spectacle met her eyes. One of the two flowers spread forth joy and happiness wherever it bloomed; it was loved and blessed by all. Then the whole existence of the other flower was unrolled to her view; it was checkered with innumerable misfortunes, and sorrow and grief attended on all its steps.

"Which is the flower of sorrow, and which is that of joy?" asked the mother.

"I cannot tell thee," answered Death. "Thou canst know but this much only: one of the lives thou hast just beheld represents the fate of thy own child."

Thereupon the mother cried out in dismay:

"Which of these two fates belongs to my child? Tell me, tell me, Save the innocent babe from all these calamities. Take him

away rather from this world, and carry him into the kingdom of bliss. Heed not my tears, nor my prayers; forget all I have done."

"I understand thee not," said Death. "Must I restore thee thy child? or must I carry it away into the unknown country, where all is mystery?"

The unhappy mother was a prey to unutterable anguish; she fell down on her knees and prayed.

"I am resigned to His will, who knows better than we do ourselves what is for our good," she exclaimed, and her head fell upon her bosom.

Then Death bore away the little child, and carried it off to the unknown country.

HEALTHY, WEALTHY, AND WISE.

I HAVE much pleasure in announcing myself as the happiest man alive. My character is, I have reason to believe, new to the world. Novelists, Dramatists, and entertainers of an easily-amused public have never yet, to my knowledge, laid hands on me. Society is obscurely aware of my existence; is frequently disposed to ask questions about me; is always wanting to get face to face with me, and see what I am like; and has never been fortunate enough yet to make the desired discovery. I come forward of my own accord, actuated by motives of the most purely amiable sort, to dispel the mists in which I have hitherto been hidden, and to gratify the public by disclosing myself. Behold me, then, self-confessed and self-announced—the long-sought type; the representative Individual; the interesting Man who believes in Advertisements.

In using the word Advertisements, I mean to imply all those public announcements, made chiefly through the medium of the newspapers, which address personal interests, and which require an exercise of personal faith in the individual who reads them. Advertisements which divert an unthinking public, which excite contemptuous astonishment in superficial minds, which set flippant people asking each other, "Who believes in this? Where are the people who can possibly be taken in by it?" and so on, are precisely the Advertisements to which I now allude. To my wise belief in these beneficent public offers of assistance to humanity, I am indebted for the unruffled mental tranquillity in which my life—a model life, as I venture to think it—is now passed. I see my fellow-creatures around me the dupes of their own fatal incredulity; worn by cares, which never trouble me; beset by doubts, from which I have escaped for ever—I see this spectacle of general anxiety and general wretchedness; and I find it invariably associated with a sarcastic suspicion, an irreverent disregard of those advertised roads to happiness and prosperity along which I have travelled, in my own personal case, with such undeniable and such astonishing results. My nature has been soft from infancy. My bosom is animated by a perpetual glow of philanthropy. I behold my species suffering, in all directions, through its own disastrous sharpness—and I compassionately come forward, in consequence, to persuade humanity that its business in this world is, not to make

itself miserable by fighting with troubles, but to keep itself healthy, wealthy, and wise, by answering Advertisements.

I ask, believe me, very little. Faith and a few postage stamps—I want nothing more to regenerate the civilised world. With these treasures in ourselves; and with—to quote a few widely-known advertisements—“*Graphiology*,” “*Ten Pounds weekly realised by either Sex*,” “*Matrimony Made Easy*,” and “*The Future Foretold*,” all gently illuminating our path through life, we may amble forward along our flowery ways, and never be jolted, never be driven back, never be puzzled about our right road, from the beginning of the journey to the end. Take my own case, as an instance; and hear me while I record the results of personal experience.

I shall abstain, at the outset, from quoting any examples to establish the connection between advertisements and health; because I may fairly assume, from the notoriously large sale of advertised medicines, that the sick public is well aware of the inestimable benefit to be derived from an implicit confidence in quacks. The means, however, of becoming, not healthy only, but wise and wealthy as well, by dint of believing in advertisements, are far less generally known. To this branch of the subject I may, therefore, address myself, with the encouraging conviction that I am occupying comparatively new ground.

Allow me to begin by laying down two first principles. No man can feel comfortably wise, until he is on good terms with himself; and no man can, rationally speaking, be on good terms with himself until he knows himself. And how is he to know himself? I may be asked. Quite easily, I answer, by accepting the means of information offered in the following terms, and in all the newspapers, by a benefactress of mankind:

“*Know Thyself! The Original Graphiologist, Miss Blank, continues her interesting and useful delineations of character, from examination of the handwriting, in a style peculiarly her own, and which can be but badly imitated by the ignorant pretenders and self-styled professors who have lately laid claim to a knowledge of this beautiful science. Persons desirous of knowing their own character, or that of any friend, must send a specimen of writing, stating sex and age, or supposed age, with fourteen uncut penny postage stamps, to Miss Blank, for which will be returned a detail of the gifts, defects, talents, tastes, affections, etc., of the writer, with other things previously unsuspected, calculated to guide in the every-day affairs of life,*” etc.

This advertisement is no invention of my own. Excepting the lady’s name, it is a true copy of an original, which does really appear in all the newspapers.

Off went my handwriting, and my fourteen uncut stamps, by the next post. Back, in a day or two—for *Graphiology* takes its time—came that inestimable revelation of my character which will keep me to the last day of my life on the best and highest terms with myself. I incorporate my own notes with the letter, as an unquestionable guarantee of the truth of its assertions, and a pleasing evidence, likewise, of its effect upon my mind on a first reading:

“*The handwriting of our correspondent is wanting in firmness and precision.*” (Solely in consequence of my having a bad pen.) “*There is apparent insincerity towards those who do not know you, but it is only putting a covering on your really warm heart.*” (How true.) “*Large-minded, and inclined to be very for-*

giving. Generous, but not very open." (Well, if I must be one or the other, and not both together, I would rather be generous than open—for who can blame the closed heart when accompanied by the open hand?) "Of sterling integrity and inflexible perseverance." (Just so!) "You are clever in whatever you undertake—kindly—original—vivacious—full of glee and spirit." (Myself! I blush to own it, but this is myself, drawn to the life!) "You conceal your real nature not so much from hypocrisy as prudence—yet there is nothing sordid or mean about you." (I should think not, indeed!) "You show least when you appear most open, and yet you are candid and artless." (Too true—alas, too true!) "You are good-humored, but it partakes more of volatile liveliness than wit." (I do not envy the nature of the man who thinks this a defect.) "There is a melancholy tenderness pervades your manner"—(there's, indeed!)—"when succoring any one requiring your aid, which is at variance with your general tone. In disposition you are refined and sensitive."

With this brief, gratifying, and neatly-expressed sentence, the estimate of my character ended. It has been as genuinely copied from a genuine original as the specimen which precedes it; and it was accompanied by a pamphlet presented gratis, on the "Management of the Human Hair." Apparently, there had been peculiarities in my handwriting which had betrayed to the unerring eye of the Graphiologist, that my hair was not totally free from defects; and the pamphlet was a delicate way of hinting at the circumstance, and at the remedial agents to which I might look for relief. But this is a minor matter, and has nothing to do with the great triumph of Graphiology, which consists in introducing us to ourselves, on terms that make us inestimably precious to ourselves, for the trifling consideration of fourteen-penn'orth of postage stamps. To a perfectly unprejudiced—that is to say, to a wisely credulous mind—such a science as this carries its own recommendation along with it. Comment is superfluous, except in the form of stamps transmitted to the Graphiologist. I may continue the record of my personal experiences.

Having started, as it were, afresh in life, with a new and improved opinion of myself—having discovered that I am clever in whatever I undertake, kindly, original, vivacious, full of glee and spirit, and that my few faults are so essentially modest and becoming as to be more of the nature of second-rate merits than of positive defects—I am naturally in that bland and wisely contented frame of mind which peculiarly fits a man to undertake the choice of his vocation in life, with the certainty of doing the fullest justice to himself. At this new point in my career, I look around me once again among my skeptical and unhappy fellow-mortals. What turbulence, what rivalry, what heart-breaking delays, disappointments, and discomfitures, do I not behold among the disbelievers in advertisements—the dupes of incredulity, who are waiting for prizes in the lottery of professional existence! Here is a man vegetating despondingly in a wretched curacy; here is another, pining briefless at the unproductive Bar; here is a third, slaving away his youth at a desk, on the chance of getting a partnership, if he lives to be a middle-aged man. Inconceivable infatuation! Every one of these victims of prejudice and routine sees the advertisements—as I see them. Every one might answer the following announcement, issued by a disinterested lover of his species—as I answer it:

"TEN POUNDS WEEKLY.—May be permanently realised by either sex, with each pound expended. Particulars clearly shown that these incomes are so well secured

to those investing that to fail in realising them is impossible. Parties may commence with small investments, and by increasing them out of their profits, can, with unerring certainty, realise an enormous income. No partnership, risk, liability, or embarking in business. Incontestable authorities given in proof of these statements. Enclose a directed stamped envelope to," etc., etc.

All this information for a penny stamp! It is offered—really offered in the terms quoted above—in the advertising columns of half the newspapers in England, especially in the cheap newspapers, which have plenty of poor readers, hungry for any little addition to their scanty incomes. Would anybody believe that we persist in recognising the clerical profession, the medical profession, the legal profession, and that the Ten-Pounds-Weekly profession is, as yet, unacknowledged among us!

Well, I despatch my directed envelope. The reply is returned to me in the form of two documents, one lithographed and one printed, and both so long that they generously give me, at the outset, a good shilling's worth of reading for my expenditure of a penny stamp. The commercial pivot on which the structure of my enormous future income revolves, I find, on perusal of the documents—the real documents, mind, not my imaginary substitutes for them—to be a "FABRIC"—described as somewhat similar in appearance to "printed velvet." How simple and surprising! how comprehensive and satisfactory—especially to a poor man, longing for that little addition to his meagre income! The Fabric is certain to make everybody's fortune. And why? Because it is a patent Fabric, and because it can imitate everything, at an expense of half nothing. The Fabric can copy flowers, figures, landscapes, and historical pictures; paper-hangings, dress-pieces, shawls, scarfs, vests, trimmings, book-covers, and "other manufactures too numerous to detail." The Fabric can turn out "hundreds of thousands of articles at one operation." By skilful manœuvring of the Fabric "ninety per cent. of material is saved." In the multitudinous manipulations of the Fabric—and this is a most cheering circumstance—"sixty veneers have been cut to the inch." In the public disposal of the Fabric—and here is the most surprising discovery of all—the generous patentee, who answers my application, will distribute its advantages over the four quarters of the globe, in shares—five shilling shares—each one of which is "probably worth several hundred pounds." But why talk of hundreds? Let clergymen, doctors, and barristers talk of hundreds. The Ten-Pounds-Weekly profession takes its stand on the Fabric, and counts by millions. We can prove this (I speak as a Fabricator) by explicit and incontrovertible reference to facts and figures.

How much—the following illustrations and arguments are not my own, they are derived entirely from the answer I receive to my application—how much does it cost at present to dress a lady, shawl a lady, and bonnet a lady, to parasol and slipper a lady, and to make a lady quite happy after that with a porte-monnaie, an album, and a book-cover? Eight pounds—and dirt cheap, too. The Fabric will do the whole thing—now that "sixty veneers have been cut to the inch" mind, but not before—for Two pounds. How much does it cost to carpet, rug, curtain, chair-cover, decorate, table-cover, and paper-hang a small house? Assume ruin to the manufacturer, and say,

as a joke, Ten pounds. The Fabric, neatly cutting its sixty veneers to the inch, will furnish the house, as it furnishes the lady, for Two pounds. What follows? Houses of small size and ladies of all sizes employ the Fabric. What returns pour in? Look at the population of houses and ladies, and say Seventy Millions Sterling per annum. Add foreign houses and foreign ladies, under the head of Exports, and say Thirty Millions per annum more. Is this too much for the ordinary mind to embrace? It is very good. The patentee is perfectly willing to descend the scale at a jump; to address the narrowest comprehension; and to knock off nine-tenths. Remainder, Ten Millions. Say that "the royalty" will be thirty per cent., and "such profit would give three millions of pounds sterling to be divided among the shareholders." Simple as the simplest sum in the Multiplication Table; simple as two and two make four.

I am aware that the obstinate incredulity of the age will inquire why the fortunate Patentee does not keep these prodigious returns to himself. How base is Suspicion! How easily, in this instance, is it answered and rebuked! The Patentee refrains from keeping the returns to himself, because he doesn't want money. His lithographed circular informs me—really and truly does inform me, and will inform you if you have to do with him—that he has had "a good fortune" left him, and that he is "heir to several thousand pounds a year." With these means at his disposal, he might of course work his inestimable patent with his own resources. But no!—he *will* let the public in. What a man! How noble his handwriting must be, in a graphological point of view! What phrases are grateful enough to acknowledge his personal kindness in issuing shares to me at "the totally inadequate sum"—to use his own modest words—of five shillings each? Happy, happy day, when I and the Fabric and the Patentee were all three introduced to one another!

When a man is so fortunate as to know himself, from the height of his "volatile liveliness" to the depth of his "melancholy tenderness"—as I know myself—when, elevated on a multiform Fabric, he looks down from the regions of perpetual wealth on the narrow necessities of the work-a-day world beneath him—but one other action is left for that man to perform, if he wishes to make the sum of his earthly felicity complete. The ladies will already have anticipated that the action which I now refer to as final may be comprehended in one word—Marriage.

The course of all disbelievers in advertisements, where they are brought face to face with this grand emergency, is more or less tortuous, troubled, lengthy, and uncertain. No man of this unhappy stamp can fall in love, bill and coo, and finally get himself married, without a considerable amount of doubt, vexation, and disappointment occurring at one period or other in the general transaction of his amatory affairs. Through want of faith and postage stamps, mankind have agreed to recognise these very disagreeable drawbacks as so many inevitable misfortunes; dozens of popular proverbs assert their necessary existence, and nine-tenths of our successful novels are filled with the sympathetic recital of them in successions of hysterical chapters. And yet, singular as it may appear, the most cursory reference to the advertising columns of the newspapers is sufficient to

show the fallacy of this view, if readers would only exercise (as I do) their faculties of implicit belief. As there are infallible secrets for discovering character by handwriting, and making fortunes by Fabrics, so there are other infallible secrets for falling in love with the right woman, fascinating her in the right way, and proposing to her at the right time, which render doubt, disappointment, or hesitation, at any period of the business, so many absolute impossibilities. Once again, let me confute incredulous humanity, by quoting my own happy experience.

Now, mark. I think it desirable to settle in life. Good. Do I range over my whole acquaintance; do I frequent balls, concerts, and public promenades; do I spend long days in wearisome country-houses, and sun myself persistently at the watering-places of England—all for the purpose of finding a woman to marry? I am too wise to give myself any such absurd amount of trouble. I simply start my preliminary operations by answering the following advertisement:

"TO THE UNMARRIED.—If you wish to Marry, send a stamped-addressed envelope to the Advertiser, who will put you in possession of a Secret, by means of which you can win the affections of as many of the opposite sex as your heart may desire. This is suitable for either sex; for the old or young, rich or poor, whether of prepossessing appearance or otherwise. Address Mr. Flam, London."

When the answer reaches me, I find Mr Flam—although undoubtedly a benefactor to mankind—to be scarcely so ready of access and so expansive in his nature as the Proprietor of the Fabric. Instead of sending me the Secret, he transmits a printed paper, informing me that he wants two shillings worth of postage stamps first. To my mind it seems strange that he should have omitted to mention this in the Advertisement. But I send the stamps, nevertheless, and get the Secret back from Mr Flam, in the form of a printed paper. Half of this paper is addressed to the fair sex, and is therefore, I fear, of no use to me. The other half, however, addresses the lords of the creation; and I find the Secret summed up at the end, for their benefit, in these few but most remarkable words:

"TO THE MALE SEX.—If a woman is clean and neat in her dress, respects the Sabbath, and is dutiful towards her parents, happy will be the man who makes her his wife."

Most astonishing! All great discoveries are simple. Is it not amazing that nobody should have had the smallest suspicion of the sublime truth expressed above, until Mr Flam suddenly hit on it? How cheap, too—how scandalously cheap at two shillings! And this is the man whose generosity I doubted—the man who not only bursts on me with a new revelation, but adds to it a column of advice, every sentence of which is more than worth its tributary postage stamp. Assuming that I have fixed on my young woman, Mr Flam teaches me how to "circumvent" her, in the following most artful and irresistible manner:

I must see her as often as possible. I must have something fresh to relate to her at every interview; and I must get that "something fresh" out of the newspapers. I must tell her where I have been, and where I am going to, and what I have seen, and what I expect to see; and if she wants to go with me, I must take her, and, what is more, I

must be lively, and "come out with a few witty remarks, and be as amusing as possible"—for—and here is another Secret, another great discovery thrown in for nothing—I must recollect that "the funny man is always a favorite with the ladies." Amazing insight! How does Mr Flam get down into these deep, these previously-unsuspected well-springs of female human nature? One would like a brief memoir of this remarkable person, accompanied by his portrait from a photograph, and enriched by a fac-simile, for graphiological purposes, of his handwriting.

To return once more, and for the last time, to myself. It may be objected that, although Mr Flam has illuminated me with an inestimable secret, has fortified me with invaluable advice for making myself agreeable, and has assured me that if I attend to it, I may, "after a few weeks, boldly declare my love, and make certain of receiving a favorable answer," he has, apparently, omitted, judging by my abstract of his reply, to inform me of the terms in which I am to make my offer, when I and my young woman are mutually ready for it. This is true. I am told to declare my love boldly; but I am not told how to do it, because Mr Flam, of London, is honorably unwilling to interfere with the province of a brother-benefactor, Mr Hum, of Hull, who for twenty-six postage stamps—see Advertisement—will continue the process of my enlightenment, from the point at which it left off, in "the most wonderful, astonishing, and curious work ever published in the English language, entitled *MATRIMONY MADE EASY; OR, HOW TO WIN A LOVER.*" It is unnecessary to say that I send for this work, and two new discoveries flash upon me at the first perusal of it.

My first discovery is, that identically the same ideas on the subject of matrimony, and identically the same phrases in expressing them, appear to have occurred to Mr Flam, of London, and to Mr Hum, of Hull. The whole first part of Mr Hum's pamphlet is, sentence for sentence, and word for word, an exact repetition of the printed paper previously forwarded to me by Mr. Flam. To superficial minds this very remarkable coincidence might suggest that Mr Flam and Mr Hum, in spite of the difference in their respective names and addresses, were one and the same individual. To those who, like myself, look deeper, any such injurious theory as this is inadmissible, because it implies that a benefactor to mankind is capable of dividing himself in two for the sake of fraudulently procuring from the public a double allowance of postage stamps. This is, under the circumstances, manifestly impossible. Mr Flam, therefore, in my mind, remains a distinct and perfect Flam, and Mr Hum a distinct and perfect Hum; and the similarity of their ideas and expressions is simply another confirmation of the well-known adage which refers to the simultaneous jumping of two great wits to one conclusion. So much for my first discovery.

The second revelation bursts out on me from the second part of Mr Hum's pamphlet, which, I may remark, in parenthesis, is purely and entirely his own. I have been previously in the habit of believing that offers of marriage might extend themselves in the matter of verbal expressions, to an almost infinite variety of forms. Mr Hum, however, taking me up at the point where Mr Flam has set me down, amazes and delights me by showing that the matrimonial advances of the whole population of bachelors may be confidently made to the

whole population of spinsters in one short and definitely-stated form of words. Mr Flam has told me when to declare my love; and Mr Hum, in the following paragraph, goes a step further, and tells me how to do it:

"When the gentleman has somewhat familiarized himself with the lady, and perceived that he is not, at all events, an object of aversion or ridicule, he should seek a favorable opportunity, and speak to this effect:—'I have come (miss, or madam, as the case may be) to take a probably final leave of you.' The lady will naturally ask the reason; when the lover can add (and if he is a fellow of any feeling, the occasion may give a depth of tone and an effect to his eloquence, that may turn the beam in his favor, if it was an even balance before):—'Because, madam, I find your society has become so dear to me, that I fear I must fly to save myself, as I may not dare to hope that the suit of a stranger might be crowned with success.'"

No more—we single men may think it short—but there is actually not a word more. Maid or widow, whichever she may be, "crowned with success," is the last she will get out of us men. If she means to blush, hesitate, tremble, and sink on our bosoms, she had better be quick about it, on the utterance of the word "success." Our carpet-bag is in the hall, and we shall take that "final leave" of ours, to a dead certainty, unless she looks sharp. Mr Hum adds, that she probably *will* look sharp. Not a doubt of it. Thank you, Mr Hum; you have more than earned your postage stamps; we need trouble you no further.

I am now thoroughly prepared for my future transactions with the fair sex—but where, it may be objected, is the woman on whom I am to exercise my little arts? It is all very well for me to boast that I am above the necessity of toiling after her, here, there, and everywhere—toil for her, I must; nobody will share me that trouble, at any rate. I beg pardon—Destiny, for a consideration of postage stamps, will willingly spare me the trouble. Destiny, if I will patiently bide my time—which I am only too willing to do—will hunt out a woman of the right complexion for me, and will bring her within easy hearing distance of the great Hum formula, at the proper moment. How can I possibly know this? Just as I know everything else, by putting my trust in advertisements, and not being stingy with my postage stamps. Here is the modest offer of service which Destiny, speaking through the newspapers, makes to mankind:

"THE FUTURE FORETOLD.—Any persons wishing to have their future lives revealed to them correctly, should send their age, sex, and eighteen stamps, to Mr. Nimbus—whose prophecies never fail."

I send my age, my sex, and my eighteen stamps; and Mr Nimbus, as the mouthpiece of Destiny, speaks thus encouragingly in return:

"PRIVATE.—I have carefully studied your destiny, and I find that you were born under the planet Mars. You have experienced in life some changes, and all has not been found to answer your expectations. There are brighter days and happier hours before you, and the present year will bring to you greater advantages than the past. You will marry a Female of Fair Complexion, most desirous of gaining your hand." (That's the woman! I am perfectly satisfied. Destiny will bring us together; the system of Mr. Flam will endear us to each other; and the formula of Mr. Hum will clench the tender business. All right, Mr. Nimbus—what next?) "You will make a most fortunate speculation with a Male of whom you have some knowledge"—(evidently the proprietor of the Fabric)—"and, although there will be some difficulties arise for a time, they will again disappear, and your Star rises

in the ascendant. You will be successful in your undertakings and pursuits, and you will attain to a position in life desirable to your future welfare."

I have done. All the advertisements presented here, I must again repeat, are real advertisements. Nothing is changed in any of them but the names of the advertisers. The answers copied are genuine answers, obtained, only a short time since, in the customary way, by formal applications. I need say no more. The lesson of wise credulity which I undertook to teach, from the record of my own experience, is now before the world, and I may withdraw again into the healthy, wealthy, and wise retirement from which I have emerged solely for the good of others.

Take a last fond look at me before I go. Behold me immovably fixed in my good opinion of myself, by the discriminating powers of Graphiology; prospectively enriched by the vast future proceeds of my Fabric; thoroughly well grounded in the infallible rules for Courtship and Matrimony, and confidently awaiting the Female of Fair Complexion, on whom I shall practice them. Favored by these circumstances, lavishly provided for in every possible respect, free from everything in the shape of cares, doubts, and anxieties, who can say that I have not accurately described myself as the "happiest man alive;" and who can venture to dispute that this position of perfect bliss is the obvious and necessary consequence of a wise belief in Advertisements?

H A P P I N E S S .

WHEN are we happiest? when the light of morn
Wakes the young roses from their crimson rest;
When cheerful sounds, upon the fresh winds borne,
Till man resumes his work with blither zest,
While the bright waters leap from rock to glen—
Are we the happiest then?

When are we happiest? in the crowded hall,
When Fortune smiles, and flatterers bend the knee?
How soon—how very soon—such pleasures pall!
How fast must Falsehood's rainbow-coloring flee;
Its poison flowerets leave the sting of care:
We are not happy there!

Are we the happiest, when the evening hearth
Is circled with its crown of living flowers?
When goeth round the laugh of harmless mirth,
And when affection from her bright urn showers
Her richest balm on the dilating heart?
Bliss! is it there thou art?

Oh, no! not there; it would be happiness
Almost like heaven's, if it might always be,
Those brows without one shading of distress,
And wanting nothing but eternity;
But they are things of earth, and pass away—
They must, they must decay!

When are we happiest, then? oh! when resigned
To whatsoever our cup of life may bring;
When we can know ourselves but weak and blind,
Creatures of earth! and trust alone in Him
Who giveth, in His mercy, joy or pain.
Oh! we are happiest then!

O C E O L A :

• *A Romance of the History of Florida and the Seminole War.*

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER I.—THE FLOWERY LAND.

LINDA FLORIDA! fair land of flowers! Thus hailed thee the bold Spanish adventurer, as standing upon the prow of his caravel, he first caught sight of thy shores.

It was upon the Sunday of Palms,—the festival of the flowers,—and the devout Castilian beheld in thee a fit emblem of the day. Under the influence of a pious thought, he gave thee its name, and well deservedst thou the proud appellation.

That was three hundred years ago. Three full cycles have rolled past, since the hour of thy baptismal ceremony; but the title becomes thee as ever. Thy floral bloom is as bright at this hour as when Leon landed upon thy shores—ay, bright as when the breath of Nature first called thee into being.

Thy forests are still virgin and inviolate; verdant thy savannas; thy groves as fragrant as ever—those perfumed groves of aniseed and orange, myrtle and magnolia. Still sparkles upon thy plains the cerulean ixia; still gleam in thy waters the golden nymphæ; above thy swamps yet tower the colossal cypress, the gigantic cedar, the gum, and the bay-tree; still over thy gentle slopes of silvery sand wave long leaved pines, mingling their acetalous foliage with the frondage of the palm. Strange anomaly of vegetation—the tree of the north and the tree of the south, types of the frigid and torrid—in this thy mild mid-region, standing side by side, and blending their branches together!

Linda Florida! who can behold thee without peculiar emotion?—without conviction that thou art a favored land? Gazing upon thee, one ceases to wonder at the faith, the wild faith of the early adventurers—that from thy bosom gushed forth the fountain of youth, the waters of eternal life! No wonder the sweet fancy found favor and credence; no wonder so delightful an idea had its crowds of devotees. Thousands came from afar, to find rejuvenescence by bathing in thy crystal streams—thousands sought it with far more eagerness than the white metal of Mexico, or the yellow gold of Peru: in the search, thousands grew older instead of younger, or perished in pursuit of the vain illusion; but who could wonder? Even at this hour, one can scarcely think it an illusion; and in that age of romance it was still easier of belief. A new world had been discovered, why not a new theory of life? Men looked upon a land where the leaves never fell and the flowers never faded. The bloom was eternal,—eternal the music of the birds. There was no winter—no signs of death or decay. Natural, then, the fancy, and easy the faith,, that in such fair land man too might be immortal.

The delusion has long since died away, but not the beauty that gave birth to it. Thou, Florida, art still the same—still art thou emphatically the land of flowers. Thy groves are as green, thy skies as bright, thy waters as diaphanous as ever. There is no change in the loveli-

ness of thy aspect. And yet I observe a change. The scene is the same, but not the characters! Where are they of that red race who were born of thee and nurtured on thy bosom? I see them not. In thy fields I behold white and black, but not red—European and African, but not one of that ancient people who were once thine own. Where are they?

Gone! all gone! No longer tread they thy flowery paths—no longer are thy crystal streams cleft by the keels of their canoes—no more upon the spicy gale is borne the sound of their voices—the twang of their bowstrings is heard no more amid the trees of the forest: they have parted from thee far and forever.

But not willingly went they away; for who could leave thee with a willing heart? No, fair Florida; thy red children were true to thee, and parted only in sore unwillingness. Long did they cling to the loved scenes of their youth; long continued they the conflict of despair, that has made them famous for ever. Whole armies, and many a hard struggle it cost the pale-face to dispossess them; and then they went not willingly—they were torn from thy bosom like wolf-cubs from their dam, and forced to a far western land. Sad their hearts and slow their steps, as they faced toward the setting sun. Silent or weeping, they moved onward. In all that band there was not one voluntary exile.

No wonder they disliked to leave thee. I can well comprehend the poignancy of their grief. I too have enjoyed the sweets of the flowery land, and parted from thee with like reluctance. I have walked under the shadows of thy majestic forests, and bathed in thy limpid streams—not with the hope of rejuvenescence, but the certainty of health and joy. Oft have I made my couch under the canopy of thy spreading palms and magnolias, or stretched myself along the green-sward of thy savannas; and, with eyes bent upon the blue ether of thy heavens, have listened to my heart repeating the words of the eastern poet:

Oh! if there be an elysium on earth,
It is this!—it is this!

CHAPTER II.—THE INDIGO PLANTATION.

My father was an indigo planter; his name was Randolph. I bear his name in full—George Randolph. There is Indian blood in my veins. My father was of the Randolphs of Roanoke—hence descended from the Princess Pocahontas. He was proud of his Indian ancestry—almost vain of it.

It may sound paradoxical, especially to European ears, but it is true that white men in America, who have Indian blood in them, are proud of the taint. Even to be a half-breed is no badge of shame—particularly where the *sang mêlé* has been gifted with fortune. Not all the volumes that have been written bear such strong testimony to the grandeur of the Indian character as this one fact—we are not ashamed to acknowledge them as ancestry!

Hundreds of white families lay claim to descent from the Virginian princess. If their claims be just then must the fair Pocahontas have been a blessing to her lord. I think my father *was* of the true line-

age; at all events, he belonged to a proud family in "the old dominion," and during his early life had been surrounded by slaves in hundreds. But his rich patrimonial lands became at length worn out—profuse hospitality well-nigh ruined him; and not brooking an inferior station, he gathered up the fragments of his fortune, and moved southward—there to begin the world anew.

I was born before this removal, and am therefore a native of Virginia; but my earliest impressions of a home were formed upon the banks of the beautiful Suwanee, in Florida. That was the scene of my boyhood's life—the spot consecrated to me by the joys of youth and the charms of early love.

I would paint the picture of my boyhood's home. Well do I remember it: so fair a scene is not easily effaced from the memory.

A handsome "frame"-house, coloured white, with green venetians over the windows, and a wide verandah extending all round. Carved wood porticoes support the roof of this verandah, and a low balustrade with light railing separates it from the adjoining grounds—from the flower parterre with its multotinted beauties in front, the orangery on the right flank, and a large garden on the left. From the outer edge of the parterre, a smooth lawn slopes gently to the bank of the river here expanding to the dimensions of a noble lake, with distant wooded shores, islets that seem suspended in the air, wild-fowl upon the wing, and wild-fowl in the water.

Upon the lawn, behold tall tapering palms, with pinnatifid leaves—a species of *oreodoxia*—others with broad fan-shaped fronds—the palmettoes of the south; behold magnolias, clumps of the fragrant *illicium*, and radiating crowns of the fragrant *yucca gloriosa*—all indigenous to the soil. Another native presents itself to the eye—a huge live-oak extending its long horizontal boughs, covered thickly with evergreen coriaceous leaves, and broadly shadowing the grass beneath. Under its shade, behold a beautiful girl, in light summer robes—her hair loosely coiled with a white kerchief, from the folds of which have escaped long tresses glittering with the hues of gold. That is my sister Virginia, my only sister, still younger than myself. Her golden hair bespeaks not her Indian descent, but in that she takes after our mother. She is playing with her pets, the doe of the fallow deer and its pretty spotted fawn. She is feeding them with the pulp of the sweet orange, of which they are immoderately fond. Another favorite is by her side, led by its tiny chain. It is the black fox-squirrel, with glossy coat and quivering tail. Its eccentric gambols frighten the fawn, causing the timid creature to start over the ground, and press closer to its mother, and sometimes to my sister, for protection.

The rear of the dwelling presents a different aspect—perhaps not so bright, though not less cheerful. Here is exhibited a scene of active life—a picture of the industry of an indigo plantation.

A spacious enclosure, with its post-and-rail fence, adjoins the house. Near the centre of this stands the great shed that covers half an acre of ground, supported upon strong pillars of wood. Underneath are seen huge oblong vats, hewn from the great trunks of the cypress. They are ranged in threes, one above the other, and communicate by means of spigots placed in their ends. In these the precious plant is macerated, and its cerulean color extracted.

Beyond are rows of pretty little cottages, uniform in size and shape, each embowered in its grove of orange-trees, whose ripening fruit and white wax-like flowers fill the air with perfume. These are the negro cabins. Here and there towering above their roofs in upright attitude, or bending gently over, is the same noble palm tree that ornaments the lawn in front. Other houses appear within the enclosure, rude structures of hewn logs, with "clap-board" roofs: they are the stable, the corn-crib, the kitchen—this last communicating with the main dwelling by a long open gallery, with shingle roof, supported upon posts of the fragrant red cedar.

Beyond the enclosure stretch wide fields, backed by a dark belt of cypress forest that shuts out the view of the horizon. These fields exhibit the staple of cultivation, the precious dye-plant, though other vegetation appears upon them. There are maize plants and sweet potatoes, some rice and sugar cane. These are not intended for commerce but to provision the establishment.

The indigo is sown in straight rows, with intervals between. The plants are of different ages, some just bursting through the glebe with leaves like young trefoil; others full grown, about two feet in height, resemble ferns, and exhibit the light-green pinnated leaves which distinguish most of the *leguminosæ*—for the indigo belongs to this tribe. Some show their papilionaceous flowers just on the eve of bursting; but rarely are they permitted to exhibit their full bloom. Another destiny awaits them; and the hand of the reaper rudely checks their purple inflorescence.

In the enclosure, and over the indigo-fields, a hundred human forms are moving; with one or two exceptions, they are all of the African race—all slaves. They are not all of black skin—scarcely the majority of them are negroes. There are mulattoes, samboes, and quadroons. Even some who are of pure African blood are not black, only bronze-colored; but with the exception of the overseer and the owner of the plantation, all are slaves. Some are hideously ugly, with thick lips, low retreating foreheads, flat noses, and ill-formed bodies; others are well-proportioned; and among them are some that might be accounted good-looking. There are women nearly white—quadroons. Of the latter there are several that are more than good-looking—some are even beautiful.

The men are in their work-dresses: loose cotton trousers, with coarse colored shirts, and hats of palmetto leaf. A few display dandyism in their attire. Some are naked from the waist upward, their black skins glistening under the sun like ebony. The women are more gaily arrayed in striped prints and heads "toqued" with Madras kerchiefs of brilliant check. The dresses of some are tasteful and pretty. The turban-like coiffure renders them picturesque.

Both men and women are alike employed in the business of the plantation—the manufacture of the indigo. Some cut down the plants with reaping hooks, and tie them in bundles; others carry the bundles in from the fields to the great shed; a few are employed in throwing them into the upper trough, the "steeper;" while another few are drawing off and "beating." Some shovel the sediment into the draining bags, while others superintend the drying and cutting out. All have their respective tasks, and all seem alike cheerful in the perform-

ance of them. They laugh, and chatter, and sing; they give back jest for jest; and scarcely a moment passes that merry voices are not ringing upon the ear.

And yet these are all slaves—the slaves of my father. He treats them well; seldom is the lash uplifted: hence the happy mood and cheerful aspect.

Such pleasant pictures are graven on my memory, sweetly and deeply impressed. They formed the *mise-en-scene* of my early life.

CHAPTER III.—THE TWO JAKES.

EVERY plantation has its "bad fellow"—often more than one, but always one who holds pre-eminence in evil. "Yellow Jake" was the fiend of ours. He was a young mulatto, in person not ill-looking, but of sullen habit and morose disposition. On occasions, he had shown himself capable of fierce resentment and cruelty.

Instances of such character are more common among mulattoes than negroes. Pride of color on the part of the yellow man—confidence in a higher organism, both intellectual and physical, and consequently a keener sense of the degradation of his position, explain this psychological difference.

As for the pure negro, he rarely enacts the unfeeling savage. In the drama of human life, he is the victim, not the villain. No matter where lies the scene—in his own land, or elsewhere—he has been accustomed to play the part of the sufferer; yet his soul seldom harbors resentment or ferocity. In all the world there is no kinder heart than that which beats within the bosom of the African black.

Yellow Jake was wicked without provocation. Cruelty was innate in his disposition—no doubt inherited. He was a Spanish mulatto: that is, paternally of Spanish blood—maternally, negro. His father had sold him to mine!

A slave mother, a slave son. The father's freedom affects not the offspring. Among the black and red races of America, the child follows the fortunes of the mother. Only she of Caucasian race can be the mother of white men.

There was another "Jacob" upon the plantation—hence the distinctive sobriquet of "Yellow Jake." This other was "Black Jake;" and only in age or size was there any similarity between the two. In disposition they differed even more than in complexion. If Yellow Jake had the brighter skin, Black Jake had the lighter heart. Their countenances exhibited a complete contrast—the contrast between a sullen frown and a cheerful smile. The white teeth of the latter were ever set in smiles: the former smiled only when under the influence of some malicious prompting.

Black Jake was a Virginian. He was one of those belonging to the old plantation, had moved along with his master, and felt those ties of attachment which in many cases exist strongly between master and slave. He regarded himself as one of our family, and gloried in bearing our name. Like all negroes born in the "old dominion," he was proud of his nativity. In caste, a Virginia negro takes precedence of all others.

Apart from his complexion, Black Jake was not ill-looking. His

features were as good as those of the mulatto. He had neither the thick lips, flat nose, nor retreating forehead of his race—for these characteristics are not universal. I have known negroes of pure African blood with features perfectly regular, and such a one was Black Jake. In form he might have passed for the Ethiopian Apollo.

There was one who thought him handsome—handsomer than his yellow namesake. This was the quadroon Viola, the belle of the plantation. For Viola's hand the two Jakes had long been rival suitors. Both had assiduously courted her smiles—somewhat capricious they were, for Viola was not without coquetry—but she at length exhibited a marked preference for the black. I need not add that there was jealousy between the negro and mulatto—on the part of the latter, rank hatred of his rival—which Viola's preference had kindled into fierce resentment. More than once had the two measured their strength, and on each occasion had the black been victorious. Perhaps to this cause, more than to his personal appearance, was he indebted for the smiles of Viola. Throughout all the world, throughout all time, beauty has bowed before courage and strength.

Yellow Jake was our woodman;—Black Jake the curator of the horses, the driver of "white maras's" barouche.

The story of the two Jakes—their loves and their jealousies—is but a common affair in the *petite politique* of plantation life. I have singled it out, not from any separate interest it may possess, but as leading to a series of events that exercised an important influence upon my own subsequent history.

The first of these events was as follows: Yellow Jake, burning with jealousy at the success of his rival, had grown spiteful with Viola. Meeting her by some chance in the woods, and far from the house, he had offered her a dire insult. Resentment had rendered him reckless. The opportune arrival of my sister had prevented him from using violence, but the intent could not be overlooked; and chiefly through my sister's influence, the mulatto was brought to punishment.

It was the first time that Yellow Jake had received chastisement, though not the first time he had deserved it. My father had been indulgent with him—too indulgent, all said. He had often pardoned him when guilty of faults—of crimes. My father was of an easy temper, and had an exceeding dislike to proceed to the extremity of the lash; but in this case my sister had urged with some spirit, the necessity of the punishment. Viola was her maid; and the wicked conduct of the mulatto could not be overlooked.

The castigation did not cure him of his propensity to evil. An event occurred shortly after that proved he was vindictive. My sister's pretty fawn was found dead by the shore of the lake. It could not have died from any natural cause, for it was seen alive, and skipping over the lawn but the hour before. No alligator could have done it, nor yet a wolf. There was neither scratch nor tear upon it; no signs of blood. It must have been strangled. It *was* strangled, as the inquiry proved.

Yellow Jake had done it, and Black Jake had seen him. From the orange grove, where the latter chanced to be at work, he had been witness of the tragic scene; and his testimony procured a second flogging for the mulatto.

A third event followed close upon the heels of this—a quarrel between negro and mulatto, that came to blows. Yellow Jake, with an instinct derived from his Spanish paternity, drew his knife, and inflicted a severe wound upon his unarmed antagonist.

This time the punishment was more severe. I was myself enraged, for black Jake was my body-guard and favorite. Though his skin was black, and his intellect but little cultivated, his cheerful disposition rendered him a pleasant companion; he was, in fact, the chosen associate of my boyish days—my comrade upon the water and in the woods. Justice required satisfaction, and Yellow Jake caught it in earnest.

The punishment proved of no avail. It seemed, if anything, but to excite more thoroughly the demon of evil within him: as the sequel will eminently prove.

CHAPTER IV.—THE HOMMOCK.

Just outside the orangery was one of those singular formations—peculiar, I believe, to Florida.

A circular basin, like a vast sugar-pan, opens into the earth, to the depth of many feet, and having a diameter of forty yards or more. In the bottom of this several cavities are seen, about the size and of the appearance of dug wells, regularly cylindrical—except where their sides have fallen in, or the rocky partition between them has given way—in which case they resemble a vast honeycomb with broken cells.

The wells are sometimes found dry; but more commonly there is water in the bottom, and often filling the great tank itself.

Such natural reservoirs, although occurring in the midst of level plains, are always partially surrounded by eminences—knolls, and detached masses of testaceous rocks; all of which are covered by an evergreen thicket of native trees, as *magnolia grandiflora*, red bay, *zanthoxylon*, live-oak, mulberry, and several species of fan-palms, better known as palmettoes. Sometimes these shadowy coverts are found among the trees of the pine forests, and sometimes they appear in the midst of green savannas, like islets in the ocean. They constitute the “hommocks” of Florida, famed in the story of its Indian wars.

One of these then, was situated just outside the orangery; with groups of testaceous rocks forming a half-circle around its edge, and draped with the dark foliage of evergreen treps, of the species already mentioned. The water contained in the basin was sweet and limpid; and far down in its crystal depths might be seen gold and red fish, with yellow bream, spotted bass, and many other beautiful varieties of the finny tribe, disporting themselves all day long. The tank was in reality a natural fishpond; and, moreover, it was used as the family bathing place; for, under the hot sun of Florida, the bath is a necessity as well as luxury.

From the house it was approached by a sanded walk that led across the orangery, and some large stone flags enabled the bather to descend conveniently into the water. Of course, only the white members of the family were allowed the freedom of this charming sanctuary.

Outside the hommock extended the fields under cultivation, until bounded in the distance by tall forests of cypress and white cedar—a sort of impenetrable morass that covered the country for miles beyond.

On one side of the plantation-fields was a wide plain, covered with grassy turf, and without enclosure of any kind. This was the “savanna,” a natural meadow where the horses and cattle of the plantation were freely pastured. Deer often appeared upon this plain and flocks of the wild turkey.

I was just of that age to be enamored of the chase. Like most youth of the southern states who have little else to do, hunting was my chief occupation; and I was passionately fond of it. My father had procured for me a brace of splendid greyhounds; and it was a favorite pastime with me to conceal myself in the hommock, wait for the deer and turkeys as they approached, and then course them across the savanna. In this way I made many a capture of both species of game; for the wild turkey can easily be run down with fleet dogs.

The hour at which I was accustomed to enjoy this amusement was early in the morning, before any of the family were astir. That was the best time to find the game upon the savanna.

One morning, as usual, I repaired to my stand in the covert. I climbed upon a rock whose flat top afforded footing both to myself and my dogs. From this elevated position I had the whole plain under view, and could observe any object that might be moving upon it, while I was myself secure from observation. The broad leaves of the magnolia formed a bower around me, leaving a break in the foliage, through which I could make my reconnaissance.

On this particular morning I had arrived before sunrise. The horses were still in their stables, and the cattle in the enclosure. Even by the deer the savanna was untenanted, as I could perceive at the first glance. Over all its wide extent not an antler was to be seen.

I was somewhat disappointed on observing this. My mother expected to entertain a party on that day. She had expressed a wish to have venison at dinner: I had promised her she should have it; and, on seeing the savanna empty, I felt disappointment.

I was a little surprised, too; the sight was unusual. Almost every morning, there were deer upon this wide pasture, at one point or another.

Had some early stalker been before me? Probable enough. Perhaps young Ringgold, from the next plantation; or may be one of the Indian hunters, who seemed never to sleep? Certainly some one had been over the ground, and frightened off the game?

The savanna was a free range, and all who chose might hunt or pasture upon it. It was a tract of common ground, belonging to no one of the plantations—government land not yet purchased.

Certainly Ringgold had been there? or old Hickman, the alligator-hunter, who lived upon the skirt of our plantation? or it might be an Indian from the other side of the river? With such conjectures did I account for the absence of the game.

I felt chagrin. I should not be able to keep my promise; there would be no venison for dinner. A turkey I might obtain; the hour for chasing them had not yet arrived. I could hear them calling from the tall tree tops—their loud gobbling borne far and clear upon the

still air of the morning. I did not care for these—the larder was already stocked with them; I had killed a brace on the preceding day. I did not want more—I wanted venison.

To procure it I must needs try some other mode than coursing. I had my rifle with me; I could try a still hunt in the woods. Better still, I should go in the direction of old Hickman's cabin; he might help me in my dilemma. Perhaps he had been out already?—if so, he would be sure to bring home venison. I could procure a supply from him, and keep my promise.

The sun was just showing his disc above the horizon; his rays were lighting the tops of the distant cypresses, whose light-green leaves shone with the hues of gold.

I gave one more glance over the savanna, before descending from my elevated position; in that glance I saw what caused me to change my resolution and remain upon the rock.

A herd of deer was trooping out from the edge of the cypress forest—at that corner where the rail fence separated the savanna from the cultivated fields. "Ha!" thought I, "they have been poaching upon the young maize plants."

I bent my eyes towards the point whence, as I supposed they had issued from the fields. I knew there was a gap near the corner with movable bars. I could see it from where I stood; but I now perceived that the bars were in their places!

The deer could not have been in the fields, then? It was not likely they had leaped either the bars or the fence. It was a high rail fence with "stakes and riders." The bars were as high as the fence. The deer must have come out of the woods?

This observation was instantly followed by another. The animals were running rapidly, as if alarmed by the presence of some enemy.

A hunter is behind them? Old Hickman? Ringgold? Who?

I gazed eagerly, sweeping my eyes along the edge of the timber, but for a while saw no one.

A lynx or a bear may have startled them? If so, they will not go far: I shall have a chance with my greyhounds yet. Perhaps!—

My reflections were brought to a sudden termination, on perceiving what had caused the stampede of the deer. It was neither bear nor lynx, but a human being.

A man was just emerging from out the dark shadow of the cypresses. The sun as yet only touched the tops of the trees; but there was light enough below to enable me to make out the figure of a man—still more to recognize the individual. It was neither Ringgold nor Hickman, nor yet an Indian. The dress I knew well—the blue cottonade trousers, the striped shirt and palmetto hat. The man was Yellow Jake.

CHAPTER III.—THE MULATTO'S FOLLOWER.

Nor without some surprise did I make this discovery. What was the mulatto doing in the woods at such an hour? It was not his habit to be so thrifty; on the contrary, it was difficult to rouse him to his daily work. He was not a hunter—had no taste for it. I never saw him go after game—though from being always in the woods, he

was well acquainted with the haunts and habits of every animal that dwelt there. What was he doing abroad on this particular morning? I remained on my perch to watch him, at the same time keeping an eye upon the deer.

It soon became evident that the mulatto was not after these; for, on coming out of the timber, he turned along its edge in a direction opposite to that in which the deer had gone. He went straight towards the gap that led into the maize-field.

I noticed that he moved slowly and in a crouching attitude. I thought there was some object near his feet: it appeared to be a dog, but a very small one. "Perhaps an opossum," thought I. It was of whitish color, as these creatures are; but in the distance I could not distinguish between an opossum and a puppy. I fancied, however, that it was the pouched animal; that he had caught it in the woods, and was leading it along in a string.

There was nothing remarkable or improbable in all this behaviour. The mulatto may have discovered an opossum-cave the day before, and set a trap for the animal. It may have been caught in the night, and he was now on his way home with it. The only point that surprised me was that the fellow had turned hunter; but I explained this upon another hypothesis. I remembered how fond the negroes are of the flesh of the opossum, and Yellow Jake was no exception to the rule. Perhaps he had seen the day before that this one could be easily obtained, and had resolved upon having a roast?

But why was he not carrying it in a proper manner? He appeared to be leading or dragging it, rather—for I knew the creature would not be led—and every now and then I saw him stoop towards it, as if caressing it! I was puzzled; it could not be an opossum.

I watched the man narrowly until he arrived opposite the gap in the fence. I expected to see him step over the bars—since through the maize field was the nearest way to the house. Certainly he entered the field; but, to my astonishment, instead of climbing over in the usual manner, I saw him taking out bar after bar, down to the very lowest. I observed, moreover, that he flung the bars to one side, leaving the gap quite open! He then passed through, and entering among the corn, in the same crouching attitude, disappeared behind the broad blades of the young maize plants.

For a while I saw no more of him, or the white object that he "toasted" along with him in such a singular fashion. I turned my attention to the deer: they had got over their alarm, and had halted near the middle of the savanna, where they were now quietly browsing.

But I could not help pondering upon the eccentric manoeuvres I had just been witness of; and once more I bent my eyes toward the place, where I had last seen the mulatto.

He was still among the maize-plants. I could see nothing of him; but at that moment my eyes rested upon an object that filled me with fresh surprise.

Just at the point where Yellow Jake had emerged from the woods, something else appeared in motion—also coming out into the open savanna. It was a dark object, and from its prostrate attitude, resembled a man crawling forward upon his hands, and dragging his limbs after him.

For a moment or two, I believed it to be a man—not a white man, but a negro or an Indian. The tactics were Indian, but we were at peace with these people, and why should one of them be thus trailing the mulatto? I say “trailing” for the attitude and motions, of what ever the creature I saw, plainly indicated that it was following upon the track which Yellow Jake had passed over.

Was it Black Jake who was after him?

This idea came suddenly into my mind; I remembered the *vendetta* that existed between them; I remembered the conflict in which Yellow Jake had used his knife. True, he had been punished, but not by Black Jake himself. Was the latter now seeking to revenge himself in person?

This might have appeared the easiest explanation of the scene that was mystifying me, had it not been for the improbability of the black acting in such a manner. I could not think that the noble fellow would seek any mean mode of retaliation, however revengeful he might feel against one who had so basely attacked him. It was not in keeping with his character. No; it could not be he who was crawling out of the bushes.

Nor he, nor any one.

At that moment the golden sun flashed over the savanna. His beams glanced along the green-sward, lighting the trees to their bases. The dark form emerged out of the shadow, and turned head towards the maize-field. The long prostrate body glittered under the sun with a sheen like scaled armor. It was easily recognized. Not Indian—not negro—not human: it was the hideous form of an alligator!

TO BE CONTINUED.

“PORTRAITS IN THIS STYLE.”

It made a great stir in the small circle of my acquaintance. Everybody said what a splendid thing it was for me, until I began myself to think my fortune was really made at last, and that the good time which had been holding off for so long had now come upon me with a rush. My sanguine, hopeful friends wagged their heads knowingly and self-congratulatingly, and said they were always certain it would be so. My severe, discouraging friends, whose dumb prophecies, in the way of elevations of the eyebrows, and wide openings of the eyes, had nearly driven me frantic by their portentous vagueness, now thawed towards me, and seemed to hint that they had been quite aware of it all along, only they were cautious and judicious, albeit others were not, and they did not want to puff up a young man with conceited notions; considering depression a wholesome state for the mind, and wet blankets in general rather useful applications. How it came about I never knew precisely. Why it became necessary to paint Blodger, or that being granted, how it was the commission to paint the Blodger Testimonial Portrait was given to me, I have never been able to elicit. I only know that the *Middlecombe Courier*, one fine morning, had great pleasure in announcing that the delightful duty of painting the portrait of that distinguished individual, Mr.

Alderman Blodger, the picture being executed for the behoof and at the expense of the municipal council, had been confided to their "gifted fellow-townsmen"—meaning me—who, they doubted not, would achieve a work likely to be a remarkable decoration of the Muddelcombe town-hall, and enhancing greatly the art-progress of the United Kingdom. It is true that the *Muddelcombe Independent*, in a sardonic, headed "Gross Corruption—Another Job," denounced me and my connection with the affair in really unwarrantable language; but I have reason to believe that that journal was in the interest of a rival painter, Bister, who wrote its fine-art articles, and expected to receive the Blodger commission, but was disappointed.

It having been decided that Blodger should have a portrait, it was not, of course, for me to question the justice of the decision, or to seek to disturb it by ploughing up the merits of the case. I may be permitted to state, however, that although he might have been a great, even a good man, he was not excellently adapted for the purposes of art. Blodger was not possessed of those skin-deep, personal charms which are the desiderata of painters. He was not handsome—*emphatically not*. He had an eminently municipal figure. Strong opinions about local government, and vested interests seemed written in every line of his face. He was massy in form, with a great well-victualled bastion of a stomach, such as a strong army of turtles only could hope to carry. There was quite a natural cravat of flesh about his neck and chin. His little eyes, but for their glittering fierceness, would have been lost in the wide expanse of his face, like solitary pins in a large pincushion. A bush of hair, like a house-broom dyed red, blazed in tumbled grandeur on the top of his head, and was only eclipsed by the surpassing scarlet of his ears, which, from something phenomenal in their constitution, always rejoiced in a raw mutton-chop appearance, as though they had been savagely boxed.

Of me, I think, Blodger took bitter views from the first moment of our acquaintance; but since, as a supreme utilitarian, he entertained degrading ideas of my profession, and even went so far as to denounce the fine arts as "gammon," it was not altogether surprising that his opinion of me was uncomplimentary. He always addressed me as "young man," frowning with a severe intensity, that seemed to say: "No levity; the work before you is of vital importance. No joking, if *you* please; the face of Blodger is in your hands, and posterity, even more than the existing generation, demands that you will present to them a faithful effigy of Blodger." He made a great favor and difficulty of sitting, and nearly worried to death a super-stout footman in purple-plush, with continual commands and countermands in the way of messages to me, as to whether he could or could not sit, and the time of sitting. On entering my studio he produced a large gold watch, which he drew from his fob with as much care and labour as he could have exercised in the landing of a heavy fish, and keeping the hands of his watch constantly in view, he sat for half an hour, and not for one moment beyond. He then rose, slipped off his municipal robes and chain of office, resumed his watch—the restoration of that watch to its particular pocket was like packing away the last article in an overful carpet-bag—put on a hard, tight, and very shiny hat; gave it a blow on the top, like a bang on a kettle-drum;

said "good-morning" with an explosive snort, wheeled round, and marched quickly from the house. He was a fearful man to paint, and had a magisterial way of keeping his eye upon me, as though I were likely to commit some art-larceny, and embezzle one of his features, or defraud his complexion of its proper vermilion, that caused a culpable-feeling to come over me when in his presence. It seemed to me that it would be quite a natural conclusion to the business of a sitting, that Blodger should detonate: "Committed as a rogue and a vagabond—old offender—tread-mill—one month—officer, remove the prisoner." It was hard to be working with this feeling upon me, but, indeed, I couldn't shake it off. It was hard to look up and find Blodger ceaselessly down upon me, as it were. "You'd better be careful, young man; you may have heard of such a thing as contempt of court. I warn you; we don't stand levity here; and don't waste valuable time. No artist affectations, if you please. Don't lean back in that calm, contemplative way, swaying your head from side to side. It's Blodger your painting. Don't sweep away your colour; don't curve round your brush in that defiant, reckless way. You're painting Blodger's lips. You're placing the orthodox warm chocolate shadow in the centre of the face for the especial development and throwing up of Blodger's nose. Take heed! No trifling with Blodger's left eye, for, remember, Blodger has got his right eye on you, and no mistake. Look out!"

But at least Blodger sat well when he did sit. He did his work during his half hour visits. Occasionally, it is true, he had an interrupting habit of loading himself with very heavy charges of snuff, and then firing himself off in loud percussive sneezes, each individual and distinct, like minute-guns at sea. Otherwise, he sat as steadily as a lay figure. He seemed to have some power of petrifying himself for a prescribed period, within which he stirred not a limb, not a muscle. One might have been tempted to have gone up to him and pricked him with a pin, to ascertain if he were a real and not an imitation Blodger, but for the terrible life blazing in his eye. But the bodily quiescence which gave such comfort to Blodger during the sittings was not imitated by his wife. Mrs Blodger frequently accompanied him in his visits to the studio, and I fairly dreaded her coming. How I thanked my stars that Muddlecombe had not commissioned me to paint *her* portrait; for she was an amazing creature, Mrs Blodger—a woman of large calibre, a sort of aldermanic Semiramis. By the elderly gentlemen of Muddlecombe, she was unanimously voted "a monstrous fine woman"—the peculiar old-gentleman phrase for the class of beauty of which Mrs Blodger was a shining example. I decline to say anything about her age; in fact I have no distinct notions about it; it was not a subject upon which I dared to trust myself; for soon after I had heard the terrible peals which Purple-plush thundered on my door-knocker—soon after the bang-bang flop of the carriage-steps being let down, the swaying and swinging about of strong satin or velvet skirts on the staircase, the gush of perfume or pomade, and the grand floating entrance of Mrs Blodger, like a frigate in full sail—soon after these I may say I almost lost consciousness. I have a vision—nothing more substantial, for Blodger's eye was always screwing me down tight to my work—of a parrot-like

nose pecking about at me and at everything else in the room, being the property of an enlarged woman looking like a colossal bird of prey in cherry-coloured velvet. She had a way of peering through massive gold-framed eye-glasses, which she was always lifting astride her nose. She insisted on my continuing my work, and then stood over me with her glasses. It was like pursuing a task under terror of the lash. I tried to paint, to concentrate my whole thoughts upon my picture; but when I knew that Blodger's eye was attacking me in front, while Mrs. Blodger's eye-glass mercilessly harrassed me in the rear; when I felt that she was subjecting me to a searching examination, that she looked well at my head, and thoroughly appreciated that portion of the crown where the hair is beginning to thin; that she had seen that my shirt-collar was slightly dingy, and that some little misunderstanding between it and my cravat, from hurried putting on, had rendered their union less perfect than it might have been; that she had now arrived at my coat-collar, and had noted how old and threadbare a garment is the shooting-jacket in which it seemeth good to me to paint; and that she had taken account of my hands, observed the smear of Venetian red on my right forefinger; was wondering how ever I came to possess an opal ring; had contemplated that one of my wrist-bands was soiled by work, and that the other had lost a button; and was now quietly going down my back to discover that one of the buttons behind was missing, and the pocket-hole torn: my nervous anxiety nearly drew my brush from my fingers. And then the wonderful way in which she talked! She alluded to me as a "painter person," and referred generally to "artist-people." She found everything "So droll!" "So curious!" "So eccentric!" and had an interrogative way of saying "Really?" "No?" "Yes?" "Indeed?" "You don't say so?" that was as puzzling as any conundrum I ever heard. She would sweep round the room, whirling about her velvet skirts, knocking down heaps of sketches, cardboards, and canvases, and threatening to destroy utterly, or at least deprive for life of the use of its limbs, the lay-figure in the corner. Nothing was sacred, nothing escaped her superb investigation. Sketch-books, portfolios, even the note-book with the addresses of models, even the unpaid bills upon the mantel-shelf—all received their share of attention. Nay, the awful canvases, turned scrupulously with their faces to the wall—efforts which failure should have sanctified—even these did she turn and examine. Even to my famous studies of that remarkable model. Biceps, in some of his most muscular attitudes; I couldn't stop her, and she would do it.

I may mention that Mrs. Blodger carefully abstained from any criticism on the portrait while it was in progress; but the dumb way in which she stood for prolonged periods behind my chair, seemed to me the severest castigations in the critical way that I had ever received. One remark, it is true, she did occasionally give utterance to; it was a sort of lament or expostulation that I had "not turned Blodger round, and made him looking the other way." There was really no especial reason why he should look one way rather than the other; but Mrs. Blodger made up her mind that there was; and this strange remark was at intervals recurring in a tone of surprise, that I had not adopted a suggestion the carrying out of which would have led to the

whole work being done over again. She appeared to suppose that heads could be turned about and eyes made to glance in different directions as easily in art as in nature. Blodger himself expressed no curiosity at all about his portrait, regarding that as altogether my affair; he considered the contract to be, that he should sit, and that I should paint until completion, and that meanwhile we had nothing else to do with each other.

So the Blodger portrait went on. I may avow here—I did not avow it at the time—that it was the first genuine portrait I had ever painted. I had, of course, painted from nature often enough, and copied as accurately as I could; I had even painted a portrait of Charley Blithers, student of the Academy, who had also painted my portrait in return; I had had sittings from Mrs. Miffin, my house-keeper, by way of practice; I had painted my mother, my brother, my sister; but these were mere experiments, with nothing depending on the issue. But now I was at work on a real portrait, to be paid for in hard cash. It was a great event in my art-life; it was like a young surgeon's first operation, not on the dead but on the living. I was correspondingly nervous about it; but still it went on. The white surface of the canvass, which had had rather a ghostly effect upon my nerves at first, had now become smothered under various pigments. Blodger's face was breaking through the mist of paint like a coppery red sun through a yellow November fog: he was beginning to rise and shine like an exhalation from a swamp. The portrait was growing out of its immature stages like a plum ripening on a tree. Day by day art strode nearer to nature; completion was approaching, and the faster it came on the more my anxieties increased. All day I toiled at it, and I contemplated it carefully, the last thing before going to bed. I supped off it, I may say, and woefully it disagreed with me. Blodger invaded even my dreams. In a paroxysm of alarm, I have risen from my couch, and in night-uniform, with re-lighted candle, I have hurried to my studio, to assure myself of the safety of my work; but now it seemed to me the picture had been stolen by a desperate gang of oppositionists, headed by Bister; now that the painting was changing colour, by some wonderful chemical action, and the face assuming a lively pea-green hue; and now again the picture became inflated like a balloon, and getting loose, broke through the roof, and soared away high up, just sufficiently in sight for me to be perfectly conscious that the Blodger eye was upon me drilling down from the clouds.

About the background grave questions arose. I must confess that I was favourable to the old portrait properties—the Corinthian column, the red-velvet draperies, and the rolling feather-bed clouds, with a streak of orange chrome on the horizon, like a gold band on a footman's hat. But, above all, I wanted my red draperies—it was so necessary to quench in some way the fire of Blodger's countenance; to extinguish, in a measure, the blaze of his hair. Other opinions, however, were rife on the subject. It seemed to be desired that the background should be devoted to a sort of panorama of Blodger's whole career. Some wanted his birthplace in; some the school at which he had been educated. Many urged the introduction of the Muddlecombe workhouse, to which Blodger had added a new wing;

many that the pump which Blodger had erected in the market-place should be distinctly visible. The spire of Muddlecombe Church, the lantern of the Muddlecombe Literary and Scientific Institution, the tall chimneys of Blodger's manufactory, nay, even the children of the Blodger Charity, in the costume chosen by the founder, something between the attire of an Elizabethian nobleman and of a horse-jockey out of his boots—all these, it was insisted, should be found in the background of the Blodger portrait. The result was a compromise. I obtained my red curtain; my lowering sky was conceded; the Corinthian column was rejected; and the spire of the church, the tall chimneys of the workshops, and a distant red blotch, which might or might not be the Muddlecombe workhouse, according to the fancy of the spectator—all these were inserted.

The picture was finished. A frame, gorgeously golden, was ordered for it. The studio was cleared out to accommodate an expected rush of visitors. Charley Blithers was favoured with a private view. He sat down before the easel; smoked out a whole pipe; shook out the ashes into the palm of his hand, threw them into the fire-place; and then said, calmly: "What a guy!"

He repeated the expression thrice, as though it were the result of profound conviction, and could not be too thoroughly stated.

"He is not a good-looking man," I said.

"Well, he isn't," in the same tone of conviction.

"If it wouldn't hurt his feelings," he continued, eyeing the picture in a deprecating way, and bowing his head, as though he, too, had been caught by the Blodger eye, and was acknowledging its influence—"if it wouldn't hurt his feelings, I should say he was downright ugly, and no mistake at all about it."

"But it's like him?"

"I should rather say it was."

"Well, what more do you want?" Charley looked puzzled.

"Wasn't I commissioned to paint his likeness?"

"Well, you see, it's my opinion" (in a quiet thoughtful way)—"it's my opinion, that when ugly people sit for their portraits, they don't precisely mean that they want a picture exactly of what they are, but something like what they might have been, if Nature hadn't thought differently. You see, when a man has a rough draught to be copied, he wants it done in a fair round-hand; he don't care to have all the blots, and smears, and interlinings copied exactly. Ugly people require that the rough draught of their faces should be transcribed in a smooth, pleasant way."

"You think I ought to have flattered him more?"

"We don't so much call it flattery as making things pleasant. I think you might have made things rather more pleasant."

"I've done a great deal for him; indeed I have. You don't know now I've softened him and paled him. There's a good half inch off his mouth; and I've cut away one of his chins altogether! He's an awful subject to paint."

"Well, he is."

Charley took his leave, and I was not greatly encouraged by his remarks.

However, there was nothing more to be done; the picture was com-

pleted; so I wrote a note to Mr. Blodger, announcing the termination of my labour, and requesting him that he would call and inspect the painting. An hour after, Purple-plush thundered at the door; Mr Blodger would call directly. He came, with Mrs Blodger slapping about with her heavy cherry-velvet skirts, and armed with her formidable double eye-glass. However, I had attired myself with a scrupulous neatness, and was therefore less alarmed at her inspective attacks.

Blodger, in loudly creaking boots, marched towards the picture as though he were going to charge through it; but thinking better of it he halted abruptly. Mrs Blodger followed him. For some time, both gazed speechlessly at the picture.

"Do you think it like?" I asked at length, in a gently respectful way.

"Like? Like who?" retorted Blodger, jerking out the words in a fierce, harsh way, like loud notes blown sharply and suddenly on a savage-minded trombone, and crossing his fat arms on his fat chest in an obese Napoleonic attitude.

The blow took away my breath; I could make no answer. Meanwhile, Blodger's eye dug deep wounds into me; meanwhile, Mrs Blodger raked me fore and aft with chain-shot through her double-barrelled eye-glass.

"Young man," Blodger went crackling on, "you may be clever, but I'm not a fool. Do you call *that* my portrait?"

He projected a stumpy forefinger indignantly at the picture.

"That like my B.?" Mrs Blodger was a woman without mercy.

I tried to say something about having done my best, about being sorry they didn't like it, that others had considered it successful, that I should be happy to attend to any suggestions, would make any alterations, &c., &c. I doubt if I made myself intelligible; it seemed to me I was emitting merely a confused and gabbling murmur. If I was intelligible, I doubt if they heard me.

"Young man, I saw it at the first; you made up your mind to it from the beginning; you were pre-determined to insult me. It is my belief that you are a creature of the opposition—a tool in the hands of the *Muddlecombe Independent*; that your express mission was to endeavour to humiliate me—to make me ridiculous. *That* is a caricature; it is *not* my portrait. And let me tell you that you have mistaken your man; you don't know who it is you have to deal with; it is evident to me that you do *not* know Blodger."

He paused. His address had warmed him; it had even boiled up into bubbles on his forehead.

"But I'll foil you, sir. Do your worst; I defy you. This insult shall not be inflicted on the municipal authorities, for they are affected when I am touched. They shall not have that portrait; they shall never have it. And once more let me tell you to be careful, or levity and folly will be your ruin."

He turned away. There was an emphatic indignation in the very creaking of his boots. He banged on his hat. For the last time Mrs Blodger eyed me with her duplex basilisk glance; she courtesied to the ground in her copious velvet with sardonic civility; she knocked down a chair as she made her exit. Purple-plush gathered them into

her chariot. Flop-bang-bang went the steps, and the Blodgers passed from me for ever. Blodger was as good, or as bad, as his word.

The Portrait Committee, in strong terms, refused to receive the picture, and took the commission away from me. It was great joy for the *Muddlecombe Independent*; it was immense triumph to Bister.

Charley Blithers came rushing in. He was in high spirits, and whirled about his wide-awake.

"I've sold my *Jupiter and Antiope* for forty dollars!" In his glee he stuck his hat on the head of the lay-figure.

"Hollo! Why, what's the matter with you?"

I was sitting in a melancholy way before the Blodger portrait. I put him in possession of the sad results of my labours.

"Wheugh!" he whisked. "Won't have it, eh? What a shame!"

"After losing four months over it—squandering days and nights upon that hideous head. He never seemed so ugly before."

"He is hideous! If there were a public-house called the Ugly Man, you might sell this for the sign-board."

"Shall I put my foot through it?" I asked. I was angry, and much inclined to vent my wrath in hacking Blodger to pieces. I took up my brushes.

"Let's make him utterly ridiculous," I said. I painted a superb moustache upon Blodger's wide upper-lip; I made his eye start out even more fearfully; I stuck a pipe in his mouth; I caused his hair to bramble out at the sides in an amazing manner.

"Look how well the light falls on that wide-awake," said Charley; "paint it in. I *should* laugh to see Blodger in a Jim Crow hat."

I painted it, and he had his laugh. More, I placed a gorget round Blodger's neck; I twisted up the ends of his moustache till they looked like tenpenny nails; I put him on a sabretache and a stage property-sword. I was in a fair way of painting in every article of still-life in the studio.

"Well, he's a wonder now," said Charley; "he'd hardly know himself, and I'm sure his mother wouldn't. I don't know why you shouldn't turn it into a fancy picture altogether—a very little would do it now; it would be better than losing it entirely. Finish carefully those suggestions you've sketched in; stick a feather in his hat, and call him"—

"Maccaroni?"

"No; but Pistol or Bardolph, or something like that."

"I don't think he looks Shakspearian."

"Well, Rinaldo Rinaldini, or Captain Rolando."

"Who was he?"

"The robber in *Gil Blas*, was n't he? Anyhow, it's a good name, and would look well in the catalogue."

"What catalogue?"

"Why, the Academy!"

"You wouldn't have me send it there!"

"Why not? You've nothing else done—it's a pity to miss a year."

"They'll never hang it."

"Who knows? I send everything I've got. It's a speculation.

After a certain time they give over selection, and hang according to size. Why shouldn't there happen to be just such a gap in the wall as that picture would fit into. I've often had pictures hung in that way; ay, and have sold them too. I'm going to send an odd lot this time; I'll call and take yours down with me, if you like."

It was a pity, certainly, to waste so much work.

I acted on Charley's suggestion. The portrait was metamorphosed into a sort of fancy picture. A fine, crusted, old-master, many-years-in-bottle look was given to it by rich glazings of warm brown, and adroit picking out of high lights. Charley called it "*a tête de veau à Rembrandt*," served up with a rich brown gravy."

It was sent in due time to the Academy; it was hung, and in a tolerable place—only one above the line. There was some mistake in the catalogue, however, for the picture was attributed to Blithers, and somehow, a singularly inappropriate verse from the Psalms was tacked to it.

One June morning Charley Blithers burst into my studio. He was convulsed with laughter, which, for some moments, mocked at all his attempts to speak, and turn his words into gibberish. At last, in a lull of his mirth, a sentence stole out: "Captain Rolando's sold!" and then he tumbled back shaking into a chair.

"No!" I screamed.

"Fact! I've just seen it in the list. Your own figure—two hundred and fifty dollars."

I began a dance of peculiar character, intending to convey an idea of amazed delight. Blithers was lost in an ague fit of laughter.

"Stop a bit! you don't know all yet. Who do you think has bought it?"

"Haven't an idea!"

"Blodger!"

What a yell we gave. Mrs Miffin came running up stairs to know what was the matter.

"It's true!" shouted Charley. "He won a prize in the Art-union—a fifty-pounder. He commissioned a friend in town to choose a picture for him—*unconsciously, he's become the purchaser of his own portrait!*"

We commenced a delirious *pas de deux*. We shook down my plaster-cast of the Apollo, which was broken into a thousand pieces; the limbs of the lay-figure, in a moment of insane excitement held to represent the defeated Blodger, were strewed about the room. We danced until nature gave in.

Blodger has hung his prize over his sideboard, and while denouncing art as "gammon," with a side-wind supports the picture as "a fine work by C. Blithers." "A promising painter-person," adds Mrs B. I have often wondered that the very painting has not laughed out fairly and betrayed itself; and I have often longed for a harlequin bat with which to strike the canvas, and cause all the trappings of Captain Rolando to slide off as the disguise does from the gentleman who is "afterwards pantaloons" in the pantomimes, and reveal to its astounding proprietor the original Blodger Testimonial Portrait, executed in a style of art utterly without parallel.

History of the Crusades.



CAPITULATION OF ACRE.

WE now come to the consideration of the third Crusade, and of the causes which rendered it necessary. The epidemic frenzy, which had been cooling ever since the issue of the first expedition, was now extinct, or very nearly so, and the nations of Europe looked with cold indifference upon the armaments of their princes. But chivalry had flourished in its natural element of war, and was now in all its glory. It continued to supply armies for the Holy Land when the popular ranks refused to deliver up their able-bodied swarms. Poetry, which more than religion, inspired the third Crusade, was then but "*caviare to the million*," who had other matters, of sterner import, to claim all their attention. But the knights and their retainers listened with delight to the martial and amatory strains of the minstrels, minnesangers, trouveres, and troubadours, and burned to win favor in ladies' eyes by showing prowess in the Holy Land. The third was truly the romantic era of the Crusades. Men fought then, not so much for the sepulchre of Jesus and the maintenance of a Christian kingdom in the East, as to gain glory for themselves in the best and almost only field where glory could be obtained. They fought, not as zealots, but as soldiers; not for religion, but for honor; not for the crown of martyrdom, but for the favor of the lovely.

It is not necessary to enter into a detail of the events by which Saladin attained the sovereignty of the East, or how, after a succession of engagements, he planted the Moslem banner once more upon the battlements of Jerusalem. The Christian knights and population, including the grand orders of St. John, the Hospitallers, and the Templars, were sunk in an abyss of vice, and, torn by unworthy jealousies

and dissensions, were unable to resist the well-trained armies which the wise and mighty Saladin brought forward to crush them. But the news of their fall created a painful sensation among the chivalry of Europe, whose noblest members were linked to the dwellers in Palestine by many ties, both of blood and friendship. The news of the great battle of Tiberias, in which Saladin defeated the Christian host with terrible slaughter, arrived first in Europe, and was followed in quick succession by that of the capture of Jerusalem, Antioch, Tripoli, and other cities. The Pope (Urban III) was so affected by the news that he pined away for grief, and was scarcely seen to smile again, until he sank into the sleep of death. His successor, Gregory VIII, felt the loss as acutely, but had better strength to bear it, and instructed all the clergy of the Christian world to stir up the people to arms for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre. William, archbishop of Tyre, a humble follower in the path of Peter the Hermit, left Palestine to preach to the kings of Europe the miseries he had witnessed, and to incite them to the rescue. The renowned Frederick Barbarossa, the emperor of Germany, speedily collected an army, and passing over into Syria with less delay than had ever before awaited a crusading force, defeated the Saracens, and took possession of the city of Iconium. He was unfortunately cut off in the middle of his successful career, by imprudently bathing in the Cydnus¹ while he was overheated, and the duke of Suabia took the command of the expedition. The latter did not prove so able a general, and met with nothing but reverses, although he was enabled to maintain a footing at Antioch until assistance arrived from Europe.

Henry II of England and Philip Augustus of France, at the head of their chivalry, supported the Crusade with all their influence, until wars and dissensions nearer home estranged them from it for a time. The two kings met at Gisors in Normandy in the month of January, 1188, accompanied by a brilliant train of knights and warriors. William of Tyre was present, and expounded the cause of the cross with considerable eloquence, and the whole assembly bound themselves by oath to proceed to Jerusalem. It was agreed at the same time that a tax, called Saladin's tithe, and consisting of the tenth part of all possessions, whether landed or personal, should be enforced over Christendom, upon every one who was either unable or unwilling to assume the cross. The lord of every fief, whether lay or ecclesiastical, was charged to raise the tithe within his own jurisdiction; and any one who refused to pay his quota became by that act the bondsman and absolute property of his lord. At the same time the greatest indulgence was shown to those who assumed the cross; no man was at liberty to stay them by process of any kind, whether for debt, or robbery, or murder. The king of France, at the breaking up of the conference, summoned a parliament at Paris, where these resolutions were solemnly confirmed, while Henry II did the same for his Norman possessions at Rouen, and for England at Geddington, in Northamptonshire. To use the words of an ancient chronicler, "he held a par-

¹ The desire of comparing two great men has tempted many writers to drown Frederick in the river Cydnus, in which Alexander so imprudently bathed; but, from the march of the emperor. I rather judge that his Saleph is the Cacadnus, a stream of less fame, but of a longer course.—Gibbon.

liament about the voyage into the Holy Land, and troubled the whole land with the paying of tithes towards it."

But it was not England alone that was "troubled" by the tax. The people of France also looked upon it with no pleasant feelings, and appear from that time forth to have changed their indifference for the Crusade into aversion. Even the clergy, who were exceedingly willing that other people should contribute half, or even all their goods in furtherance of their favorite scheme, were not at all anxious to contribute a single sous themselves. Millot relates that several of them cried out against the impost. Among the rest, the clergy of Rheims were called upon to pay their quota, but sent a deputation to the king, begging him to be contented with the aid of their prayers, as they were too poor to contribute in any other shape. Philip Augustus knew better, and by way of giving them a lesson, employed three nobles of the vicinity to lay waste the Church lands.

The clergy, informed of the outrage, applied to the king for redress. "I will aid you with my prayers," said the monarch, condescendingly, "and will entreat those gentlemen to let the church alone." He did as he had promised, but in such a manner that the nobles, who appreciated the joke, continued their devastations as before. Again the clergy applied to the king. "What would you have of me?" he replied, in answer to their remonstrances; "you gave me your prayers in my necessity, and I have given you mine in yours." The clergy understood the argument, and thought it the wiser course to pay their quota of Saladin's tithe without further parley.

This anecdote shows the unpopularity of the Crusade. If the clergy disliked to contribute, it is no wonder that the people felt still greater antipathy. But the chivalry of Europe was eager for the affray; the tithe was rigorously collected, and armies from England, France, Burgundy, Italy, Flanders, and Germany, were soon in the field. The two kings who were to have led it were, however, drawn



FREDERICO BARBAROSSA.

into broils by an aggression of Richard duke of Guienné, better known as Richard Cœur de Lion, upon the territory of the Count of Toulouse, and the proposed journey to Palestine was delayed. War continued to rage between France and England, and with so little probability of a speedy termination, that many of the nobles, bound to the Crusade, left the two monarchs to settle the differences at their leisure, and proceeded to Palestine without them.

Death at last stepped in and removed Henry II from the hostility of his foes, and the treachery and ingratitude of his children. His son Richard immediately concluded an alliance with Philip Augustus; and the two young, valiant, and impetuous monarchs united all their energies to forward the Crusade. They met with a numerous and brilliant retinue at Nonancourt in Normandy, where, in sight of their assembled chivalry, they embraced as brothers, and swore to live as friends and true allies, until a period of forty days after their return from the Holy Land. With a view of purging their camp from the follies and vices which had proved so ruinous to preceding expeditions, they drew up a code of laws for the government of the army. Gambling had been carried to a great extent, and proved the fruitful source of quarrels and bloodshed; and one of their laws prohibited any person in the army, beneath the degree of a knight, from playing at any game for money. Knights and clergymen might play for money, but no one was permitted to lose or gain more than twenty shillings in a day, under a penalty of one hundred shillings. The personal attendants of the monarchs were also allowed to play to the same extent. The penalty in their case for infraction was that they should be whipped naked through the army for the space of three days. Any Crusader who struck another and drew blood was ordered to have his hand cut off; and whoever slew a brother Crusader was condemned to be tied alive to the corpse of his victim, and buried with him. No young women were allowed to follow the army, to the great sorrow of many vicious and of many virtuous dames, who had not courage to elude the decree by dressing in male attire. But many high-minded and affectionate maidens and matrons, bearing the sword or the spear, followed their husbands and lovers to the war in spite of King Richard, and in defiance of danger. The only women allowed to accompany the army in their own habiliments were washerwomen of fifty years complete, and any others of the fair sex who reached the same age.

These rules having been promulgated, the two monarchs marched together to Lyons, where they separated, agreeing to meet again at Messina. Philip proceeded across the Alps to Genoa, where he took ship, and was conveyed in safety to the place of rendezvous. Richard turned in the direction of Marseilles, where he also took ship for Messina. His impetuous disposition hurried him into many squabbles by the way, and his knights and followers, for the most part as brave and as foolish as himself, imitated him very zealously in this particular. At Messina the Sicilians charged the most exorbitant prices for every necessary of life. Richard's army in vain remonstrated. From words they came to blows, and, as a last resource, plundered the Sicilians, since they could not trade with them. Continual battles were the consequence, in one of which Lebrun, the favorite attendant

of Richard, lost his life. The peasantry from far and near came flocking to the aid of the towns-people, and the battle soon became general. Richard, irritated at the loss of his favorite, and incited by a report that Tancred, the king of Sicily, was fighting at the head of his own people, joined the *melee* with his boldest knights, and, beating back the Sicilians, attacked the city sword in hand, stormed the battlements, tore down the flag of Sicily, and planted his own in its stead. This collision gave great offence to the king of France, who became from that time jealous of Richard, and apprehensive that his design was not so much to re-establish the Christian kingdom of Jerusalem as to make conquests for himself. He, however, exerted his influence to restore peace between the English and Sicilians, and shortly afterwards set sail for Acre, with distrust of his ally germinating in his heart.

Richard remained behind for some weeks in a state of inactivity quite unaccountable in one of his temperament. He appears to have had no more squabbles with the Sicilians, but to have lived an easy, luxurious life, forgetting, in the lap of pleasure, the objects for which he had quitted his own dominions and the dangerous laxity he was introducing into his army. The superstition of his soldiers recalled him at length to a sense of his duty: a comet was seen for several successive nights, which was thought to menace them with the vengeance of Heaven for their delay. Shooting stars gave them similar warning; and a fanatic, of the name of Joachim, with his drawn sword in his hand, and his long hair streaming wildly over his shoulders, went through the camp, howling all night long, and predicting plague, famine, and every other calamity, if they did not set out immediately. Richard did not deem it prudent to neglect the intimations; and, after doing humble penance for his remissness, he set sail for Acre.

A violent storm dispersed his fleet, but he arrived safely at Rhodes with the principal part of the armament. Here he learned that three of his ships had been stranded on the rocky coasts of Cyprus, and that the ruler of the island, Isaac Comnenus, had permitted his people to pillage the unfortunate crews, and had refused shelter to his betrothed bride, the Princess Berengaria, and his sister, who, in one of the vessels, had been driven by stress of weather into the port of Limisso. The fiery monarch swore to be revenged, and, collecting all his vessels, sailed back to Limisso. Isaac Comnenus refused to apologise or explain, and Richard, in no mood to be trifled with, landed on the island, routed with great loss the forces sent to oppose him, and laid the whole country under contribution.

On his arrival at Acre he found the whole of the chivalry of Europe there before him. Guy of Lusignan, the king of Jerusalem, had long before collected the bold Knights of the Temple, the Hospital, and St. John, and had laid siege to Acre, which was resolutely defended by the Sultan Saladin, with an army magnificent both for its numbers and its discipline. For nearly two years the Crusaders had pushed the siege, and made efforts almost superhuman to dislodge the enemy. Various battles had taken place in the open fields with no decisive advantage to either party, and Guy of Lusignan had begun to despair of taking that strong position without aid from Europe. His joy was

extreme on the arrival of Philip with all his chivalry, and he only waited the coming of Cœur de Lion to make one last decisive attack upon the town. When the fleet of England was first seen approaching the shores of Syria, a universal shout arose from the Christian camp; and when Richard landed with his train, one louder still pierced to the very mountains of the south, where Saladin lay with all his army.

It may be remarked as characteristic of this Crusade, that the Christians and the Moslems no longer looked upon each other as barbarians, to whom mercy was a crime. Each host entertained the highest admiration for the bravery and magnanimity of the other, and, in their occasional truces, met upon the most friendly terms. The Moslem warriors were full of courtesy to the Christian knights, and had no other regret than to think that such fine fellows were not Mahomedans. The Christians, with a feeling precisely similar, extolled to the skies the nobleness of the Saracens, and sighed to think that such generosity and valor should be sullied by disbelief in the gospel of Jesus. But when the strife began, all these feelings disappeared, and the struggle became mortal.

The jealousy excited in the mind of Philip by the events of Messina still rankled, and the two monarchs refused to act in concert. Instead of making a joint attack upon the town, the French monarch assailed it alone, and was repulsed. Richard did the same, and with the same result. Philip tried to seduce the soldiers of Richard from their allegiance by the offer of three gold pieces per month to every knight who would forsake the banners of England for those of France. Richard endeavored to neutralise the offer by a larger one, and promised four pieces to every French knight who should join the Lion of England. In this unworthy rivalry their time was wasted, to the great detriment of the discipline and efficiency of their followers. Some good was nevertheless effected; for the mere presence of two such armies prevented the besieged city from receiving supplies, and the inhabitants were reduced by famine to the most woful and unmitigated straits. Saladin did not deem it prudent to risk a general engagement by coming to their relief, but preferred to wait till disension had weakened his enemy, and made him an easy prey. Perhaps if he had been aware of the real extent of the extremity in Acre, he would have changed his plan; but, cut off from the town, he did not know its misery till it was too late. After a short truce the city capitulated upon terms so severe that Saladin afterwards refused to ratify them. The chief conditions were, that the precious wood of the true cross, captured by the Moslems in Jerusalem, should be restored; that a sum of two hundred thousand gold pieces should be paid, and all the Christian prisoners in Acre released,



RICHARD AT ACRE.

together with two hundred knights and a thousand soldiers detained in captivity by Saladin. The Eastern monarch, as may be well conceived, did not set much store on the wood of the cross, but was nevertheless anxious to keep it, as he knew its possession by the Christians would do more than a victory to restore their courage. He refused, therefore, to deliver it up, or to accede to any of the conditions; and Richard, as he had previously threatened, barbarously ordered all the Saracen prisoners in his power to be put to death.

The possession of the city only caused new and unhappy dissensions between the Christian leaders. The Archduke of Austria unjustifiably hoisted his flag on one of the towers of Acre, which Richard no sooner saw than he tore it down with his own hands, and trampled it under his feet. Philip, though he did not sympathise with the archduke, was piqued at the assumption of Richard, and the breach between the two monarchs became wider than ever. A foolish dispute arose at the same time between Guy of Lusignan and Conrad of Montferrat for the crown of Jerusalem. The inferior knights were not slow to imitate the pernicious example, and jealousy, distrust, and ill-will reigned in the Christian camp. In the midst of this confusion the king of France suddenly announced his intention to return to his own country. Richard was filled with indignation, and exclaimed, "Eternal shame light on him, and on all France, if, for any cause, he leave this work unfinished!" But Philip was not to be stayed. His health had suffered by his residence in the East; and, ambitious of playing a first part, he preferred to play none at all than to play second to King Richard. Leaving a small detachment of Burgundians behind, he returned to France with the remainder of his army; and Cœur de Lion, without feeling, in the multitude of his rivals, that he had lost the greatest, became painfully convinced that the right arm of the enterprise was lopped off.

After his departure, Richard refortified Acre, restored the Christian worship in the churches, and leaving a Christian garrison to protect it, marched along the sea-coast towards Ascalon. Saladin was on the alert, and sent his light horse to attack the rear of the Christian army, while he himself, miscalculating their weakness since the defection of Philip, endeavored to force them to a general engagement. The rival armies met near Azotus. A fierce battle ensued, in which Saladin was defeated and put to flight, and the road to Jerusalem left free for the Crusaders.

Again discord exerted its baleful influence, and prevented Richard from following up his victory. His opinion was constantly opposed by the other leaders, all jealous of his bravery and influence; and the army, instead of marching to Jerusalem, or even to Ascalon, as was at first intended, proceeded to Jaffa, and remained in idleness until Saladin was again in a condition to wage war against them.

Many months were spent in fruitless hostilities and as fruitless negotiations. Richard's wish was to recapture Jerusalem; but there were difficulties in the way, which even his bold spirit could not conquer. His own intolerable pride was not the least cause of the evil; for it estranged many a generous spirit, who would have been willing to co-operate with him in all cordiality. At length it was agreed to march to the Holy City; but the progress made was so slow and

painful, that the soldiers murmured, and the leaders meditated retreat. The weather was hot and dry, and there was little water to be procured. Saladin had choked up the wells and cisterns on the route, and the army had not zeal enough to push forward amid such privation. At Bethlehem a council was held, to debate whether they should retreat or advance. Retreat was decided upon, and immediately commenced. It is said that Richard was first led to a hill, whence he could obtain a sight of the towers of Jerusalem, and that he was so affected at being so near it, and so unable to relieve it, that he hid his face behind his shield, and sobbed aloud.

The army separated into two divisions, the smaller falling back upon Jaffa, and the larger, commanded by Richard and the Duke of Burgundy, returning to Acre. Before the English monarch had made



RICHARD CŒUR DE LION AT JAFFA.

all his preparations for his return to Europe, a messenger reached Acre with the intelligence that Jaffa was besieged by Saladin, and that unless relieved immediately, it would be taken. The French, under the Duke of Burgundy, were so wearied with the war that they refused to aid their brethren in Jaffa. Richard, blushing with shame at their pusillani-

mity, called his English to the rescue, and arrived just in time to save the city. His very name put the Saracens to flight, so great was their dread of his prowess. Saladin regarded him with the warmest admiration, and when Richard, after his victory, demanded peace, willingly acceded. A truce was concluded for three years and eight months, during which Christian pilgrims were to enjoy the liberty of visiting Jerusalem without hindrance or payment of any tax. The Crusaders were allowed to retain the cities of Tyre and Jaffa, with the country intervening. Saladin, with a princely generosity, invited many of the Christians to visit Jerusalem; and several of the leaders took advantage of his offer to feast their eyes upon a spot which all considered so sacred. Many of them were entertained for days in the sultan's own palace, from which they returned with their tongues laden with the praises of the noble infidel. Richard and Sa-

ladin never met, though the impression that they did will remain on many minds who have been dazzled by the glorious fiction of Sir Walter Scott. But each admired the prowess and nobleness of soul of his rival, and agreed to terms far less onerous than either would have accepted had this mutual admiration not existed.*

The king of England no longer delayed his departure, for messengers from his own country brought imperative news that his presence was required to defeat the intrigues that were fomenting against his crown. His long imprisonment in the Austrian dominions and final ransom are too well known to be dwelt upon. And thus ended the third Crusade, less destructive of human life than the two first, but quite as useless.

The flame of popular enthusiasm now burned pale indeed, and all the efforts of popes and potentates were insufficient to rekindle it. At last, after flickering unsteadily, like a lamp expiring in the socket, it burned up brightly for one final instant, and was extinguished for ever.

THE NUMBER THREE.

"Jove hurls the three-forked thunder from above."—*Addison*.

THERE is a strong prejudice in favor of the figure seven. The ancients spoke of it as the "sacred number." There were seven plagues. The week is divided into seven days. Our constitution is changed every seven years; and the poet has rendered memorable that figure by a production never to be forgotten, namely, "We are Seven!" That mathematical paradox, nine, has also its votaries, most respectable computers. There were also nine wonders. Let me ask, however, what is nine but the square of three? As for three, its history, its beginning, dates from the creation of the world. It is found in every branch of science, and adapted to all classes of society. Now only have patience, and I will state, explain, prove.

I commence with the Bible. When the world was created, we find land, water, and sky. Sun, moon, and stars. Noah had but three sons; Jonah was three days in the whale's belly; our Saviour passed three days in the tomb. Peter denied his Saviour thrice. There were three patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Abraham entertained three angels. Samuel was called three times. "Simon, lovest thou Me?" was repeated three times. Daniel was thrown into a den with three lions, for praying three times a day. Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego were rescued from the flames of the oven. The Ten Commandments were delivered on the third day. Job had three friends. St. Paul speaks of faith, hope, and charity, these three.

* Richard left a high reputation in Palestine. So much terror did his name occasion, that the women of Syria used it to frighten their children for ages afterwards. Every disobedient child became still when told that King Richard was coming. Even men shared the panic that his name created; and a hundred years afterwards, whenever a horse shied at any object in the way, his rider would exclaim, "What! dost thou think King Richard is in the bush?"

Those famous dreams of the baker and butler were to come to pass in three days ; and Elijah prostrated himself three times on the body of the dead child. Samson deceived Delilah three times before she discovered the source of his strength. The sacred letters on the cross are I. H. S. ; so also the Roman motto was composed of three words, "*In Hoc Signo.*" There are three conditions for man: the earth, heaven, and hell ; there is also the Holy Trinity. In mythology there are the three Graces ; Cerberus, with his three heads ; Neptune holding his three-toothed staff ; the Oracle of Delphi cherished with veneration the tripod ; and the nine Muses sprang from three. In nature, we have male, female, and offspring ; morning, noon, and night. Trees group their leaves in threes ; there is the three-leaved clover. Every ninth wave is a ground-swell. We have fish, flesh and fowl. The majority of mankind die at thirty. What could be done in mathematics without the aid of the triangle ; witness the power of the wedge ; and in logic three premises are indispensable. It is a common phrase, that "three is a lucky number." It is a singular fact that the shape of the continents is triangular, namely : South America, Africa, &c., having their apex at the south ; while the oceans are consequently of the same form, with their bases south. Mountains have a cone shape. There are but three pure colors—blue, red, and yellow. In history, the Triumvirates were striking. The battle of Horatii and Curatii was decisive. Richard the First was admonished by Curate Falk to give up his three favorite daughters—vices—Pride, Avarice, and Voluptuousness ; and the truce between Richard and Saladin was concluded for three years, three months, three weeks, three days, and three hours. A signal is given by three claps. When a duel is fought the order is given : "Fire ! one, two, three, halt !" Who does not recollect his first lesson in Cæsar : "Gaul is divided into three parts." The nose is one third the length of the face, so with the forehead. Three notes constitute a chord in music, the fourth being the octave. It is a curious fact that the finest airs in music are in waltz time. In grammar we have active, passive, and middle voices ; verbs, regular, irregular, and defective ; first, second, and third person ; masculine, feminine, and neuter gender. The simplest sentence must have three words, a noun, verb, and object. Franklin felt complimented at being called a man of three letters—fur ; and Horace proclaimed the praises of his Lydias by "three times three." Man comes of age at twenty-one—three times seven ; and woman is *freer* at eighteen—three times six. Do we not all revere our grandfathers' three-cornered hats ? And what effect was produced at one time by the "tri-color." Three criminals are placed in the same cell to prevent a conspiracy. Mephistopheles requested Faust to call him three times. Columbus sailed in three ships, and made three voyages. A ship has three masts. Sailors, when pulling ropes on a man-of-war, are only allowed to say one, two, three. A dog turns round three times before laying down. Court is opened by "Hear ye ! hear ye ! hear ye !" And a criminal is sentenced to be hung till he is "dead, dead, dead !" Only three of the Sybilline books were saved. The three witches of Shakspeare are famous. Who does not, when pleased with a political speech, exclaim, "Three cheers !" without the "tiger." The banns of marriage are published three times. The famous speech of Mr Burke was fol-

lowed by "I say ditto!" Mother Goose, in reply to Wordsworth, wrote about three jolly Welshmen. A horse, it is said, lives three times the age of a dog; a man three times the age of a horse; a camel three times the age of a man; and an elephant three times the age of a camel. Napoleon's last words were, "*Tete d' armée!*" The celebrated words on the wall were, "*Mene, Tekel, Upharsin!*" The last words of our Saviour were, "It is finished!" What credit Cæsar received for his laconic "*Veni, Vidi, Vici!*" "Punch" has one also, Peccavi, "I have (zind) sinned." In France the watchwords of the Revolutionists were, "*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité!*" Trajan's famous saying is worthy of remembrance: "*Pro me; si merear, in me.*" There is another evasive reply; "*Non mi ricordo!*" And our own national motto is, "*E Pluribus Unum!*"

MASONRY.

THE mighty conquerors who aspire to fame,
 And who by wide-spread ruin raise a name,
 Who glory in the battles which they gain,
 And ride, exulting, o'er the ensanguin'd plain—
 Such men as these my heart can ne'er approve,
 Terror they cause, but cannot win my love;
 These, by eternal justice, were designed
 For righteous ends, the scourges of mankind.
 My heart delights in those—the truly wise,
 Who, men to make most happy, civilize;
 The band illustrious, the benignant few,
 Who teach the boisterous passions to subdue;
 Instruct mankind in ev'ry gen'rous art,
 And, by example, humanize the heart;
 Who, like the sun, their blessings widely spread,
 Who comfort give to grief—to hunger bread;
 Whose minds, contracted by no narrow plan,
 Own as a brother ev'ry virtuous man;
 Who science and morality improve,
 And to all climes diffuse fraternal love;
 These only heroes in my eyes appear,
 And such I more than honor—I revere.
 To form such heroes Masonry was given;
 Most gracious gift of ever-bounteous heaven!
 And O! what pleasure now expands my mind,
 To see around the friends of human kind;
 My Brethren—sons of Mercy—who bestow
 With lib'ral hand, the balm for mortals' woe—
 Who, unconfined, benevolence impart,
 Dilate the narrow soul, and mend the heart.
 Go on, ye wise philanthropists! pursue
 The certain path which leads to honor true;
 Still live as ye are taught, that men may see
 What human nature can and ought to be;
 Then Masonry, the source of truth and peace—
 Will spread its influence far, and far increase;
 Unfading glory deck the Mason's name,
 Whilst, built on virtue, stands his spotless fame.

TRADE LIFE.—Formerly, when great fortunes were made only in war, war was a business; but now, when great fortunes are made only by business, business is war.

 OBJECTIONS TO FREEMASONRY.¹

THIRD OBJECTION.

This Society may conceal a Party dangerous to Civil Government.

I SHALL enlarge upon this article and endeavour to exhaust it. The charge is a grave one. Sovereigns are the anointed of the Lord. The abolition of the Supreme power, in whatever form it may be exercised, whether by kings, princes, or lords, or finally by magistrates, clothed with all authority in a State, would overthrow the order of civil society, would introduce disorder, confusion and crime, by the impunity that would ensue, and would, if such a thing were possible, destroy even religion itself.

It is utterly impossible to suppose in the Order so pernicious a design; and to no other end than the sole pleasure of overturning a power emanating from God; every sovereign being a living representative of the Supreme Government of the Universe. Any one who examines into the conduct of the Order wherever it has been known will be obliged to confess the truth of my proposition.

I. As England is the kingdom in which the Order has most flourished and been most widely spread,² and as that monarchy has been peculiarly subject to great revolutions, I will confine myself to the conduct the Society has there uniformly observed. This examination will satisfactorily prove the integrity of our Order, its wisdom, and its entire impartiality in all that relates to the spirit of party.

In fact, we nowhere find, either in history or tradition, any circumstance which gives occasion for the suspicion that the Order has ever been in the slightest degree concerned in any of the revolutions which have more than once brought that kingdom to the very brink of ruin. An examination of the facts will throw still more light on what I have just advanced. I omit here a more lengthened detail, because I shall soon have occasion to return to the subject.

II. But how can the Order be suspected of entertaining designs hostile to government, whether monarchical, republican, or of whatever form it may be? Our mysteries are not impenetrable to the majesty of kings; many have been initiated into the Order, to make no mention of great princes, who, although not ennobled by the crown and sceptre, are, nevertheless, in their respective territories, endowed with sovereign power. It is the same with magistrates of all grades, not excepting those who, at the head of a republican State, occupy the place of kings. Would it not be the height of madness to admit such persons to the mysteries of an Order, the end and purpose of which was to annihilate their power? Or, rather, is it not a proof of folly to believe that two things so incompatible as such a purpose and such a practice could subsist together?

III. Again, it has been found that sovereigns and magistrates, once initiated into the Order, have become its firmest supporters, its most zealous defenders, its most open protectors. Is it possible to believe that an oath which would tend to the abolition of their authority could be so far binding upon them? Any one who would maintain

¹ Translated from the French. Continued from page 465, June No., Vol. 3.

² This was written in 1766. The statement was then correct.

such a proposition would deservedly be considered to be out of his wits.

IV. Some one may, perhaps, reply, that possibly we may not reveal our true mysteries to sovereigns and magistrates. That this is altogether impossible it will be very easy to demonstrate.

1. If the Order concealed some mystery, whose object it was to destroy the authority of the powers that be, or, at least, to lessen it, it would, indeed, be very desirable to have a reserved secret carefully hidden from kings, princes, and magistrates; and it would be still further necessary that these illustrious characters, although initiated into the Order, should be kept in ignorance that there was anything concealed from them; and that they should confidently believe that they were acquainted with the whole secret. This would be no easy matter; but if we were to admit its possibility, we should thereby be no farther advanced; for,

2. It would avail nothing to conceal such a secret from princes; it would be necessary to conceal it also from the thousands daily admitted into the Order, whose zeal for the governments under which the live admits of no doubt. Love for their princes, the good of the state, the christian religion, which teaches us to be obedient to our rulers, and we may add to all this, their own interest, all these motives would constantly urge them to the performance of their duties to their lawful sovereign, and inevitably lead them to reveal a secret which no oath could bind them to keep, since its purpose would be pernicious.

3. Finally, suppose this secret to be known only to the Grand Master, and, at most, to some few members of whom he could be very sure; and that it is transmitted by each Grand Master to his successor; has there never been one man honest enough to reveal the secret for the sake of honour, religion, and duty? no one ambitious enough to denounce the mystery for the sake of his own aggrandizement? nor any one avaricious enough to sell it for the sake of the profit to be made of it?

4. But even suppose, by an extreme chance, this case has not arisen; we must, at least, suppose some certain time fixed for the execution of the project; for if the Order entertains such views it will not remain for ever inactive. But how could those few persons whom we have supposed alone admitted into the true mystery, set the whole body in motion to execute the most criminal of all treasons? And what would such a body of men think, having all along supposed themselves in a society of honest men and Christians, when they discovered, not only that they had so long been the dupes of a few designing men, but that these intended to make them the instruments of the blackest of crimes? He who can believe these things possibly may well anticipate an agreement between fire and water.

V. But mere probabilities are not enough; we proceed to examples. England is the country in which the order is best known; and it is precisely there that its innocence, the integrity of its conduct, and, consequently, of its principles, have at all times been most remarked. It has never drawn upon itself, in that country, any more than in any other in the world, the least shadow of reproach, or even of suspicion, although its principles and its maxims have been exposed

to the severest proofs; and this I can clearly demonstrate. In the first place, with respect to religion, it is well known that Protestantism prevails in England, but subdivided into two parties, which, far from having been always agreed, for a long time made open war upon each other, each wishing to be dominant, until at length, one party prevailed over its antagonist. I refer, of course, to the Episcopal and Presbyterian parties. These contests occasioned the usurpation of Cromwell; they cost Charles I his life, and Charles II, his son and successor, very nearly his throne. Half a century has hardly sufficed to extinguish, or at least to smother the bitter party spirit which for so long a time racked that kingdom.

The Catholic religion, formerly so flourishing in England, has still its partizans there, and, although this Christian communion is merely tolerated, and the laws exclude it from all participation in the government, the Catholic party nevertheless, maintains itself, and even forms a numerous body. It comprehends not only many of the middle classes, but also many gentlemen and some noblemen of high rank. This party, formerly the master in England for many ages, cannot see its present abasement, which it regards as the effect of a usurpation of its rights, without deep regret and a strong desire to recover the ground it has lost. Such a desire is natural to men, as is also that of seeing the religion they profess in a respectable position; especially when that religion once flourished to the exclusion of all others. Accordingly, that party has, from time to time, endeavoured to recover, if not the whole, at least some portion of its territory; and these struggles have necessarily caused troubles and divisions in the island; for it is of England that I am speaking.

This same kingdom tolerates, also, more or less, several different Christian communities, which, if all were united among themselves, would form a considerable body. It is true they are comparatively too weak to accomplish anything for themselves; and this, doubtless, has prevented their attempting to make themselves dominant in that country. They may, however, have taken interest in the government, according as it was in a greater or less degree favourable to them; they may have wished for a general liberty of conscience, in order that they might obtain a share of the advantages they saw possessed by the dominant party; and this both for their temporal interests and their own preservation.

Beside these religious divisions, there is another source of misunderstanding in the English government—a source which may, from time to time, cause disturbance in the state, and seems to arise from the constitutions of the kingdom.

Not that these constitutions are obscure in themselves, or that it is difficult to give them suitable interpretations, if men are willing to agree; but rather, because the government being limited, and the people having a share of the power, which, in other states, is centered in the person of the sovereign, it sometimes happens that the prince considers himself injured by the claims of the people; or, on the other hand, that the people, fearing their privileges may be lessened or extinguished, oppose the sovereign in points which they might and ought to have permitted to pass without opposition; either because they are of small importance, or because the prince was clearly in the

right. The nobility take different sides, and the people follow their example: one party proclaiming itself the supporter of the power in the sovereign; the other, the defender of the people's rights; hence the name Whig and Tory; hence so many factions and cabals which more than once have nearly proved the destruction of the state.

And are there not, at the present time, two parties in that kingdom? Has not each its adherents? If one seems inconsiderable, if it is thought to be crushed, it, nevertheless, is still in existence, and shows itself from time to time. After so long a digression, but one which it was hardly possible to avoid, these are the inferences I wish to draw:—

Through the whole period of its existence in England, the Order of Freemasons has received among its members all the honorable men who have presented themselves from each of these different parties: Catholics and Protestants, Episcopalians and Presbyterians, Whigs and Tories—all party divisions being laid aside.

This general reception no one will deny; or I should have to demand when any of these various parties has been known to complain of its exclusion, and this assuredly could never be shown.

Nevertheless, the Order, receiving into its bosom so many persons whose sentiments, views, and purposes were so opposite—the Order, I say, has subsisted in all its glory, through such difficult times.

I do not mean that, in entering into the Order, all party spirit is laid aside. By no means. The Order works no miracles. The Catholic continues a Catholic, and the Protestant a Protestant; the Episcopalian preserves the same zeal for his High Church, and the Presbyterian continues to support the discipline of his; Whig and Tory continue to advocate each his peculiar principles; but all these divisions can produce no disturbance in an Order which has nothing to do with them. An Order, instituted to maintain peace among Brothers, could not, and should not, embrace any party. Bitterness and disputation are banished from the Lodge. Admirable effect of the principles of the Society—it unites all parties without forming any itself, whatever differences of opinion its members may entertain with regard to things without. So in all the condemnations to death, or other penalties inflicted by one party upon certain members of an opposite party, as one prevailed over the other, no one ever heard that any Freemason was punished as a Freemason.

VI. From all this I draw the conclusion, that the conduct of the Order having always been such, in all quarters of the world wherever it has been established, and especially in England, where it has been most exposed to the temptation of forming a body formidable in the state—reckoning, moreover among its members some of the first men of the kingdom—I conclude, I say, from all these proofs, that Freemasons, far from plotting against their governments, have always been, and will always be, faithful and zealous defenders of them—each one for the government whose subject he is, either by birth or adoption.

And a Society which has no other purpose than to foster peace and union among men, believes itself entitled to expect for itself increasing approbation, goodwill, and protection.

FOURTH OBJECTION.

That the Mysterious Assemblies of Freemasons may facilitate to Conspirators the means of forming Clandestine Assemblies, under the pretext that they belong to this Order.

It would be very unjust to make the Order suffer for the imaginary danger—that its mysterious assemblies may serve as a pretext to conspirators to form, under the same title, societies which might tend to the injury of the state. If this principle were once received, to what would not the public be reduced? How many useful societies, how many meritorious establishments, would it not be necessary to suppress, regard being had to the abuses which might, in the end, spring from them, and which, indeed, have occasionally resulted from them already?

But, without wandering from my subject, I can safely assert that clandestine assemblies of conspirators having never been held, in any part of the world, under the name or pretext of Freemasons' Lodges, it would be the greatest possible injustice to wish to insist on so groundless a danger.

I go farther: I maintain that it is not possible that such assemblies can ever be held under this pretext, or that the Order can ever be even the indirect cause of them. This I proceed to demonstrate from the four following considerations:—

I. The public are generally agreed that Freemasons have among them certain signs and a sort of language, by which they recognise each other so infallibly that a man who should attempt to pass for a Freemason, without really being one, would immediately be detected. Therefore, conspirators, or persons evil disposed to the state, would vainly attempt to hold their meetings under the name of Freemasons; they would be denied by the Brotherhood, and their pretensions declared false in the face of the world.

II. But should these conspirators succeed, under this pretext, in holding, without interruption, assemblies in which it would be easier for them to deliberate on the means of attaining their ends than if they consulted each other individually, and with too great an appearance of mystery, what would result from all this? Merely that their secret, not being of the nature of Freemasonry, would soon leak out, and draw its punishment after it.

III. In places where Lodges are public, and authorized by consent of the sovereign, it would be impossible for conspirators to form false Lodges under the pretext of assemblies of the Order. There is no Freemason who has not full right of admission to any Lodge in the world; how, then, could such conventicles close their doors against any Freemason who should demand entrance? This would be to violate the fundamental rules of the Order, and to falsify the title under which they sought to shield themselves. But could they admit a man who would instantly detect the imposture, and who, by making the fact known, would cause the magistrate to institute particular inquiry into the motives for such an assembly.

IV. With regard to those places where Lodges are merely tolerated, and where the Fraternity can only assemble in secret, the risk of pernicious assemblies can neither be more nor less; for both alike are

forced to concealment. Evil-disposed men would assemble none the less if there were no Freemason in the place; they would even be safer, for there would be no risk that some Freemason, learning by chance the meeting of an assembly under the name of the Order, should prefer a claim to be admitted among them. And now, I think, I have said more than enough to answer this objection.

FIFTH OBJECTION.

That the preservation of the secret is due only to some ridiculous or shameful practice which compels the initiate to be silent after he has undergone the ceremony.

In refuting the second objection I showed that it was impossible any practice should exist in our Lodges contrary to what religion requires: it is not necessary, therefore, to return that point. So, also, is there no ground for the suspicion of those who make the objection I am about to answer. They say that, without offending against religion, there may enter into our mysteries some ceremony capable of covering an initiate with shame if it should become publicly known that he had been compelled to submit to it; and that, besides, the desire of seeing others caught as he has been, makes him carefully keep the secret; that, moreover, it must be a source of so small amusement to a man, when once he has been initiated, to be, in his turn, an eye-witness of the folly of so many people of all ranks, great and small, who come, one after another, to fall into the same snare; and especially to see grave and respectable men caught in it as well as others. It is easy to reply to such an objection as this, which we must consider rather as a jest, designed to entrap us into some avowal, than as a difficulty to which a serious answer is expected: accordingly, I notice it only because I am desirous that nothing whatever shall be passed over.

I. If we imagine the most disgraceful things to which a man could be subjected (I say nothing in this place of criminality, we are now speaking only of what would be considered disgraceful in the idea of the public), I do not understand how a respectable man should be disgraced by exposing such an initiation. For, first, he could not know before his reception to what he was to be subjected, and even should he be chargeable with some imprudence in incurring such a risk, his fault has been shared by numbers of persons whose character, birth, and station were so many motives to the removal of his doubts: second, in any case, in naming the many illustrious partakers of his fault, he would divert the public scorn from himself on to a large number of persons of all ranks and every character; and third, if there would be something very humiliating in confessing such a secret, would it not be the duty of a good man to sacrifice himself, in some measure, for the public good, which would be outraged by the existence of a society whose purpose it is to turn into ridicule a large portion of mankind.

II. I am willing, however, to suppose what is impossible: that, among so many distinguished men, there has never been found one who would disregard the shame of such a confession; but are there not numbers initiated into the Order, who are less sensitive as to

what people may say of them? and many more who, impelled by a naturally jocular disposition, would not hesitate to reveal such ridiculous secrets; beginning by rallying themselves first for having been so taken in, and then so many others as they have seen duped in their turn? Lastly, are there not many of unblushing countenance who, especially with such examples, would see no cause for shame! and indiscretion, wine, would not these, sooner or later, have produced their ordinary effects? and were there nothing else, would not avarice alone have surmounted all shame?

III. Finally, the consequences which result from the institution of the Order, and flow from its principles, cannot be the result of certain ridiculous or indecent ceremonies such as have been supposed. The purpose of the order and its effects shall be explained hereafter.

"BRINGING OUR SHEAVES WITH US."

THE time for toll is past, and night has come,—
The last and saddest of the harvest eves;
Worn out with labor long and wearisome,
Drooping and faint, the reapers hasten home,
Each laden with his sheaves.

Last of the laborers thy feet I gain,
Lord of the harvest! and my spirit grieves
That I am burdened not so much with grain
As with a heaviness of heart and brain;—
Master, behold my sheaves!

Few, light, and worthless,—yet their trifling weight
Through all my frame a weary aching leaves;
For long I struggled with my hapless fate,
And staid and tolled till it was dark and late,—
Yet these are all my sheaves.

Full well I know I have more tares than wheat,—
Brambles and flowers, dry stalks, and withered leaves;
Wherefore I blush and weep, as at thy feet
I kneel down reverently, and repeat,
"Master, behold my sheaves!"

I know these blossoms, clustering heavily
With evening dew upon their folded leaves,
Can claim no value nor utility,—
Therefore shall fragrantcy and beauty be
The glory of my sheaves.

So do I gather strength and hope anew;
For well I know thy patient love perceives
Not what I did, but what I strove to do,—
And though the full, ripe ears be sadly few,
Thou wilt accept my sheaves.

REQUESTS.—It is well to dress in your best when you go to press a request. It is not so easy to resist the solicitations of a well-dressed importune.

M. W. THOMAS BROWN,

PAST GRAND MASTER OF THE GRAND LODGE OF FLORIDA.

BROTHER THOMAS BROWN, whose life-like-portrait we in this No. present, was born in the county of Westmoreland, Virginia, on the 25th of October, 1785, and is now hale and hearty in the 74th year of his age, one of the most active and efficient officers of the Grand Lodge of Florida. His father was an intimate acquaintance of the illustrious Washington, with whom he served as lieutenant in the first militia company that he (then Captain Washington) ever commanded. Thomas, the subject of this brief and necessarily imperfect sketch, was educated in his native State, Virginia, whose scholars, orators, statesmen, and patriots have never been surpassed by those of any country in the world. After the usual course of studies, in which he distinguished himself with high honors, beloved by his fellow-students, one and all, he read law and medicine, and devoted himself to the acquirement of a thorough knowledge of their theory—the ample patrimony that he inherited, and the claims of his country, which had but a few years previously thrown off the foreign yoke and assumed the *toga virilis*, forbade his cultivating the practice of either. But it is with the masonic life of Bro. Brown that we have to do. He was initiated into Masonry in Hiram Lodge, No. 59, in his native county, about the 1st of November, 1806; was passed to the degree of Fellow Craft in February, 1807; and in August of the same year he was raised to the sublime degree of a Master Mason in the same lodge. He took an especial interest in the institution from the day of his initiation, and closely did he devote himself to the study of those mystic lessons of morality which underlie its allegory and are veiled by its symbols. In 1809 he was married to a highly respectable English lady in the county of Westmoreland, and soon after he moved to the city of Richmond. He resided there until 1812, when he removed to the county of Fauquier, where he owned an ample estate. He was then appointed aide-de-camp to General John P. Hungerford, who commanded the Virginia quota of the militia in the United States' service, and served all through the war. In 1817 he was elected a member of the legislature of Virginia, and served until 1820. In that year, having inherited, in the right of his wife, large estates in England, he repaired thither and received legal possession of them. He remained abroad a year, during which he travelled extensively through Great Britain, and made himself acquainted with the men and manners of England. He employed a skillful agent to assist him in collecting a choice library, and he returned the next year with over four thousand volumes of the most valuable works in every department of the literature of the day. After his return he resided on his estate in Fauquier county, on which he had made large improvements; and no estate in Virginia was better managed, or laborers or servants better treated than those of Mr Brown.

When the illustrious Lafayette visited the United States, in 1825, he was everywhere received with that attention and respect due to his exalted virtues and patriotism, and in no place more cordially than in that cradle of the *amor patriæ*—the Old Dominion. The distin-

guished General, immediately on his arrival, expressed a desire to see the birthplace of the glorious Washington, where his early youth was taught and disciplined in the vales and amidst the mountains and rivers of his own noble Virginia, in whose military defence his first blushing manhood was busily exercised; where his private maturity was passed in contented cheerfulness "amidst the elevating and tranquillizing employments of agriculture and the joys of social neighborhood on the beautiful banks of the Potomac;" and where the "tongue of good report" was heard in his favor, and his knock at the door of Freemasonry affirmatively responded to at the earliest dawn of his mature age. And when it was known that Lafayette was to make his visit to Fredericksburg Lodge No. 4, the masonic *alma mater* of Washington, the officers of the different regiments of militia in the adjoining counties proposed to give him that reception due to so noble a friend to the cause of liberty as the illustrious Frenchman had shown himself to be. Bro. Brown, who then commanded a volunteer company, was chosen cornet, and carried the colors upon that occasion. A procession of Freemasons was formed, and the distinguished Bro. Lafayette was escorted by them to the Masonic Hall, where he was received by the Worshipful Master of the lodge, William F. Gray, Esq., and conducted to the altar, at which George Washington made his voluntary pledges of obedience to the laws, rules, and regulations of the Fraternity, in November, 1752. Bro. Brown was present at the time, and listened with pleasure to the able and eloquent address of the Master, Bro. Gray, and the touching response of Bro. Lafayette. This scene, never to be forgotten by any one present at the time, is still as fresh in the memory of Bro. Brown as if it had occurred but yesterday.

Lafayette then made an extensive tour through the south and south-west, and returned to Virginia in the following year. He was received at Warrenton, the county town of Fauquier county. Bro. Brown was one of the committee appointed to receive him. On seeing the committee he immediately held out his hand to Bro. Brown, and exclaimed, "Oh, my dear sir, I am so glad to see you! I recollect having seen you at Fredericksburg." As an instance of his respect and friendship for Bro. Brown, we may be permitted to mention the fact, that while on a visit at his house he took up in his arms the infant daughter of Bro. Brown, then about three months old, kissed her, and asked Mrs Brown what her name was? That excellent lady told him she had not yet been baptized, and they had not chosen her name. "Then," said Lafayette, again kissing the baby, "I christen her Virginia Lafayette, after my own daughter;" and no clergyman in the Old Dominion could have given her a more permanent name, for the sweet babe of 1826 is still Virginia Lafayette, although she has resigned the name of Brown and taken upon herself that of Denham; and we are quite sure that the name of the great Lafayette could not have been conferred on a lady in the United States in whom amiability, purity, and charity, in short, all the virtues that ennoble a woman, more fully concur.

In 1826, Bro. Brown visited the Floridas, and moved to that territory, as a permanent resident, in 1827, where he has since resided and occupied the highest offices, both in the gift of the State and the

Grand Lodge. He was the only Whig Governor ever elected in Florida. In 1826, with Brothers John P. Duval, Generals Butler, Call, Searcy, and other distinguished brethren, he joined in a petition to the Grand Lodge of Alabama for a warrant to establish Jackson Lodge No. 23, of the city of Tallahassee, which was organized that year, and in which Bro. Brown has continuously held his membership ever since. In July, 1830, a convention, consisting of the representatives of Jackson Lodge No. 23, of Tallahassee, Washington Lodge No. 1, of Quincy, and Harmony Lodge No. 2, of Mariana, was held at Tallahassee, where the preparatory steps towards the formation of the Grand Lodge of Florida were taken; and a committee, consisting of Brothers Brown, Searcy, Robinson, Call, Duval, Exum, and others, was appointed "to draft a constitution for the Grand Lodge of Florida and suitable by-laws and rules for the government of the same." The Grand Lodge was organized by that convention, and ever since its establishment, now thirty years ago this month, Bro. Brown has been one of its most active, industrious, and efficient members. As Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Florida his decisions and views on the great questions of masonic law that some years ago agitated the Grand Lodges of the United States, were marked by their unwavering devotion to the genuine principles of the Order, their adherence to the ancient landmarks, and the intimate acquaintance they evinced with the general usages of the Fraternity. As Grand Secretary, Bro. Brown was prompt, courteous, and efficient in the highest degree. But, in our opinion, it is as Chairman of the Committee of Foreign Correspondence that Bro. Brown is most eminently distinguished. The report of the Correspondence Committee of Florida has ever been looked up to as one of the ablest, most comprehensive, and displaying the most profound research and acquaintance with the laws of Freemasonry, of the many very able reports annually presented to the Grand Lodges of the United States; and the mantle of the distinguished Chairman Duval could not have fallen upon a more worthy and competent successor than Bro. Thomas Brown. His reports for several years past have been looked for with an interest seldom surpassed, and read again and again until their several points are committed to memory. On all constitutional questions his views are sound and entitled to the highest consideration; and his whole report evinces a thorough acquaintance with the ancient landmarks and usages of the Fraternity.

After the death of the late lamented Past Grand Master Thomas Douglas, who had been appointed in 1855 a committee to prepare a history of Freemasonry in Florida, Bro. Brown, with his excellent colleagues, P. G. M. Hayward and R. W. Bro. E. R. Ives, was appointed by his Grand Lodge to collate and prepare such a history at the session of 1858; and so closely did he devote himself to this important task, that at the close of that year the matter was entirely ready for the press, and is now nearly printed and ready for delivery.

Few men have been more sincerely beloved by all who know him than Bro. Brown. A gentleman of the highest sense of honor—an old-school Virginian, courteous to his equals, kind to those under him, charitable and benevolent to all, he has the best words and wishes and prayers of every one. At its session in 1858, his Grand Lodge,

in view of his untiring zeal in his duties as Chairman of the Committee of Foreign Correspondence, adopted the following resolutions :

Resolved, That the thanks of the Grand Lodge of Florida be and are hereby tendered to Bro. Thomas Brown, P. G. M., Chairman of the Committee of Foreign Correspondence, for his able report to this Grand Lodge.

Resolved, That as a testimony of the high opinion entertained by this Grand Lodge of the masonic ability, industry, and faithful discharge of his duties as Chairman of the Committee of Foreign Correspondence, the Grand Master be, and he is hereby requested to procure a Past Grand Master's jewel, and present the same to Past Grand Master Thomas Brown.

Resolved, That the Grand Master draw on the treasury for the sum of money necessary to procure said jewel.

We have only, in conclusion, to express the wish that for many happy years yet may our excellent brother be spared to his family, his friends, and the Masonic Fraternity.

SUGGESTIONS.

IDEAS.—Ideas, in regard to their degrees of merit, may be divided, like the animal kingdom, into classes or families. First in rank are those ideas that have in them the germs of a great moral unfolding—as the ideas of a religious teacher, like Socrates or Confucius. Next in merit are those ideas that lay open the secrets of Nature, or add to the combinations of Art—as the ideas of inventors or discoverers. Next in the order of excellence are all new and valuable ideas on diseases and their treatment, on the redress of social abuses, on government and laws and their administration, and all similar ideas on all other subjects connected with material welfare or intellectual and moral advancement. Last and least, ideas that are only the repetition of other ideas, previously known, though not so well expressed.

LET THE RIGHT PREVAIL.—It is better that ten times ten thousand men should suffer in their interests than that a right principle should not be vindicated. Granting that all these will be injured by the suppression of the false, an infinitely greater number will as certainly be prejudiced by throwing off the allegiance due to truth. Throughout the future, all have an interest in the establishment of sound principles, while only a few in the present can have even a partial interest in the perpetuation of error.

LEADERSHIP.—He who aspires to be a leader must keep in advance of his column. His fears must not play traitor to his occasions. The instant he falls into line with his followers, a bolder spirit may throw himself at the head of the movement initiated, and from that moment his leadership is gone.

FUTURE LIFE.—Altogether too much thought is given to the next world. One world at a time ought to be sufficient for us. If we do our duty manfully in this, much consideration of our relations to that next world may be safely postponed until we are in it.

Monthly Masonic Miscellany.

BY BRO. ALBERT G. MACKEY, M. D.

THE GRAND LODGE OF FLORIDA.

THE annual communication of the Grand Lodge of Florida was holden at Tallahassee on the 10th of January. Bro. THOMAS T. HENRY, Grand Master, presided, and there was a due representation of the subordinate lodges.

Bro. D. P. HOLLAND, in compliance with a resolution which had been adopted in 1857, presented the proof sheets of his compilation of the Decisions of the Grand Lodge from its organization to the last communication in 1858. We are not surprised that the compiler found, as he states, "so many conflicting authorities that it appeared to him to be improper to publish this book without the whole matter of law being revised by the Grand Lodge." Florida is not singular in this respect. All of our Grand Lodges have been proverbial for doing and undoing—for making and unmaking—for declaring that to be law at one communication which was as authoritatively declared not to be law at a subsequent one. This defect has necessarily arisen from the fact that, except the General Regulations of 1721 and the Charges of 1722, there has been no invariable standard of masonic law by which the craft could be governed, and that even these documents, imperfect as they are in many respects, have, until within a few years, been generally inaccessible to the body of the fraternity. But a better time is coming. Masonic law is now beginning to be studied as a science, and these very conflicting opinions will furnish important aids in the study; so that when the true principles of jurisprudence are fully understood, there will be but little danger of Grand Lodges making conflicting regulations, or Grand Masters issuing contradictory decrees. The digest of Bro. HOLLAND was referred to a select committee, who "corrected such rules as were in direct conflict with the constitution, and struck out others asserting familiar and well established principles of masonic law and usage;" and the work, as so arranged, was subsequently ordered to be printed. We cannot doubt the utility of such a work, and wish that every Grand Lodge would follow the example in this respect of the Grand Lodge of Florida.

The Grand Lodge also directed the re-publication of all its proceedings, from the Convention for organization in 1830 to the present communication. This is an invaluable contribution to the history of American Masonry; for the copies of the proceedings of many of the earlier years are entirely lost, and the manuscript record of the same period was destroyed in the conflagration of the old masonic hall. We regret, however, that the Grand Lodge committed the grave error of ordering only 200 copies to be printed.

The report of the Committee of Foreign Correspondence was from the pen of that able masonic veteran, Bro. THOMAS BROWN, who, by the way, received, during the session, a fitting testimonial from the Grand Lodge, in the form of a Past Grand Master's jewel. The report is redolent of all that shrewdness, intelligence, and knowledge of masonic law, which are the characteristics of its distinguished author; but we must content ourselves and our readers with only one or two extracts.

GRAND LODGE REPORTS.

Bro. BROWN pays a justly merited tribute to the importance and the improved character of the published reports of the proceedings of Grand Lodges. He says:

"The attentive Mason, who will look back to the time immediately succeeding the dark reign of anti-masonry, and will trace up to the present day the progress which has been made in the system of Grand Lodge communications, will be struck with wonder and admiration at the vast growth and improvement that has been made in so short a period. For a few loose sheets or small pamphlets, reporting

the names of Grand officers, expulsions, and the like, we have now volumes, containing hundreds of pages, filled with valuable masonic literature and useful tables of Grand Lodge statistics, evincing a degree of labor and research unknown in any former age of masonic history, and which must eventually sweep away the accumulated rubbish, and bring our Order back to its old, original landmarks, within which alone we can maintain our right to the title of 'Ancient Free and Accepted Masons.' ANTIQUITY is the principle of our Order, and distinguishes it from all modern imitative and improved associations. One great evil is prominent in much that is written—too great a desire to *improve Masonry*. It is to be seen in the multiplicity of written constitutions adopted by Grand Lodges, and in a restless spirit that proposes alterations and amendments. We see this in the history of the Grand Lodge of Florida. Not yet numbering thirty years of existence, we have had several new constitutions, and not one that has not been amended; and if the amendments were improvements, we might hope in time to settle down on something that would be permanent; but, as in all instances of hasty and inconsiderate legislation, they tend to impair. All this may be traced to the want of a correct knowledge of what are the *old constitutions and regulations of Masonry*, called 'ANCIENT LANDMARKS,' (which cannot be altered or changed,) and the inherent right of Grand Lodges to legislate for the benefit of the Craft within their respective jurisdictions. The correction of this evil we see in the Grand Lodge reports. Truth is the point at which we are all laboring to arrive. We have no partisan, sectarian, or sectional interests to excite prejudices and asperities, which may divert us from the right way. Light is what we are all in search of. This is the age of examination and investigation; the Craft are all inquiring for the right way; and although there may be some zealous Masons who, for the want of better information, may direct the inquirer to the wrong way, yet we see many skillful and experienced craftsmen who have entered the quarries to examine the work and correct the designs drawn on the Trestle-Board. Light is being disseminated, and knowledge is increasing. It is to the influence of Grand Lodge reports may be attributed the union of co-existing masonic bodies in the jurisdiction of New York, and to a correct understanding of masonic principles in the Canadian Provinces, which have brought about a harmonious affiliation of all the Craft under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Canada—events which will be hailed with a thrill of joy by all good and true Masons in the United States, and we hope throughout the world. Schism and discord have been banished, and peace and harmony reign triumphant throughout our masonic heritage."

OVER LEGISLATION IN MASONRY.

On the subject of that crying sin of the Order—over-legislation by Grand Lodges—Bro. BROWN very wisely and forcibly remarks:

"Too much legislation is the vice of the present day—as well in *masonic* as in civil government. The same thirst for change and innovation which has prompted tyros and demagogues to legislate upon *constitutional law*, and write expositions of the common law, has prompted uninformed and unscrupulous Masons to legislate upon the landmarks of Masonry."

MASONIC PUBLICATIONS.

But we cannot agree with our venerable brother when he says in a single line, parenthetically, or, as it were by an *obiter dictum*, that "too much is written and published upon the subject of Masonry." On the contrary, as yet, not half enough is published on the subject of our science. It is true that in the multitude of masonic publications, history, treatises, essays, and addresses, there must necessarily be a large amount of worthless trash. Not every man who writes is a good writer, and the *cacoethes scribendi* sometimes tempts the unskillful hand to wield the pen. But this is just the case in religion, in science, or in history, and yet neither religion, science, nor history has ever been injured by too much having been written or published on either of these subjects. In fact, the increase of masonic publications is only an evidence of the increased intellect of the masonic public. Where there are so many writers we are bound to conclude that there must be a great many readers. The one condition reciprocally works upon the other. The increase of publications cultivates the taste for reading, and the increase of readers

is an incentive to the publication of new books. And thus the same flood of popularity that brings down with its stream the debris of bad and worthless publications, which are thrown upon the shore to moulder and decay, brings, too, those more valuable contributions to masonic literature, which, but for this craving after books, must have died in their authors' brains; so that, after all, "out of this nettle, danger, we pluck the flower, safety."

STATISTICS.

The Grand Lodge of Florida appears to be in a very prosperous condition. There are 35 warranted lodges and 4 under dispensation, with an aggregate of 1987 members, of whom 205 were initiated during the past year. THOMAS HAYWARD was elected Grand Master, and Dr. JOHN B. TAYLOR, of Talahassee, was re-elected Grand Secretary.

BROTHERHOOD.

It was a beautiful thought of a modern poet, that men are the beads and God the string; and it owes much of its beauty to its truthfulness. In the very first days of creation, the solitude of man was declared to be incompatible with his nature, and the world's history ever since has shown that man was made for man. When the day comes in which all men shall acknowledge one strong tie of brotherhood, then will be the true millennium. And it is a glorious thought that the mission of Masonry is to bring forth this consummation. This is the great practical object of the institution—to teach the doctrine of a universal brotherhood, and to enforce the necessity of man's giving a helping hand to man. To this end all good Masons work—and all our lodges should be but missionary stations, preaching this human love and striving to string these beads together. Justly, therefore, does the trowel inspire the thought, in its symbolic signification, that we are united in a sacred band or society of friends and brothers, among whom no contention should ever exist but that noble contention, or rather emulation, of who can best work and best agree. And let all Masons manfully work, as they confidently should believe that the mission of the Order will yet be accomplished, and that through its influence the universal brotherhood of man will yet be accomplished, and God's will be obeyed.

"God has spoke it; we shall see—
Brother man, brother man!
All mankind shall brethren be,
Like the stars in unity—
God has spoke it; we shall see—
Brother man, brother man!"

ABSENCE.

It is of ritual obligation that every Mason should attend the meetings of his lodge when duly summoned; absence from lodge is therefore a masonic offence, and it is expressly so declared in the Old Charges, which say that "in ancient times no Master or Fellow Craft could be absent from it, especially when warned to appear at it, without incurring a severe censure, until it appeared to the Master and Wardens that pure necessity hindered him." So both the unwritten and the written law combine to forbid unnecessary absence from the lodge. It is a pity that many Masons do not dwell more impressively on this part of our jurisprudence. If men, having consciences, would only recollect that they have taken a vow to attend every summons and to obey the law which prescribes that attendance, we would not find so many seats vacant, while those who should have filled them are engaged in recreations with which they could have readily, and sometimes advantageously, dispensed.

MASONIC CONGRESSES.

THE fact that a Masonic congress was held at Paris in the year 1855, and that it is proposed to call another at New-York in 1862, recalls to our recollection the meeting of similar bodies at various periods in the last nine centuries, which, like the general councils in the church, have been sometimes productive of important results upon the institution. A brief recapitulation of the most celebrated of these congresses, with an account of the design for which they were severally convoked, and of the objects which they accomplished, may not be uninteresting to the readers of this magazine, and may also be useful in removing a somewhat popular prejudice that the Parisian congress already held, and the New York one proposed to be held, are innovations or novelties in the history of the Order.

At least twenty-four Masonic congresses have been held during the period we have named, although but meagre details of the proceedings of most of them have been transmitted to posterity.

Congress at York.—In the year 926, Prince EDWIN, the brother of King ÆTHELSTAN, of England, convoked a Masonic congress at the city of York, which, under the name of a General Assembly, established the celebrated Gothic constitutions, which are the oldest Masonic document extant. These constitutions have always been recognized as containing the fundamental law of Masonry. Although transcripts of these constitutions are known to have been taken in the reign of Richard II, the document was for a long time lost sight of until a copy of it was discovered in the year 1838 in the British Museum, and published by Mr. J. O. HALLIWELL.

First Congress of Strasburg.—A Masonic congress was convoked at Strasburg in 1275 by ERWIN VON STEINBACH, master of the work. The object was the continuation of the labors on the cathedral of Strasburg, and it was attended by a large concourse of Masons from Germany, England and Italy. It was at this congress that the German builders and architects, in imitation of their English brethren, assumed the name of *Freemasons*, and took the obligations of fidelity and obedience to the ancient laws and regulations of the Order.

First Congress of Ratisbon.—It was convoked in 1459 by JOST DOTZINGER, the Master of the works of the Strasburg cathedral. It established some new laws for the government of the fraternity in Germany.

Second Congress of Ratisbon.—Convoked in 1464 by the Grand Lodge of Strasburg, principally to define the relative rights of, and to settle existing difficulties between, the Grand Lodges of Strasburg, Cologne, Vienna and Berne.

Congress of Spire.—Convoked in 1469 by the Grand Lodge of Strasburg, for the consideration of the condition of the craft, and of the edifices in course of erection by them.

Congress of Cologne.—This, which was one of the most important congresses that was ever convened, was convoked in 1535 by HERMANN, Bishop of Cologne. It was attended by delegates from nineteen Grand Lodges, and was engaged in the refutation of the slanders beginning at this time to be circulated against the fraternity. The result of its deliberations was the celebrated document known as the "Charter of Cologne."

Congress of Basle.—This congress was convoked by the Grand Lodge of Strasburg in 1563, principally for the purpose of settling certain difficulties which had arisen respecting the rights of the twenty lodges which were its subordinates. Some new regulations were adopted at this congress.

Second Congress of Strasburg.—Convoked by the Grand Lodge of Strasburg in 1564. It appears to have been only a continuation of the preceding one at Basle, and the same matters became the subjects of its consideration.

Congress of London.—The history of this congress is familiar to all American and English Masons. It was convoked by the four lodges of London at the Apple-tree tavern in February, 1717. Its results were the formation of the Grand Lodge of

England and the organization of the institution upon that system which has since been pursued in England and this country.

Congress of Dublin.—Convoked by the lodges of Dublin in 1730, for the purpose of forming the Grand Lodge of Ireland.

Congress of Edinburgh.—Convoked in 1736 by the four lodges of Edinburgh, for the purpose of receiving from SINCLAIR, of Roslin, his abdication of the hereditary Grand Mastership of Scotland and for the election of a Grand Master. The result of this congress was the establishment of the Grand Lodge of Scotland.

Congress of the Hague.—Convoked by the Royal Union Lodge, and the result was the establishment of the National Grand Lodge of the United Provinces.

First Congress of Jena.—Convoked in 1763 by the lodge of Strict Observance, under the presidency of JOHNSON, a Masonic charlatan, but whose real name was BECKER. In this Congress the doctrine was first announced that the Freemasons were the successors of the Knights Templar, a dogma peculiarly characteristic of the rite of Strict Observance.

Second Congress of Jena.—Convoked in the following year, 1764, by JOHNSON, with the desire of authoritatively establishing his doctrine of the connexion between Templarism and Masonry. The empirical character of JOHNSON or BECKER was here discovered by the celebrated Baron HUNDE, and he was denounced, and subsequently punished at Magdeburg by the public authorities.

Congress of Altenberg.—This congress was convoked in 1765 as a continuation of the preceding. Its result was the establishment of the rite of Strict Observance, and the election of Baron HUNDE as Grand Master.

Congress of Brunswick.—Convoked in 1775, by Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick. Its object was to effect a fusion of the various rites, but it terminated its labors, after a session of six weeks, without success.

Congress of Lyons.—Convoked in 1778, by the lodge of *Chevaliers bienfaisants*. Its object was to produce a reform in the rituals of the Masonic system, but it does not appear to have been sagacious in its means, nor successful in its results.

Congress of Wolfenbittel.—This congress was convoked in 1778 by the Duke of Brunswick, as a continuation of that which had been held in 1775, and with the same view of reforming the organization of the Order. However, after a session of five weeks, it terminated its labors with no other result than an agreement to call a more extensive meeting at Wilhelmsbad.

Congress of Wilhelmsbad.—This congress was convoked in 1782. Its avowed object was the reform of the Masonic system, and its disentanglement from the confused mass of rites with which French and German pretenders or enthusiasts had sought to overwhelm it. Important topics were proposed at its commencement but none of them were discussed, and the congress was closed without coming to any other positive determination than that Freemasonry was not connected with Templarism or in other words, that, contrary to the doctrine of the rite of Strict Observance, the Freemasons were not the successors of the Knights Templars.

First Congress of Paris.—Convoked in 1785, again, with the laudable view of introducing a reform in the rituals and of discussing important points of doctrine and history. It closed, after a session of three months, without producing any practical result.

Second Congress of Paris.—Convoked in 1787 as a continuation of the former, and closed with precisely the same negative result.

Congress of Washington.—This congress was convoked in the year 1822 at the call of several Grand Lodges for the purpose of recommending the establishment of a General Grand Lodge of the United States. The effort was an unsuccessful one.

Congress of Baltimore.—Convoked in the year 1843, with the object of establishing a uniform system of work. Perhaps there was not, in any of the preceding congresses, a greater instance of failure than in this, since not a year elapsed be-

fore the most prominent members of the congress disagreed as to the nature and extent of the reforms which were instituted, and the Baltimore system of work has already become a myth.

Second Congress of Baltimore.—This congress was convoked in the year 1847, the object being again to attempt the establishment of a General Grand Lodge. This congress went so far as to adopt a "Supreme Grand Lodge Constitution," but its action was not supported by a sufficient number of Grand Lodges to carry it into effect.

Congress of Lexington.—This Congress was convoked in 1853 at Lexington (Ky.), for the purpose of again making the attempt to form a General Grand Lodge. A plan of constitution was proposed, but a sufficient number of Grand Lodges did not accede to the proposition to give it efficacy.

Third Congress of Paris.—Convoked by order of Prince Murat, in 1855, for the purpose of effecting various reforms in the Masonic system. At this Congress, ten propositions, some of them highly important, were introduced, and their adoption recommended to the Grand Lodges of the world. The meeting has been too recently held to permit us to form any opinion as to what will be its results.

From this catalogue it will be seen that a large number of Masonic congresses have been productive of little or no effect. Others of them, however, such, for instance, as those of York, of Cologne, of London, and a few others, have certainly left their mark, and there can, we think, be but little doubt, that a general congress of the Masons of the world, meeting with an eye single to the great object of Masonic reform, and guided by a spirit of compromise, might be of incalculable advantage to the interests of the institution at the present day.

MASONRY IN URUGUAY.

THE March number of the bulletin of the Grand Orient of France contains an account of the Installation ceremonies of the sovereign chapter *Les Amis de la Patrie* at Monte Video, which furnish us with the only authentic details we have been able to obtain of the condition of Masonry in the distant republic of Uruguay. From this article we learn, that notwithstanding the opposition of the clergy, and other adverse circumstances arising from war and pestilence, the Masonic order is in a most flourishing condition. The first lodge was established in the year 1827 by the Grand Orient of France, under the name of "The Children of the New World," *Les Enfants du Nouveau Monde*. This lodge is still in existence, having, however, changed its name to that of "The Friends of the Country," *Les Amis de la Patrie*. It continues, by consent, under the jurisdiction of the Grand Orient of France. There are several Spanish lodges in Uruguay, and the Masonic jurisdiction is governed by the Supreme Council and the Grand Orient of Uruguay, which were established in the year 1855. The lodges under this authority and the solitary one which retains its allegiance to the Grand Orient of France, appear to be working together in the utmost harmony. In the year 1856, during the prevalence of a severe epidemic in Monte Video, the Masonic lodges organized a philanthropic society, which seems to have been on the same plan as the Howard Associations of our own country, and is said to have effected much good. Indeed, Masonry in Uruguay appears to be fully carrying out its great mission of love.

WEALTH brings care and apprehension. The Colchian ram with the golden fleece, though furnished with wings, was probably in constant fear of getting sheared. . . . NOTHING remains so long in the memory as wrong deeds. They are nettles which cannot be ploughed out of sight, but will spring up with fresh stings at every disturbance.

THE LECTURES.

BRO. PHILIP S. TUCKER, in his address as Grand Master to the Grand Lodge of Vermont, at its late communication, gave the following very interesting history of the work and lectures as introduced into that jurisdiction :

"About the year 1800—twelve years after the publication of PRESTON's 'Illustrations'—an English brother, whose name I have been unable to obtain, came to Boston, and taught the English lectures as they had been arranged by PRESTON. The Grand Lodge of Massachusetts approved them, and they were taught to THOMAS S. WEBB and HENRY FOWLE, of Boston, and Bro. SNOW, of Rhode Island, about the year 1801. Bro. BENJAMIN GLEASON, who was a student of Bro. WEBB, received them from him and embodied them in a private key of his own. About the year 1805, Bro. GLEASON was employed by the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts to teach them to all the subordinate lodges of that jurisdiction, and was paid for that service fifteen hundred dollars. To those lectures the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts still adheres, with a very slight variation in the Fellow Craft and Master's degrees.

"Bro. SNOW afterwards modified and changed the lectures he had received, mingling with them some changes from other sources, so that the system of lectures descending through him is not reliable.

"Bro. GLEASON was appointed Grand Lecturer of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts in 1805, and that Grand Lodge appointed no other Grand Lecturer until 1842. He was a liberally educated man, graduated at Brown University in 1802, and was a public lecturer on Geography and Astronomy. He was a member of Mount Lebanon Lodge in Massachusetts, and died at Concord, in that State, in 1847, at the age of 70 years. He visited England, and exemplified the PRESTON Lectures, as he had received them from Bro. WEBB, before the Grand Lodge of England, and the Masonic authorities of that Grand body pronounced them correct.

"In the year 1817, Bro. JOHN BARNEY, formerly of Charlotte, Vermont, went to Boston, and received the PRESTON lectures there, as taught by GLEASON, and as they were approved by the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts. I am unable to say whether he received them from Bro. GLEASON himself or from Bro. HENRY FOWLE. My impression is that he received them from Bro. FOWLE. In possession of these lectures he returned to Vermont, and at the annual communication of our Grand Lodge, in October, 1817, visited that Grand body and made known the fact. The subject was submitted to a committee for examination, which reported that these lectures 'were according to the most approved method of work in the United States,' and proposed to give Bro. BARNEY letters of recommendation 'to all lodges and brethren wherever he may wish to travel, as a brother well qualified to give useful masonic information to any who may wish his services.' The Grand Lodge accepted and adopted the report of its committee, and Bro. BARNEY, under the recommendation thus given, visited many of the then existing lodges of this State, and imparted to them a knowledge of these lectures. Among others, in the year 1818, he visited Dorchester Lodge in Vergennes, and imparted full instruction in them to R. W. SAMUEL WILLSON, now and for several years past Grand Lecturer of this State. Upon this occasion Bro. BARNEY wrote out a portion of them in private key, and Bro. WILLSON wrote out the remainder. Both were written in the same book, and that part written by Bro. WILLSON was examined carefully and approved by Bro. BARNEY. That original manuscript is still in existence, and is now in possession of my son, Bro. PHILIP C. TUCKER, Jr., of Galveston, Texas, to whom Bro. WILLSON presented it a few years ago. Bro. W. has a perfect copy of it, and refers to it as authority in all cases of doubt. Bro. GALLUP, of Liberty Lodge at Franklin, was one of the original Grand Lodge Committee, and is still living to attest the correctness and identity of these lectures, as taught by BARNEY in 1817.

"These are the only lectures which have been sanctioned in this jurisdiction from October 1817 to the present day. My predecessors, Grand Masters ROBINSON, WHITNEY, WHITE, WALES, and HASWELL, sustained them against all innovation, and to the extent of my power I have done the same.

"I think, upon these facts, I am justified in saying that the lectures we use are the true lectures of PRESTON. WEBB changed the arrangement of the sections, as fixed by PRESTON, for one which he thought more simple and convenient, but, as I understand, left the body of the lectures themselves as PRESTON had established them.

"Subsequently to 1818, Bro. BARNEY went to the Western and South-western States. He was a man in feeble health at the time, and pursued masonic lecturing as a means

of subsistence. Upon his return to this State a few years afterwards, he stated to his brethren here—as I have been credibly informed and believe—that he found different systems of lecturing prevailing at the West and Southwest, and that upon presenting the lectures he had been taught at Boston in 1817, to different Grand Masters, they were objected to; and that various Grand Masters would not sanction his lecturing in their jurisdictions unless he would teach the lectures *then* existing among them; that desiring to pursue this occupation, he did learn the different systems of lecturing then existing in different States, and taught them in the different State jurisdictions, as desired by the different Grand Masters of each.

This circumstance accounts for the strange disagreement between the East and the West, and Southwest, as to what are the *true* Barney lectures. They meant one thing in New England, and another thing at the West."

This is certainly a very interesting contribution to the history of Masonry, and one for which we must feel indebted to the distinguished author, who alone, perhaps, of all the Masons in this country, could have supplied its details from the stores of his own experience. But we must confess our surprise that so shrewd a reasoner as Bro. TUCKER should have committed the illogical *non sequitur* contained in the following paragraph: "I think, upon these facts, I am justified in saying that the lectures in use are the true lectures of PRESTON." No such deduction follows, so far as we can see, from any of these details. It is only evident from them, that in 1800 WEBB received the lectures from some English brother who professed to teach them "as they had been arranged by PRESTON." But there is no evidence that WEBB adopted and perpetuated the full system. On the contrary, Bro. TUCKER himself says that "WEBB changed the arrangement of the sections, as fixed by PRESTON, for one which he thought more simple and convenient." How many changes he made we are not told, and the expression that he "left the body of the lectures themselves as PRESTON had established them" is too indefinite to throw any light on the subject, especially when qualified by the phrase "I understand," which shows that Bro. TUCKER does not, in this particular instance, speak of his own knowledge.

But Bro. TUCKER says that GLEASON visited England, and exemplified the PRESTON lectures, as he had received them from WEBB, before the Grand Lodge of England, whose authorities pronounced them correct. Now this again is a statement which Bro. TUCKER must have received from hearsay, and we are, we acknowledge, disposed to place no faith in it. In the first place, we have neither date nor authority to give it probability. In the second place, the Grand Lodge of England does not usually occupy itself in hearing lectures, especially from an American brother, its time of session being too short and its business too imperative in its character to admit of such indulgence. And lastly, GLEASON acquired his lectures from WEBB, who, Bro. TUCKER admits, changed PRESTON's arrangements, so that the Grand Lodge of England would have been falsifying its own authority in acknowledging a system, with these alterations, to be correct.

The truth is, that WEBB never did adopt nor promulgate the true PRESTONIAN system of lectures. He selected out of that system those points which pleased him, omitted a great deal, and gave a meagre abridgement of the whole. And it is well that he did, for if he had adopted the whole course of lectures as arranged by PRESTON, we are sure that not one man in ten thousand in this country would have committed them to memory, and the system by this time would have been lost or abandoned.

In 1802, J. BROWNE published in London his "Master Key," in which, in the form of a most abstruse cypher, he embodied the whole course of lectures. These, we are safe, we suppose, in presuming to be the PRESTONIAN lectures, as that was the system then in vogue in England, and the book very well compares with the exoteric instructions contained in PRESTON's "Illustrations." This is a very rare work; perhaps there are not three copies in the United States; one is in our own library,

and a comparison of it with WEBB's lectures will readily show how much was adopted by the latter from PRESTON, and how much omitted.

But if BROWN's authority is doubted or denied, we have another standard of comparison. The whole of WEBB's lectures in the three degrees do not contain more language, or very little more, than is comprised in the part of Hamlet in the play of the same name. By one thoroughly conversant with them they may be repeated, at an ordinary rate of utterance, in less than three hours. But the editor of the London *Freemasons' Magazine*, who, living on the spot where the PRESTONIAN lectures are annually delivered, must have an excellent opportunity of judging, says "Bro. PRESTON's lectures, if we are rightly informed, would take even an accomplished lecturer seven or eight hours to deliver." If WEBB succeeded in compressing, without change or omission, the subject matter of seven or eight hours' delivery into a space that would occupy only two or three hours for its enunciation, then he has performed as great a miracle as the celebrated "Bottle Conjuror" proposed to do when he promised, for the gratification of his audience, to jump into a quart bottle.

The fact is, that WEBB's lectures were only founded on those of PRESTON, of which they are an abridgement and nothing more. We may perhaps find all of WEBB in PRESTON, with a slight change and often an improvement in language, but we will not find the whole of PRESTON in WEBB. It is wrong therefore to talk in this careless strain of the PRESTONIAN lectures as existing in the United States, while in all probability they never did, and most certainly never will. It is time to quit writing masonic history in this loose and random style.

But after all, are not a few distinguished members of the Craft beginning to pay too much attention and to attach too much importance to the more verbal lectures of the degrees? Forty years ago, a "bright Mason" was a *parrot Mason*—a man who could repeat the phraseology of the lectures as they were taught to him by BARNY or GLEASON, or BARKER or VINTON, word for word, just as a parrot repeats certain set phrases, but who, taken off of this beaten path, knew nothing at all of Masonry, of its history, its philosophy, or its symbolism. But that day has passed, and in heaven's name let us inaugurate a new era; and while we preserve the lectures as good in their place, let us not constitute them into the body, or consider them as the landmarks of Masonry. "The lectures," says Dr. Oliver, "form the marked outline of the building; and it is the business of the chief architect to furnish the details, so as to form a beautiful and harmonious edifice—a moral structure—a building not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

The Mason who knows the lectures, knows something it is true. But if he knows nothing more, he is an ignoramus in Masonry. Let us talk more, therefore, of the philosophy of Masonry, and something less of the lectures of WEBB.

THE TEMPLE A SYMBOL OF THE WORLD.

THIS beautiful symbolism, in which the temple, represented by the lodge, is made the symbol of the world, God being the Master and man the laborer in that universal temple, is perhaps the most striking part of the masonic system of allegory. MILMAN has happily seized the idea in his "Fall of Jerusalem."

Even so shall perish,
In its own ashes, a more glorious Temple,
Yea, God's own architecture, this vast world,
This fated universe—the same destroyer.
The same destruction—Earth, earth, earth, behold!
And in that judgment look upon thine own!

KASPAR HAUSERS IN MASONRY.

ABOUT thirty years ago, a youth, apparently not less than seventeen years old, was found, one evening, standing in the market-place of the city of Nuremberg, in Germany. Upon being questioned by the authorities, before whom he was brought, it was speedily discovered that he was deplorably ignorant of the most common things of life, and almost utterly incapable of speech, expressing the very few ideas, which he appeared to possess, in a rude jargon which was altogether incomprehensible to those who sought to converse with him. This youth was the celebrated KASPAR HAUSER, whose pitiable story attracted so much attention at the time, and who is supposed to have been the victim of some mysterious state policy. After he had received, through the kindness of the people of Nuremberg, the rudiments of education, the fact was elicited that, from his earliest recollection, he had been confined in a dark subterranean place, attended by an unknown man, whose face he never saw, and whose voice he seldom heard, and that thus he had grown up without any such knowledge of language as would enable him to hold communion with his fellow men. It is unnecessary to continue the story, with which, indeed, most of our readers must be acquainted, nor to express the abhorrence which was felt, by all who saw the unfortunate victim, for the wretches who had thus, by a hitherto unheard-of cruelty, nourished the body while they had put death into the soul of a human being.

But in some way—in a symbolic sense—we find this story constantly repeated in our Masonic experience. When we see a committee called out from a lodge to examine a strange brother who desires to exercise his right of visit, and when we find this visitor unable to give the most rudimentary assurances of his claims to the Masonic character—when we find him almost without Masonic ideas, and wholly incapable of using our peculiar Masonic language, and when he offers, as some apology for his ignorance, the fact that he was hurried through the degrees, and had had no opportunity of receiving instruction from his mother lodge, we are apt to think of KASPAR HAUSER, in the market-place of Nuremberg, and to believe that he is not the only one who has been foully treated in his education and sent forth into the world without the necessary means of holding communion with it.

A year ago, our esteemed brother FRENCH drew just such a picture as this, which we have imagined, in a report that he made to the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia :

"Let us suppose," said he, "a brother who has been *rushed* through the three degrees, as your committee have known candidates to be. He starts upon a journey. Arriving at a point where he finds a Masonic Lodge, he seeks to visit it. He applies in the ante-room for examination, and in due time a committee is detailed to examine him. The preliminaries (such as we all know them) are gone through, and he has made known to the examiners that he hails from — Lodge, say, in the District of Columbia. The regular examination commences, but stops nearly as soon as it begins. Everything, perhaps, is done by the courtesy of the examiners that it is proper to do, to enable the applicant to recall *something* by which he may satisfy them that he is a Freemason ; but the barrier of ignorance is too firm to be removed ; and the committee, with heavy hearts, perhaps turn the applicant adrift, with the remark, "Can it be possible that our brethren in the District of Columbia would permit a candidate to pass the ordeal of Masonry in such ignorance as the applicant who has just left us ?"

"One of two conclusions," brother FRENCH remarks, "would necessarily follow such a result—either that the applicant was an impostor, or that the lodge in which he was made was ignorant of its duties."

Well, if he be an impostor, then nothing that we are now saying can have any reference to him, for we speak only of untaught Masons. But if he is not. If he is a Mason in outward semblance only, without a Masonic thought, or the capacity to express one, what is he, in the name of common sense, but a KASPAR HAUSER in

Masonry—a poor victim receiving Masonic birth and baptism only, but who, in the dark dungeon of his ignorance, has never seen the light and life of truth shine upon him, and for whom no friend has cared to make it shine?

The general voice of Germany supposes that KASPAR HAUSER was the heir to the throne of Baden, and his own unnatural mother is suspected of having conspired with an usurper to place him in this condition, whence there would be no fear that he would ever emerge to claim his rights. And here the similitude again holds good, for these Masonic KASPAR HAUSERS are kept from light and knowledge by their equally unnatural mothers in Masonry, the lodges which gave them birth.

Whenever a lodge, under the specious excuse of a *case of emergency*, sets forth to make a Mason in a hurry, conferring the three degrees in the shortest possible time, often omitting important portions of the ritual, without any previous probation, or preliminary instruction, simply because, on the next day, or the next week, the candidate is about to start on a journey, to visit the north, or the south, or the west, or to go to Europe or anywhere else that would prevent him from remaining the requisite time to become acquainted with the nature of the institution, the lodge may call such an act by whatsoever name it pleases, but, in solemn truth, it is neither more nor less than making a KASPAR HAUSER in Masonry.

Let us call things by their right names, and when we do so we shall be able to translate the position for a dispensation to confer the degrees in this railroad system into language something like this:

“Whereas a certain petitioner is about to travel into foreign countries, and is anxious to be made a Mason before he goes, that he may be enabled to derive some advantage from his membership in so universal and honorable a society; and whereas Blank Lodge, although it knows that he can never, by receiving the degrees in this hurried manner, be capable of proving himself to have received them or of holding communication with strange brethren, is yet unwilling to neglect the golden opportunity of receiving the accustomed fee for his initiation, the said lodge therefore respectfully petitions the Grand Master that he will become a party to this act of deception, and, by granting his dispensation, authorize the lodge to fleece the said petitioner of the usual fee, and to make him a Kasper Hauser in Masonry.”

Now, if a petition for a dispensation was couched in such language, is there a Grand Master in the world so lost to every sense of decency as to grant it? But cover the request with what words you may, is not this the very gist and meaning that it bears? The lodge knows that the candidate expects some return for the initiation fee that he pays, and it knows that he will not get it. It knows that he expects, by being made a Mason, to use the title thus acquired when he travels abroad, and it knows that he never can. It knows that he expects to visit foreign lodges, and to make acquaintances, and perhaps form friendships among the members, and it knows that for want of the necessary instruction which cannot be given to him in this hurried initiation, he will be rejected at the door of the first lodge to which he applies, and will give rise to the suspicion that he is an impostor. It knows that he will alienate rather than acquire friends in the strangers among whom he is cast, and that Masonry will be a disadvantage and an injury instead of a benefit to him.

Let us, then, we again say, call things by their right names, and remembering poor, dark, ignorant KASPAR HAUSER, standing in the market-place of Nuremberg, without thought, and without language, a man in form but holding no communion with his fellow man, let us, when we are about to initiate, pass and raise a candidate in the brief space of twenty-four or thirty-six hours under the false apology of a case of emergency, and thus to send him forth into the world without instruction, without Masonic thought, without Masonic speech—let us, when we are about to do this, be frank and manly in our words, however mean and unfair in our deeds, and say—“behold we are making another KASPAR HAUSER in Masonry.”

MODES OF RECOGNITION.

THE seventh proposition of the Masonic Congress which was held at Paris in 1856 recommended that the "Masters of lodges in conferring the degree of Master Mason, should invest the candidate with the words, signs and grips of the Scottish and Modern rites."

On this proposition the Committee of Foreign Correspondence of the Grand Lodge of Maryland make the following remarks :

"Every Master Mason must have some idea of the character of the three degrees of Blue Masonry. The principles upon which they are founded are apparent, and the characters represented are those prominently connected with the history of the world. In the relation that part bears to the past, there is a correspondence, and the purpose of the world is revealed in due time. The three degrees constitute the means by which the whole idea of Masonry is developed. Other degrees have been invented as illustrative of these three degrees. Those degrees have been manufactured at different periods, and by different men. They may have numbered several hundred ; and any Mason who has received any of the so-termed 'side degrees,' may judge of the worthless character of some of them. Some thirty of these degrees have been arranged into what is termed the *Scottish Rite*, and with the original three degrees, this rite is perfected. The *Scottish Rite* is a modern rite, and there are other modern rites. These are the rites to which the seventh resolution of the Universal Masonic Congress alludes. The reason why the candidate for the degree of Master Mason should be invested with the 'words, signs and grips' of those rites is, that he may visit the lodges in which they are used. Of course we cannot tell, because we do not know, what may be contained in the thirty degrees which have been engrafted upon the three original degrees of Masonry. Doubtless there may be contained in them many good moral lessons. And they may illustrate and elucidate satisfactorily the three degrees of Blue Masonry—but can they be, with any sort of propriety, anything more than mere commentaries upon, and explanations of those degrees? We should suppose that our charts might be made to embody all that is necessary in illustration and commentary upon the three degrees of Masonry."

The committee then go on to indulge in the imagination of all the passable evils which might result from communicating knowledge to the Master Mason, which might "represent the work of the chapter in patches"—and suppose that a compliance with this proposition of the Masonic Congress might be "to add to Masonry—to invent new degrees—to advance upon new orders, and to manufacture new rites," and they conclude by saying :

"We are pleased with the Masonic structure presented in the three orders, and would not like to see it marred and disfigured, even for the favor of being conducted through the thirty-three departments of the *Scottish Rite*."

Now all of this would be amusing were it not likely to be mischievous. It would amuse us, in a friendly and good humored way, to see our friends falling unconsciously into one of the most absurd blunders imaginable, if we were not afraid that the reasoning set forth might be productive of the mischief of putting an obstacle in the way of the adoption of one of the most sensible and practical suggestions that ever emanated from an intelligent convention of Masons. So for the sake of counteracting this prospect of mischief we feel bound to endeavor to put the whole subject in a right point of view.

In the first place it was never the intention of the Paris Congress to recommend so absurd a proposition as that every candidate on receiving the Master's degree should be invested with the seven degrees of the Modern rite, the nine degrees of the York rite, and the thirty-three degrees of the *Scottish rite*. This they knew to be not only impossible, but of no practical utility. The language of the proposition properly construed can convey no such signification. It was simply meant that when a brother had attained to the third degree the Master of the lodge, if the right conferred was the York, should explain to the candidate the different modes of recognition used in that and the two preceding degrees in the Modern and Scot-

tish rites, and in like manner when he received the degree in either of these latter rites, the modes of recognition in the other two should be described to him.

Now, this measure is eminently useful and necessary, and its adoption would remove many embarrassments which are in the way of the examination of a Mason who attempts to visit a lodge in a foreign country which works in a rite different from that to which he has been accustomed.

Strange as it will appear to many of our readers who will hear it for perhaps the first time (and we think it probable that our good brethren of the Maryland committee are in that category), it is no less true than strange, that the modes of recognition in the three primitive degrees are not precisely the same in all countries where Masonry is practised. The universality of Masonry consists not in these arbitrary words and signs, but in the identity of its object, as developed in the legend of the third degree and in the symbolism of the true word, which two points are every where the same.

The modes of recognition in the Scottish, or as it is more properly denominated the Ancient and Accepted Rite, and the York rite, so far as they refer to the P. W. and W. are the same, but the former does not recognize the D. G. of the latter, while in the Modern or French rite everything is different. There is a P. W. in the first degree and all afterwards is transposed or changed. The S. W. in the third degree and the G. H. S. are altogether different.

It is unnecessary to trace these variations to their proper source, although this is a matter of well-known historic fact. It is sufficient to say that they originated near the middle of the last century, and are intimately connected with the schism which at that time took place in the Grand Lodge of England, and which divided the fraternity in that country into the two conflicting societies of the "Ancients" and "Moderns," a division which was happily abolished in 1813 by the union of the two Grand Lodges and the formation of the present United Grand Lodge of England. Now, as brother Pike has very properly said: "The three rites are but variations of one and the same thing. A Mason made in either is well made, and regularly and lawfully made. He assumes the same obligations, makes the same promises, binds himself to perform the same duties, in one as the other; and neither of the three rites can, with reason or propriety, look down upon the other, or claim the right to say to it, like the pharisee to the publican: Stand by! for I am holier than thou."

It is therefore to place all the members of these different rites on an equal footing, and to communicate to each all the information that is possessed by the others; not to "manufacture new rites," not "to add to Masonry," nor "to invent new degrees," but to enable a French or German Mason who is visiting America, or an American Mason who goes to France or Germany, to be "at home" on every question that may be propounded to him in the lodges of these countries, that the seventh proposition of the Masonic Congress was adopted. As we have already said we know of nothing more practically necessary and useful.

In conclusion, we may add that we have, for a long time before the meeting of the Congress, been in the habit of pursuing this system of instruction, and have, on repeated occasions, when we knew that a brother intended to visit Europe, communicated the necessary information in relation to these differences in the modes of recognition. In other words, we did what the Congress recommends, by "investing the candidate with the words, signs and grips of the Scottish and Modern Rites."

It would be well if all Masters were to prepare themselves for pursuing the same course.

BOOKS.—A book is only a very partial expression of its author. The writer is greater than his work; and there is in him the substance, not of one, or a few, but of many books, were they only written out.

FESTIVAL OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

In the month that has just passed, the nativity of St. JOHN the Baptist has been commemorated by the Order throughout the length and breadth of the land ; and with a great deal of badly written and worse delivered matter, there have doubtless also been given to the Fraternity some precious gems of thought and speech, a due proportion of which we shall in time receive from our friends and correspondents. The *American Freemason* is not disposed to surrender its rights on so interesting an occasion, and therefore with its large concourse of readers, scattered over every State of the Union, as an audience, it prepares, too, to make a speech, albeit, a little past the time, on the glorious old masonic festival of St. JOHN.

Of the two SS. JOHN, the Baptist and the Evangelist, both recognized as patrons of Freemasonry, the former seems always to have been the favorite of the craft. Thus, as far back as the year 1535, the Masons who held a congress at the city of Cologne, whence they issued that celebrated document called the "Charter of Cologne," said : "we celebrate, annually, the memory of St. JOHN, the Forerunner of CHRIST and the Patron of our Community." It will be remembered, too, that the institution was reorganized by the establishment of the Grand Lodge of England in the year 1717, and that the meeting for this purpose was held on St. JOHN the Baptist's day, so that the day is consecrated to us by this happy event ; and for a long time the annual elections in the Grand Lodge took place on that day. At that time, too, lodges were dedicated, not as now to "the holy SAINTS JOHN," which dedication is intended to include the Evangelist, but simply to "SAINT JOHN," meaning the Baptist ; and it was assigned as a reason, in the old lectures, that "he was the forerunner of our Saviour, and laid the first parallel line to the Gospel."

There was a tradition among the old Masons, worthless as an historical statement, but eminently significant as a symbol, that the lodges were dedicated, from the coming of the Messiah to the destruction of the temple, to St. JOHN the Evangelist, so that the latter completed by his learning what the former had begun by his zeal, and the two "lines parallel" were thus formed, which have ever since been found in every well regulated lodge.

There seems, indeed, to have been a great fitness in this dedication of our lodges to the memory of the lonely preacher in the wilderness. It is, as it were, a consecration of the institution to the same object which was the sole object of his life—the preparation of the world for the kingdom of heaven. "JOHN was," says Tertullian, "the forerunner and preparer of the ways of the Lord." He went forth, in all humility and zeal, to live a life of self-denial in the wilderness.

"The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell ;
His food, the fruits : his drink, the crystal well."

and there, by earnest preaching, like the vivid exhortations of the old prophets, he inculcated the duties of spiritual preparation for the reception of those all-important and life-giving truths which "one greater than he" was in a brief season to reveal. The religion of the Jews was, at that time, in the most deplorable condition. The masses of the people were sunk in an abysmal profundity of ignorance and superstition ; the true worship of God was corrupted by an infinite multitude of vain rites and superstitious observances, and truth was buried in the rubbish of vain cabalistic speculations. "Religion," says Hutchinson, "sat mourning in Israel in sackcloth and ashes, and Morality was scattered, as it were, by the four winds of the air." It is in reference to this condition of the moral world that one of those higher degrees, which is but the philosophizing of the earlier system, has adopted the solemn formula which announces that "the veil of the temple is rent—the light is obscured—darkness spreads over the face of the earth—the blazing star has disappeared—the cubical stone sweats blood and water—and the true word is lost."

Now, it was just at this period of time—when a great reformer was most needed,

and when a great reformation was necessarily to take place—that JOHN the Baptist appeared, preaching repentance and preparation, in the wilderness. MOSHEM tells us how he accomplished the task that was set before him. "Filled with a holy zeal and a divine fervor, he cried aloud to the Jewish nation to depart from their transgressions and to purify their hearts, that they might thus partake of the blessings, which the Son of God was now come to offer to the world. The exhortations of this respectable messenger were not without effect; and those who, moved by his solemn admonitions, had formed the resolution of correcting their evil dispositions and amending their lives, were initiated into the kingdom of the Redeemer by the ceremony of immersion or baptism."

Here is the true key to ST. JOHN's patronage of Masonry. He was the hierophant of the mystery of truth—the initiator into those sublime doctrines of which the full enlightenment was to be afforded by Him who came after him, and whose shoes, he meekly said, he was unworthy to bear.

Now the relation of ST. JOHN to Christianity is precisely the relation of Masonry to religion. How often has it been said that Masonry is not religion, but that it is religion's handmaid? And this, indeed, it is. It is not the temple, but it is the porch through which we are led to pass into the holy place. It baptizes indeed with water, but not with fire. It proposes no plan of salvation, but it prepares the mind, by its moral teachings, for such a system. If in the adoption of a religious life, the wise man is initiated into those greater mysteries of godliness which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived; so too, by his admission into the lodge, and by his investiture with masonic light, he is initiated into those lesser mysteries which prepare him, by a spiritual ablution, for the reception of the true word—the kingdom of God—divine truth.

And so, as ST. JOHN the Baptist went forth on his mission to prepare the multitudes for that holy faith which, in a few weeks, was to be offered to their homes and hearts—Masonry has gone forth on its mission to prepare its disciples, wandering in the wilderness of error, for that divine truth which the G. A. O. T. U. will give to all who diligently seek it. The mission of both has been a mission of preparation.

Is it then wonderful that the Baptist was the first, and that he still is the favorite patron of Masonry?

And so we end our address on the Festival of ST. JOHN.

WOMEN AS FREEMASONS.

WHENEVER the ladies quarrel with us because we will not admit them to labor in our lodges, it would be well if they would recollect the fine saying of JOHN JAMES ROUSSEAU: "In everything in which woman makes use of her own privileges, she has the advantage over men; but where she would assert *theirs*, she becomes inferior." And so while woman undoubtedly is capable of making an *excellent Mason's wife*, we may be sure, according to this philosophy, that she would make a *very poor Mason*.

THE MASON'S TONGUE.

In the old English ritual, according to the PRESTONIAN system, there was a toast drank with all the honors, the sentiment of which it would be well if Masons remembered at the present day, although the drinking of toasts forms no part of the lodge work. The toast was in these words: "To that excellent key of a Mason's tongue which ought always to speak, as well in the absence of a brother as in his presence; and when that cannot be done with honor, justice, or propriety, that adopts the virtue of a Mason, which is silence."

WASHINGTON'S MASONIC LIFE.

WE are rejoiced to learn that our esteemed friend and brother, S. HAYDEN, of Athens (Penn.), is preparing an interesting work on the Masonic life and character of WASHINGTON. In a letter recently received from brother H. he says :

"I have been deeply interested in the Masonry in this country, and some distinguished brethren who knew the great value of my notes and records relating to the Masonic life and character of WASHINGTON and the military lodges of the revolution, wish me to publish them in book form, and I am preparing to do so.

"Volumes, you know, have been written on his military, his civil, and his private life, while his biographers and historians have left most of his Masonic life and character untouched, as if it had no reality.

"Some few *addresses* have given just tributes to his Masonic memory ; but these, though valuable, were not, I presume, prepared with very extensive and laborious research, and are now difficult to be obtained by the great mass of Masons.

"I have, for years, devoted much time, both abroad and by extensive correspondence relating to this subject, and my notes and facts, unless published, may become, like the records of the past, scattered and lost.

"Though gathered by an humble and almost unknown brother, I fancy there are among them gems which I may have stumbled upon, which others may have overlooked.

"Intimately connected with the Masonic life and character of Washington is the too obscure history of the military lodges of the revolution, for it was *in* these and *through* that the first action was taken to sever the lodges of this country from a provincial dependence on the Grand lodge of England, and that with the approbation of WASHINGTON."

Brother HAYDEN is still continuing his researches, and will be thankful to his brethren for any addresses, reports, transcripts of proceedings of Grand Lodges, or other documents which relate in any way to this interesting subject. His address is "Athens, Penn."

MASONIC LIGHT.

Mr CHRISTIE, in his learned treatise "On the Worship of the Elements," says that "the loss of the Schechinah, that visible sign of the presence of the Deity, induced an early respect for solar light as its substitute." Now there is much that is significative of Masonic history in this brief sentence. The sun still remains as a prominent—indeed as the most prominent—symbol in the Masonic system. It has been derived by the Masons from those old sun worshippers. But the idea of Masonic light is very different from their idea of solar light. The Schechinah was the symbol of the divine glory—but the true glory of divinity is *Truth*, and Divine Truth is therefore the Schechinah of Masonry. This is symbolized by light, which is no longer used by us as a "substitute" for the Schechinah or the divine glory, but as its symbol—the physical expression of its essence. Let it, therefore, never be forgotten, when the Master says "let there be light," that he means, "let there be truth," and when we speak of a candidate as being "brought to light," that we mean by these words to signify that he has been brought to the knowledge of truth. So, Masonry being the medium through which he is to learn, by symbolic teachings, the great truths of the unity of God and a future state, he receives the first rudiments of those truths, when he gets the first dawns of Masonic light. Beginning with this view of the nature and objects of Freemasonry, the student will find no difficulty in appreciating and thoroughly understanding its whole system of symbolism. Masonic darkness is ignorance and error—Masonic light is knowledge and truth, and all our symbols converge to this explanation. Let the beginner try it with any of them,

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BROTHER BRONSON DECIDES.

**BIRTH, LIFE, AND DEATH OF STONE-SQUARER'S
 LODGE.**

IN THREE PARTS—BY ROB. MORRIS, G. M. OF KY.

Part Second—The Wife.

STONE-SQUARER'S Lodge, was now like "a good deed in a mighty world," a pure thing though surrounded with evil and contumely.

The plans of annoyance, adopted by the antimasonic crew of the Bend, were multiform and actively pursued. The first development was in a copy of some clandestine book, Bernard's, or some other quite as reliable, which was procured by Deacon Mowthphoole, at the cost of all the coonskins his boys had gathered that season. Immense was the popular chuckling when the good man announced in church meeting, "that at last he'd learnt what he'd long longed to know, all the secrets of Masontree, from a to izzard!" Considering the source

from which these sacred treasures were obtained, the enlightened reader will not greatly despond if we add the Deacon's opinion—"That now he'd larnt 'em all, he was bound to confess they warn't much!" But such as they were, the rejoicing was enormous, especially at the grocery, and down among the cyprians by the river, and wherever they were found who wished evil to Masonry. Bill Argot, the liquor-seller, had the impudence to go to the lodge, and try to get in by the passwords. Uncle Billy Serks made the grand hailing-sign in meeting-time; and even the cyprians aforesaid got to practising the five points of fellowship on Bernard's system.

'Tis true that Argot missed getting in; instead of admittance, the tyler gave him a sound kicking, and would have thrown him over the railing but for the others. 'Tis true that Uncle Billy's sign was more like a lizard's than a Mason's, and that such expositions could not affect the integrity of Masonry in the least. Still the brethren were annoyed by them, and by the pertinacity with which the foe continued to use them; and so, brother Bronson proposed an ingenious counter-mine. This was to order forty copies of an edition of Morgan, published by some hawk-and-buzzard in a northern city, and to distribute them gratuitously through the Bend. It was done at the lodge cost, and with most marvelous success. The very audacity of the scheme paralyzed all opposition. The Deacon, after comparing Morgan with the book for which he had sacrificed a year's peltry, and finding these two veritable gospels differing more widely than the poles, threw Bernard into the distillery fire, and incontinently got drunk about it. The gifts were all condemned as "no account," and in a few months, so unpopular had masonic expositions become in the Bend, that when Jochalfrosa, the pedlar, tried to sell a "Craft's" he was nearly mobbed by the exasperated anti to whom he had offered it, in the retirement of his stable; and he was cautioned "not to do that again at the risk of his peril."

The very first step taken by the new lodge, in the way of permanent business, was to vote an invitation to brother Bruce, the lecturer, to give them a thorough course of instruction. This was done by the advice of the Deputy Grand Master, who advanced these opinions in a letter he wrote them: "That they had adopted a price for the degrees, as high as any lodge in this district; as high, in fact, as those which had been at work for twenty years, and were thoroughly skilled. That as the Grand Lodge edict was stringent on this subject, and applicants in their vicinity *must* apply to them, as the nearest lodge, it behooved them, in common honesty, to do good work or reduce their prices." This plain principle of ethics, he illustrated by referring to a neighbouring lodge, which had never expended ten dollars for books, jewels, regalia or lectures, yet charged as high for the degrees as another close by, that had expended more than two hundred dollars for these things.

Brother Bruce accepted the invitation. This man was none of your common spouters, who memorize a few questions and answers, and poll-parrot them off, as if Masonry were a form of words dry as a cork. He did not limit his instructions to a mere detail of technical work, important as this certainly is. Lectures and work had their appropriate place in their plan of teaching, but then came the larger divi-

sions of *morality, sound old landmarks*, based upon a rock, and *the obligations*, so comprehensive, yet so just. These are the things, he said, which distinguish the royal art from all other associations, and give it a zest which superficial lecturers appear to be ignorant of.

The points assumed by this gentleman in his first lecture were: "That *Masons* are increasing much faster than *Masonry*; that every *Mason* should be familiar with the landmarks, history, obligations and work of the Order; that every lodge should be furnished with jewels of legal pattern, ample furniture, library, and a comfortable well-arranged apartment; that the people in the vicinity should be enlightened as to the intentions of *Masonry*, and the qualifications of a candidate, together with the other exoteric instructions laid down in the Book of Constitutions, the Bible and elsewhere."

Upon these principles as a basis, he commenced his course of lectures, public and private, and occupied all the evenings of a week. To the public he gave three addresses, one on the origin of *Masonry* (deducing it, of course, from Mt Moriah's first temple), the second on the history of *Masonry*, and the last on the present bearings of *Masonry* upon the world. To the members he expatiated upon the origin, structure, philosophy, and obligation of each degree; the masonic universal language involved in the symbols; the duties of each officer respectively; the proper answer to antimasonic cavils; the true principles involved in opening, closing, dispersing and resuming a lodge; and other topics of which the very titles may not be named in print. He devoted many hours to *the discipline of a lodge*, giving it as his experience, that more difficulties arise in our lodges through ignorance upon this subject than any other.

He thought that the Worshipful Master should be so familiar with masonic jurisprudence as to meet any question as it arises. So doing serious misunderstandings could never occur; difficulties between brethren would be nipped in the bud; the weeds of prejudice would be uprooted as soon as they appeared; and the lodge would be the abode of peacemakers, such as those who have a blessing in reserve for them, by their heavenly Master.

Such a course of lectures could not but give good headway to the young lodge. The members of Stone-Squarer's went forward with vigor. The recital of a comic scene at Deacon Mowthphoole's will keep us posted up as to their career.

It was a warm day, and the old lady had a quilting party. All the women of the community were there, they and their children. The chattering therefore was incessant; the brawls of the young ones also overpowered the croup-like notes of the chickens in the yard. The subject of debate among the females, human not gallinaceous, was "this pesky masontree business."

"Who'd a believed it," bawls Granny Farian, a centenarian from the mountains of North Carolina; "who'd a believed, I say, that ever Parson Longfellow *would* a jined the *Masons*. His wife, too, so 'posed to it, poor creeter! They say she let on mighty when his petishin went in. That's no wonder."

"Let on or not," struck in Zelmira Jones, in her shrill way; "I seen her only last Saturday was a week going to the lodge with a whole cahoot of 'em to get some degrees." At this startling an-

nouncement the younger women snapped their needles in two with agitation.

Mrs Mowthphoole screamed; "Digrees, did you say? its a 'lusion; its nothin' but 'lusion, I tell you. Fee-ee-ee; giving digrees to women's all a 'lusion, I tell you. Women can't be made Masons—fee-ee-ee—and I know the reason, but I aint gwine to tell!" And resigning herself to the pipe with an air of determination, she locked up this valuable secret in the casket of her breast, and we fear the thing is forever lost.

"I've heern say," resumed Granny Farian, "that if a Mason's wife can only diskiver *the brand* before it wears off, the Masons gives in beat, and lets 'em have the digrees."

"They say the lodge has taken in twenty new members a 'ready;" this was from Mrs Brownlow, a conciliating sort of a body, whose brother, Simon Fabs, had lately got through, and given her a high opinion of the institution; "There's the two Linleys, and brother Simon, and the Parson, and Arks Whittemore, and Charley Lane, and old man Fish ('yes,' murmured his dissatisfied wife, who was present, 'he'd better tote his *fish* to some other market), and Durham, and Joabert Smith, and Hottinger the circuit rider, and Micah Foesus, and—"

"I don't keer if every fool in the Bend jines 'em," jumped in Mrs Mowthphoole, enappishly, "they's an ungodly set, and they'll come to no good with their raps and their flaps, see if they don't—fee-ee-ee!"

Is that enough of the sort, friend reader? The influx of so many applicants enabled the treasurer to make a good report of his department. Heeding the last advice of Grand Lecturer Bruce, that Masons pay for light, and that masonic light is best dispersed through the standard mediums, the amount of thirty dollars was furnished for a good, heavy set of silver jewels, and that fancy fellow, Talbert, sent the old ones, with the lodge's compliments, to Deacon Mowthphoole, who threw them into his spring, and afterward drank them up in the form of iron rust.

An appropriation of fifty dollars was likewise made, to buy a few standard books, as the commencement of a library. This small amount paid for Oliver, Rollin, Josephus, some authors upon Moral Philosophy, a large Master's carpet, and a dozen manuals; also the subscription to a couple of masonic magazines.

Time rolled on, and the month came round for brother Moses, Worshipful Master, to wend his way, dispensation in hand, to the Grand Lodge, there to render an account of his stewardship. The Secretary's books of Stone-Squarer's Lodge, U. D., were then carefully inspected, and save a few errors, all trivial, they were approved by that respectable body. The petition for a charter was granted, and now No. 91 might exult in her legal existence. Verily she did exult; for she forthwith decreed that her hall should be publicly dedicated, and a free barbeque given as a token of her happiness. Ten dollars was appropriated for the relief of some orphan children, left by a man named Cowan, who had been one of the warmest anties. The lodge could now afford to forgive and forget. Ten dollars was also forwarded to the Washington Monument Association, or some

kindred enterprise of that day. Genial hearts always expand under the influence of prosperity. No materials as yet, but the good and true, had been worked up into the lodge.

The dedication and installation of officers were set for the same occasion.

Intervening with that, new and handsome stations were set up in the lodge-room, and a great improvement was made upon the general appearance of the house by weather-boarding it completely in. This took away the French-bonnet contrast spoken of in our first chapter. The charter was neatly framed and glazed, and some better aprons manufactured than before. A general invitation was published in the *Courant*, so that when the day came around not less than a thousand people were present.

The orator was Colonel Niveblaid, a famous speaker on Masonry, whose address before the Grand Lodge, three years back, was the best thing ever spoken there. The Grand Chaplain, Russel, also came down in the stage, expressly to grace the occasion, and as he was an Episcopalian, and, of course, apt at prayer-writing, his prayer was well worth publishing.

We cannot insert Colonel Niveblaid's oration entire, for it took two hours to deliver it; but we vouch for it. It was plumbed, squared, and leveled. It gave such satisfaction that a copy was procured for publication in the *Elgin Courant*. Unluckily the *Courant* only had eighty subscribers, and the oration was thus lost to the world more effectually than if he had preserved his copy. There was one good anecdote in it, however, which we have culled for publication:

"My father was a captain in the Maryland Levy, during the revolution. (Here old Billy Serks woke up. *His* father was also a revolutionary captain, but *on the scarlet side*.) My father was ordered, one morning, with a small detachment, to search for provisions for the starving continentals. Intelligence had reached the Commissary General that a large lot of bacon was stored up at a farmstead, some ten miles from Washington's head-quarters, and it was to secure this that he was sent out. He obeyed without delay, found the spot with little difficulty, and was happy to discover the meat as represented. The place was occupied by a wealthy old Tory, one Corney Apperson, who, having long been suspected of playing double with our folks, the Commissary had given my father a hint to keep a good lookout, or the whole intelligence might prove a trap. There was not a soul in the place. My father stationed his small force as best he could, and commenced cutting down the big sides and quarters of meat with his own hands, and loading the horses. But in the very act, the whole enterprise failed. The sentinels ran in, hotly pursued by a large company of tories on horseback, accompanied by an English officer, and several of them were shot down in the race. There was not the remotest chance for resistance. The tories outnumbered the patriots ten to one. So my father quietly surrendered his sword, and asked for quarter. The tory captain was an infamous scoundrel, named Scott, who had been whipped by our soldiers on a former occasion, and branded by the civil authorities as a horse-thief; since which, he had pursued a systematic revenge by murdering the Continentals whenever he got an opportunity. They laughed at my father's de-

mand for good treatment, ordered him bound and stripped, and setting up a sheaf of bayonets, helped to toss the unfortunate prisoner upon the points.

"The first throw he escaped with a thrust through the arm; the second well nigh dispatched him, but as they were preparing his cruel bed for a more certain effect, my father caught the eye of the British officer, who seemed to wear a look of disgust, and heard him utter an imprecation at such barbarity. This sight encouraged the bleeding prisoner to try a Mason's sign. No sooner was it beheld than the noble fellow sprang over the fence, drew his sword, and placing himself by my father's side, swore that he should have quarter, or the two would die together! And he had his way, despite the noisy complaints of the tories. The whole American party was safely conducted to camp, and within a few months afterwards, my father had the double gratification of returning home from parol, and seeing the tory, Scott, swinging from an oak limb, at the hands of the provost-marshal."

With such valuable and original incidents, this very excellent address was filled. The too-frequent ingredient of such orations was omitted, that is, the Colonel did *not* say that all the generals in the revolution, except Arnold, were Masons, for it is not true.¹ But he did show that Masonry differs from all other secret societies, in the absence of all solicitations to those without; in the want of a door of escape to those within; in a perfect adaptation of its emblems to a common plan, and to each other; in the qualifications requisite for membership; in the unfrequent change of its officers; in the simplicity of its decorations; the dignity of its origin; the grandeur of its aims; its body of illustrious living and dead; and its modesty of benevolence.

Altogether it was the very thing wanted in many another lodge beside Stone-Squarer's.

In its proper place, the following song was introduced as a part of the ceremonies:

LIGHT FROM THE EAST.

Light from the East, 'tis gilded with hope;
Star of our faith, thy glory is up!
Darkness apace, and watchfulness flee;
Earth, lend thy joys to nature and me.

Chorus.—See, Brothers, see yon dark shadows flee;
Join in His praise, whose glories we be!
Now, let these emblems ages have given,
Speak to the world blest Saviour of thee.

Lo, we have seen, uplifted on high,
Star in the East, thy rays from the sky!
Lo, we have heard, what joy to our ear.
Come, ye redeemed, and welcome Him here!

Chorus.—See, Brothers, see, etc.

¹ Benedict Arnold was a Freemason, while several of the other American generals were not.

Light to the blind, they 've wandered too long ;
Feet to the lame, the weak are made strong ;
Hope to the joyless, freely 'tis given ;
Life to the dead, and music to heaven.

Chorus.—See, Brothers, see, etc.

Praise to the Lord, keep silence no more !
Ransomed, rejoice from mountain to shore !
Streams in the desert, sing as ye stray !
Sorrow and sadness, vanish away !

Chorus.—See, Brothers, see, yon dark shadows flee ;
Join in His praise, whose glories we be !
Now, let these emblems ages have given,
Speak to the world, blest Saviour, of thee !

The whole affair went off handsomely, with the slight exception that the stewards had neglected to provide corn, wine and oil, according to orders, and as there was no time for delay, they substituted oats, whiskey, and melted lard. As none but the Masons knew the odds, it was not of much consequence, only Uncle Billy murmured, " 'Tis a cornfed shame to spill so much good liquor about their Mason nonsense."

The barbecue was the best ever known in the Bend. The lodge had sent all the way to Gen. Antick's to borrow his negro Ned, famous at a barbecue, as Bonaparte at a battle, and when the thirty-seven fat shotes were lifted out of the pit, cooked to a turn, and flavored to a *t*, a general roar of admiration came from the crowd, in which even the Mowthphooles assisted.

Grace was asked by Rev. Brother Roussel—three-score of the Benders had already begun to gorge—and then the thousand set to with sharp teeth and good stomachs.

The general result of this day's doings was to implant a more favorable opinion of Masonry. As the people returned home, glad and merry in their hearts, their ideas inclined greatly toward the favorable side. Several anties were converted. Josephine Sagbut, who had thus far held aloof from the ardent Jackson Soka, because he was a Mason, now succumbed, surrendered herself, life and body, to his embrace, and ran away to the parson's with him that very hour. Her example was contagious throughout the circle of her acquaintance.

Young Masons of moral character were in demand. Old Brother Moses, whose daughter Marietta was the desire of many hearts, became perplexed with the numerous applications from young men, to be recommended to the lodge. The green ones hoped, through Masonry, to secure some sort of claim to her hand. Even Bull Argot put in a petition to the lodge, and as there were only twenty-eight black balls (the whole number present that night), his prospects seemed favorable.

The lodge adopted the practice of spending one day in every two months as a lodge of instruction. This kept them bright as the uneclipsed Sun. Surrounding lodges got warmth at this hearth, and light at this candle. The prospect for a long and harmonious career seemed so clear that few were hardy enough to deny it.

But now a misfortune befell Stone-Squarer's, an affliction of a nature calculated to leave a permanent mark. The good brother Bron-

son, most faithful of Christian, most indefatigable of class-leaders, truest of secretaries, warmest-hearted of Masons, was summoned up by the Grand Tyler, death, and a hearth, a home, a class, a lodge, left suddenly desolate. The circumstances of his departure were very painful. One of the vile women, down by the river bank, had died, leaving a gang of orphan children in horrid destitution. Several Masons got together in called meeting, and deputed brother Bronson to gather up the deserted children and have them provided for at the lodge's expense. He found them in a condition mocking all description. Nothing deterred by this, however, the good man took them to his own house, had them cleansed and clothed, and, by his wife's consent, incorporated them with his own family until permanent situations could be secured. But his reward was in another world. The small-pox which had somehow been contracted by the children in their filthy hovel, broke out with violence upon them, and was communicated to the whole household. It proved fatal to the philanthropic father whose good act, done to destitute humanity, became a passport to the land of rest. The announcement of his death aroused the most active sympathy throughout the district. The deceased was accounted that of a martyr. A Sorrow Lodge was held under no less auspices than that of the Grand Master himself. At the funeral were delegates from sixteen neighboring lodges. Brother Flint, the presiding elder, preached the sermon, and preached it in a style that few could equal; and as the blood of martyrs was the seed of the ancient church, so the good man prayed, might this dispensation prove to Masonry, in awakening the membership to increased zeal, and causing the community to adopt a more favorable judgment concerning the order. Of the deceased brother he drew an affecting portrait. Around him, he said, there had been a cluster of masonic virtues, very beautiful to the mind's eye. In him were found due caution against intemperance and excess; and a lively courtesy toward every brother, however lowly in station; a deathless fidelity; a proper cultivation of the social virtues; a warm desire to extend the Royal art; a knowledge to manage it with skill; and finally a desire to impress its dignity and importance upon the world.

In the Lodge Bible, the gift of the enterprising lady referred to in our first part, was entered the name of brother Bixton, with the full preamble and resolutions passed by his lodge, under the head of Deaths. A neat monument was then erected above his cherished remains. This, which was done at the individual expense of the brothers, bore his favorite symbols, the Urn, the Sprig, and the Open Book; and there, with his feet to the east, awaiting the resurrection, he sweetly rests. At the instance of Brother Houghton, one quarter of an acre around him was fenced in, and entitled "The Masonic Cemetery."

It was the parting desire, the last fond wish of the deceased secretary, that the lodge should establish a school under its auspices. He left a legacy of two hundred dollars as a nucleus for a school fund. This legacy was accepted, and the lodge fraternally set to work to fulfill his wishes. The brothers Bell, harmonious in this, as in all other things, were made school trustees on behalf of the Order. They hired a teacher, furnished a room, secured scholars, and the thing was at once accomplished.

A Sabbath school agent called in opportunely just then, and persuaded the Craft to add a Sabbath school to their plans. The effect of this was brilliant in putting down Sabbath-breaking among the children. Henceforth, the catfish multiplied in the river. The muscadines swung untouched from the vines. The very negroes would spend their Sunday mornings listening to the school exercises, to the neglect of bull-pen and marbles. A new leverage of morality was thus established in the Bend.

Many of the technical phrases of the Order were adopted into general use, such as "acting upon the square"—though it must be admitted, that the *words* were better understood than the *practice*—"govern yourselves accordingly," "high twelve," "call off," &c.

As yet there had not been a single application for a dimit, save in a case or two of removal. In fact, the idea had been so thoroughly indoctrinated by Brother Bruce, that there is no provision made in the ancient constitution for more than two causes of dimitting—removal and organizing a new lodge—that when Eben Barney applied for one on the score of unwillingness to pay lodge dues any longer, the lodge refused it. Barney appealed, but the venerable mother Grand Lodge confirmed the decision.

A pretty thing was early adopted in Stone-Squarer's Lodge, worthy of general imitation. In a gilt frame over the J. W.'s seat was suspended a list of the wise, the good, and the great, who, in their respective day, had been initiates of our Order. At the top stood, by rights, George Washington; at the bottom their own well-beloved Brother Bronson, the martyr of benevolence. Around the scroll were King Solomon, King Hiram, the Widow's Son, Zerubbabel, Haggai, Jeshua, Pythagoras, and the Saints John. In handsome ranks stood Franklin, Clinton, Warren, Putnam, Livingston, Lafayette, Marshall, Marquis Hastings, Jackson, Burns, Dugald Stewart, Locke, David the Sweet Singer of Israel, Daniel the Seer, De Molay the Martyr, Anderson, Ashmele, Walter Scott, Desaguliers, Wolsey, Bonaparte, Nelson, Hogg, Sir John Moore, Colonel J. H. Daviess, Hooke, Sidney Smith, Talma, Cambaceres, Talleyrand, George III and George IV, Dodd, and many others.

This catalogue was a perpetual remembrancer to the brothers to emulate the virtue, intelligence, or usefulness of these departed worthies.

We will not unnecessarily draw out the thread of Stone-Squarer's history. The life of every lodge has its vicissitudes; but, for many years, this one seemed proof against change. While it might be said that "mercy and truth were met together" in their quiet dwelling, above Swipsey's chapel, surely the remainder of the quotation applied to them also, inasmuch as "righteousness and peace kissed each other."

Stone-Squarer's Lodge, No. 91, prospered beyond precedent. The excellent commencement given them by the Grand Lecturer, and the tenacity with which the membership retained their first love, and the form of sound words given them, enabled them, during the lifetime of Brother Moses, and the original members, to resist every attempt at innovation, and every inclination to decay. Had not another race risen up, who "knew not Joseph," it had not been our unpleasant lot

to indite a chapter concerning its death. It prospered, we repeat, beyond precedent. The Deputy Grand Master, paying his official visit, reported, "The work in all the degrees is well understood by all the members;" and the same was entered on the Grand Lodge records as worthy of preservation. The influences of the Order fulfilled the worst prophecies of Deacon Mowthphoole in our opening pages. Portable Pigpen, Esq Justice of the Peace, &c., quit drinking, and took to tobacco.

The old fatalist church staggered under its influence. Bull Argot, after being twice more blacked, sold out his grocery, and vamoosed; we are happy to add, he is now in the trace-chain business at the seat of government. The abandoned women (jauntily styled Cyprians) experienced the full rigor of the law, and were compelled to leave the county. They went to California, married highly respectable diggers, and did well.

Other schools grew out of that which the Masons had started, as the strawberry plant sends forth many creepers. Other Sabbath schools were instituted in the Bend. Every denomination known in that district got up a revival, and organized a congregation there. Clock pedlars came in, and set every log cabin to ticking on the brass principle. Property doubled in value. A plank-road from Elgin to Tanner's Landing was built. Mowthphoole's distillery *catched* a-fire, so he *deklarted*, one night, and all but nine red-heads were happily burnt. Counterpanes began to take the place of quilts, and store struck of home-made. As coons got scarce, and the venison range thinned out, people turned their attention to respectable labor, and then domestic improvements began. The big cracks were stopped, gates were substituted for slip-gaps, wells for wet-weather springs, coffee for buttermilk, and water for whisky. Formerly, no man could get his logs rolled, or help for raising, unless a jug of whisky was furnished; now, the fashion changed, for the Sons of Temperance started a Division, which, with true cryptogamous vigor, swelled and absorbed, until it groaned with a hundred members. The county which had formerly sent seven or more annual delegates to the penitentiary ceased to supply that industrial establishment with laborers. Briefly, the Bend became an exponent of *Freemasonry rightly practiced*.

But the reader must not suppose that anti-masonry was dead, or that its fangs were extracted. The serpent only slept. Every black-balled applicant became an anti, ready to act when properly called out. The old set of fatalists could no more help being anties than they could help loving stimulants. The same four classes of opponents found around every lodge existed here; the four, well named, from the apocryphal book of Baruch, *bats*, *swallows*, *birds*, and *cats*. The *bats* are neither bird nor beast, but have the evil qualities of both. They slander Masonry behind its back, and slander anti-masonry behind *its* back. Neither party owns them, but those who love darkness best get the most good of them, so they are termed *bats*. Then the *swallows*; they skim through the air, watching for, and picking up the motes, the flies, and the fluff of the Order. These have microscopic organs, and can detect all the lapses of Masonry, but fail to see its virtues, though as wide as the door and high as a tobacco

barn. The carrion *birds* come next. These are they whose appetites are so ghoulish-like, and stomachs so capacious for garbage, that it well nigh sickens a decent man to think of them. As there are many people who will exaggerate a *crim. con.* case, in conversation, because they love to think and talk of sensuous matters; so do these *birds* exaggerate every case of masonic defects, and make them of the size and flavor they so dearly relish. Deacon M. was the file leader of this class. Last of all, we note the *cats*. The idea is, that of a thing with predatory habits and a prowling nature, indulging in practices unmentionable to ears polite. There was a liberal representation of anti-masonic *cats* in the Bend; and it will be found, by those who have the patience to peruse our third part, that the combined forces of all these had powerful weight in the eventual downfall of Stone-Squarer's Lodge.

DUTIES OF THE CRAFT.

"To afford succor to the distressed, to divide our bread with the industrious poor, and to put the misguided traveller in the way, are duties of the craft, suitable to its dignity and expressive of its usefulness."—*Ancient Constitution.*

Come, and let us seek the straying—
 Lead him to the shepherd back;
 Come, the traveller's feet betraying,
 Guide him from the dangerous track,
 Come, a solemn voice reminds us—
 Come, a mystic fetter binds us—
 Masons, here your duties lie—
 Hark the poor and needy cry.

Come, and help the worthy poor—
 Break to him the needed bread—
 Longer he can not endure—
 Come, ere famine mark him dead;
 Bounties rich to us supplying,
 To the poor are oft denying;
 Masons, here your duties lie—
 Hark the poor and needy cry.

Come, where sorrow has its dwelling,
 Comfort bring to souls distressed;
 To the friendless mourner telling,
 Of the Rock that offers rest.
 What would life be but for heaven?
 Come to us this message given—
 Masons, here your duties lie—
 Hark the poor and needy cry.

Band of Brothers, every nation
 Hails your bright and orient light!
 Fervent, zealous, free, your station
 Calls for deeds of noblest might!
 Seek—the world is full of sorrow—
 Act—your life will end to-morrow—
 Masons, here your duties lie—
 Hark the poor and needy cry.

DIFFICULTIES.—Great difficulties, when not succumbed to, bring out great virtues.

THE CRUSOE OF THE SNOWY DESERT.

LATE in the autumn of the year eighteen hundred and fifty-one, Mr Baldwin Mullhausen, a Prussian traveller, pursuing his investigations, had occasion to make a return journey across the Rocky Mountains to the Missouri. He started with one companion only, and with three horses and a mule for riding and for carrying the baggage.

Scanty fodder, Indian treachery, and the fearful cold of those snowy regions, produced the first disasters of the travellers, by depriving them of the services of all four animals. Their last horse was killed by exposure to an icy gale, at a spot in the miserable wilderness called Sandy Hill Creek. Here, now that their last means of getting forward had failed them, they were compelled to stop, at a period of the year when every succeeding day might be expected to increase the horrors of the cold, and the chances of death by starvation in the prairie wastes.

They had a little Indian tent with them, and they set it up for shelter. They had also a small supply of bad buffalo meat, rice, and Indian corn. On this they existed miserably for a few days, until the Mail from Fort Kearney to the Platte River happened to pass them.

With all the will to rescue both the travellers, the Mail did not possess the power. It was barely possible for the persons in charge of it—their own lives depending on their getting on rapidly, and husbanding their provisions—to make room for one man in their little vehicle drawn by six mules. The other man would have no help for it but to remain behind with the goods, alone in the wilderness, and to keep himself alive, if it was possible, in that dreadful position, until the Mail could send horses back for him from the Catholic Mission, eighty or a hundred miles off.

In this emergency—an emergency of life or death if ever there was one yet—the travellers agreed on drawing lots to decide which man was to be rescued, and which man was to remain. The lot to remain fell on Mr Mullhausen.

The Mail resumed its journey at once, with the rescued traveller squeezed into the little carriage. Mr Mullhausen watched the departure of the vehicle till it was out of sight, till he was left alone, the one living being in the white waste—the Crusoe of the snowy desert. He had three chances, not of life, but of death: death by cold, death by the murderous treachery of the savages, and death by the teeth of the wolves which prowled the wilderness by night. But he was a brave man, and he faced his imminent perils and his awful loneliness with a stout heart.

He was well supplied with arms and ammunition; and the first thing he did when the Mail left him was to look to these. His next proceeding was to make use of the snow on the earth to keep out the snow from the heavens by raising a white wall, firmly stamped, all round his little tent. He then dragged up a supply of wood from the river near at hand, and piled it before his door. His fire-place was a hollow in the ground, in front of his bed of blankets and buffalo hides. The food he possessed to cook at it consisted of buffalo meat and rice. He had also some coffee. These provisions, on which his feeble chance of life depended, he carefully divided into fourteen days' rations, hav-

ing first calculated that, in fourteen days at the furthest, he might look for help from the Mission. The sum of his preparations was now complete. He fed his fire, set on his food to cook, and crept into his blankets to wait for the coming of night—the first night alone in the desert.

After a time, the silence and the solitude weighed upon him so heavily, that he sought some kind of comfort and companionship in trying to talk to himself; but, in that forlorn situation, even the sound of his own voice made him shudder. The sun sank to its setting behind snow clouds; its last rays were trembling redly over the wilderness of white ground, when the howl of the wolves came down upon him on the icy wind. They were assembled in a ravine where the travellers' last horse had fallen dead some days before. Nothing was left of the animal but his polished bones and the rings of his harness; and over these bare relics of their feast the ravenous creatures wrangled and yelled all night long. The deserted man, listening to them in his tent, tried to while away the unspeakable oppression of the dark hours by calculating their varying numbers from the greater or lesser volume of the howling sounds that reached him. Exhaustion overpowered his faculties, while he was still at this melancholy work. He slept, till hunger woke him the next day, when the sun was again high in the heavens.

He cut a notch in the pole of his tent to mark that one day was passed. It was then the sixteenth or eighteenth of November; and by Christmas he vainly believed that he would be safe at the Mission. That second day was very weary, and his strength was failing him already. When he dragged up the wood and water to his tent, his feet were lame, and he staggered like a drunken man.

Hopeless and hungry he sat down on his bed, filled his pipe with willow leaves, the best substitute for tobacco that he possessed, and smoked in the warmth of the fire, with his eyes on the boiling kettle into which he had thrown a little maize. He was still thus occupied, when the dreary view through the opening of his tent was suddenly changed by the appearance of living beings. Some horsemen were approaching him, driving laden horses before them. His weapons were at hand, and, with these ready, he awaited their advance. As they came nearer, he saw that they were Indians of a friendly tribe, returning from a beaver hunt. Within gun-shot they stopped, and one of them addressed him in English. They accepted his invitation to enter the tent; and, sitting there by his side, they entreated him, long and earnestly, to abandon the goods, to give up the vain hope of help from the Mission, and to save his life by casting his lot with theirs.

"The wolves," said the man who had first spoken in English—a Delaware Indian—"the wolves will give you no rest, day or night; and if the men of the Pawnee tribe find you out, you will be robbed, murdered, and scalped. You have no hope of rescue. Bad horses would not live to get to you; and the whites of the Mission will not risk good horses and their own lives to save one man whom they will give up for lost. Come with us."

But Mr. Mullhausen, unfortunately for himself, put faith in the Mission. He was, moreover, bravely and honorably anxious to preserve

the goods, only the smaller share of which happened to be his own property. Firmly persuaded that his fellow white men would not desert him, and that they would bring him easier means of travelling, in his disabled condition, than those which the Delawares could offer, he still held to his first resolution, and still said, "No."

The Indian rose to leave him.

"The word of a white," said the savage, "is more to you than the will and deed of a red-skin. You have had your choice—may you not deceive yourself!"

With these words he shook Mr Mullhausen by the hand, and he and his companion departed. They never once looked back at the traveller or his tent, but kept on their way rapidly towards the south, and left him a doomed man.

For the next eight days snow-storms raged incessantly, and threatened to bury him alive in his tent. Although he was, as yet, spared the pangs of hunger—the friendly Indians having increased his small stock of provisions by the leg of an antelope—his sufferings of other kinds were indescribable. He was so lame that he had to crawl on his hands and knees when he fetched his supply of water; his head swam; his memory failed him; and he dared not close his eyes by night for fear of the wolves. Maddened by hunger, they came nearer and nearer to him. Howling and yelling they circled round and round the tent, closer and closer, at the close of every day. One night he heard the snow outside crackling under their feet; the next, he saw the teeth of one of them appear through the leather side of his tent. He could only scare them away by firing at them in the darkness; but they returned to the attack in a few hours; and they left him no chance of sleep till the broad daylight drove them back to their lairs.

He was just strong enough on the ninth day to make the ninth notch in the pole of the tent. On the tenth he was powerless. His courage gave way, and he despaired, for the first time, of rescue. He had a medicine-chest with him, which he had already used, containing a small bottle of laudanum and a case of quinine. Without forming any distinct resolution, without well knowing what he did, he put the laudanum bottle to his lips and almost emptied it. A deep swoon followed the draught; he remembered taking it, and remembered nothing more.

When he came to himself again it was pitch dark, and his tent poles were rocking in a gale of wind. Thirst, and, in a lesser degree, hunger, were his awakening sensations. He satisfied the first with half-melted snow, and the second with raw buffalo-meat. When his fire (which had dwindled to a few glimmering sparks) was relighted, he roasted the meat, and recklessly devoured three days' rations at a meal. By the morning he was so much better—partly through the rest which the laudanum had given to his mind, partly through the sustenance which the excess of food had afforded to his body—that the preservation of his life became once more a matter of some interest to him. He tottered out, leaning on his rifle, to get a little exercise. In a few days he contrived to walk as far as the top of a low hill, from which he could look forth, all round, over the lonesome prospect.

By this time his provisions were at an end, and the last faint hope of rescue from the Mission had died out of his mind. It was a question, now, whether the man should devour the wolves, or the wolves the man. The man had his rifle, his ammunition, and his steady resolution, to fight it out with solitude, cold, and starvation, to the very last—and the wolves dropped under his bullets, and fed him with their dry, sinewy flesh. He took the best part of the meat only, and left the rest. Every morning the carcass abandoned over night was missing. The wolves that were living devoured to the last morsel the wolves that were dead.

He grew accustomed to his wretched and revolting food, and to every other hardship of his forlorn situation—except the solitude of it. The unutterable oppression of his own loneliness hung upon his mind, a heavier and heavier weight with each succeeding day. A savage shyness at the idea of meeting with any living human creatures began to take possession of him. There were moments when he underwent the most fearful of all mortal trials—the conscious struggle to keep the control of his own senses. At such times, he sang, and whistled, and extended his walks to the utmost limits that his strength would allow; and so, by main force, as it were, held his own tottering reason still in its place.

Thus, the woful time—the dreary, lonely, hopeless hours—wore on till he had cut his sixteenth notch in the tent-pole. This was a memorable day in the history and experience of the Crusoe of the snowy desert.

He had walked out to the top of the little hill to watch the sun's way downward in the wintry western heaven, and he was wearily looking about him, as usual, when he saw two human figures, specks as yet, in the distance, approaching from the far north. The warning of the Delaware Indian came back to his memory, and reminded him that those two men were approaching from the district of the murderous Pawnees.

A moment's consideration decided him to await the coming of the strangers in a place of ambush which commanded a view of his tent. If they were Pawnees, he knew that the time had come when they or he must die.

He went back to the tent, armed himself with as many weapons as he could carry, took the percussion-caps off the rest, and hid them under the bed. Then he put wood on the fire, so as to let the smoke rise freely through the opening at the top of the tent, and thereby strengthen any suspicion in the minds of strangers that a living man was inside it; and he next fastened the second opening, which served for a door, tying it on the inner side, as if he had shut himself up for the night. This done, he withdrew to the frozen river of Sandy Hill Creek, about a hundred and fifty paces off, walking backwards so as to make his footmarks in the snow appear to be leading to the tent, instead of away from it. Arrived on the ice, off which the high winds had drifted the snow up on the banks, he took off his shoes for fear the nails in them might betray him by scratches on the smoothly-frozen surface, and then followed the stream over the ice, till he reached the winding which brought its course nearest to his tent. Here he climbed up the bank, between two snow-drifts, and hid himself

among some withered bushes, where the twigs and stalks gave him a sight of the tent, and just room enough, besides, for the use of his weapons.

In this situation he watched and listened. Although the frost was so intense that his breath froze on his beard, and his left hand felt glued to the barrel of his levelled rifle, the fever of expectation in his mind prevented his feeling the cold. He watched, for what seemed to be an interminable time; and, at last, the heads of the two men rose in sight over the brow of a neighboring hill. Their figures followed in another minute. All doubts were ended now—the last day in this world had dawned for him or for them—they were the dreaded Pawnees.

After holding counsel together on the hill, the savages threw back their buffalo skins, drew their full quivers before them, and strung their bows. They then separated. One walked to the top of the hill from which the deserted traveller had first caught sight of them, to trace the direction of his footsteps; the other examined the track between the water and the tent. Both appeared to be satisfied with their investigations; both met again before the tent, and communicated with one another by gestures, which expressed their conviction that the victim was asleep by his fire inside. In another moment they drew their bowstrings, placing themselves so that their double fire of arrows should meet at right angles in the tent.

The man whose life they were seeking never felt that life so dear to him as at the moment when he saw them shoot five arrows into the place where he slept. Still he watched and waited; for his existence now depended on his cunning and patience, on his not miscalculating, by an instant, the time to fire. He saw the savages pause and listen before they ventured into the tent. One of them then dropped his bow, grasped his tomahawk, and knelt to creep under the curtained opening, while the other stood over him with his arrow in the string ready to shoot. In this position, the skull of the kneeling Indian was brought within the white man's line of sight; and he cocked his rifle. Faint as the click was, he saw that it had caught their quick ears—for they both started and turned round. Observing that this movement made the kneeling man less likely to escape his eye in the tent, he shifted his aim, and fired at the naked breast of the man with the bow. The sharp eye of the savage discovered his hidden enemy at the same instant, and he sprang aside. But it was too late—he was hit; and he fell with a scream that went through every nerve of Mr Mullhausen's body. The other savage jumped to his feet; but the white man's weapon was the quicker of the two, and a discharge of buckshot hit him full in the face and neck. He dropped dead on the spot, by the side of the other man who was still groaning.

Although he knew that he had justifiably shot, in self-defence, two savages, whose murderous design on his own life had been betrayed before his eyes—although he was absolutely certain that if either one of the Pawnees had been permitted to escape, the whole tribe would have been at the tent by the next day—the brave traveller's nerve deserted him when he saw his two enemies on the ground, and when he thought of the terrible after-necessity of hiding what had been

done. With a feeling of unutterable despair he mechanically reloaded his rifle, and approached the place. The groans of the Indian who had been shot in the breast moved his pity so strongly that they seemed to recall him to himself. First turning the dead Indian face downwards, to escape the horrifying sight of the mangled features, he approached his wounded enemy, and made signs that he would forgive him, help him, cover him with buffalo skins, take him into the tent, and there do all that was in the power of man to gain his goodwill by preserving his life.

The savage lay writhing and bleeding with his teeth clenched, with his eyes glaring in deadly hatred through the long black hair that almost covered his face. But, after a while, the merciful white man saw that his gestures were understood. A sense of relief, even of joy, overflowed his heart at the prospect of saving the Indian, and of securing a companion in his fearful solitude. The wounded man signed to him to come nearer, and pointed with his left hand to his right hand and arm, which lay twisted under him. Without the slightest suspicion, Mr Mullhausen knelt over him to place his arm in an easier position. At the same moment the wretch's right hand flashed from beneath him, armed with a knife, and struck twice at the unprotected breast of the man who was trying to save him. Mr Mullhausen parried the blows with his right arm, drew his own knife with his left hand, and inflicted on the vindictive savage the death that he had twice deserved. The rattle sounded in the throat, and the muscles of the naked figure stretched themselves in the last convulsion. The lost traveller was alone again—alone in the frozen wilderness, with the bodies of the two dead men.

The night was at hand—the night came—a night never to be forgotten, never in any mortal language to be described. Down with the gathering darkness came the gathering wolves; and round and round the two corpses in front of the tent they circled and howled. All through that awful night the lost man lay listening to them in the pitch darkness, now cooling his wounded arm with snow, now firing his pistol to scare the wolves from their human prey.

With the first gleam of daylight he rose to rid himself of the horrible companionship of the bodies, and of all that betrayed their fate, before the next wandering Indians came near the spot, and before the wolves gathered again with the darkness. Hunger drove him to begin by taking their provision of dried buffalo-meat from under the dead men's leathern girdles. He then rolled up their remains, with whatever lay about them, in their buffalo robes, tied them round, dragged them, one after the other, to the hole in the ice where he got his water, and pushed them through it, to be carried away by the current of the river.

Even yet, the number of his necessary precautions was not complete. He had a large fire to make next, on the spot where the two savages had dropped, with the double object of effacing all traces of their fall, and of destroying the faintest scent of blood before the wolves collected again. When the fire had dwindled to a heap of ashes, a new snow-storm smoothed out all marks of it. By the next morning not a sign was left to betray the deaths of the Indians—the smooth ground was as empty and as white as ever—and of all that

had happened, on that memorable sixteenth day of the traveller's sojourn in the wilderness, nothing now remained but the terrible recollection of it.

The time wore on from that date, without an event to break the woful monotony of it, until Christmas came. He was still alive in his solitude on Christmas-day. A stolid apathy towards the future had begun to get possession of him; his sense of the horror of his situation grew numbed and dull; the long solitude and the ceaseless cold seemed to be slowly freezing his mind, and making a new wilderness there, dreary and empty as the waste that encompassed him. His thoughts wandered with a certain sadness to the Christmas-trees and the children's festivals, at that blessed season, in his native Germany—but he was too far gone for any deep grief, or for any bitter pangs of despair. He kept Christmas-day with the only indulgence he could afford himself, a pipefull of the dry willow leaves; and, as night fell, he lay on his back by the fire, looking up through the hole in his tent at the frosty heavens, and fancying dimly that the kind stars looked down on him, as they had often looked, in bygone days, at home.

The old year ended, and the new year came. His hold on life was slackening—and the end was not far off. It was daylight, early in the month of January. He was resting under his blankets—not asleep, and not awake. Suddenly the sound of approaching footsteps reached him on the still air. It was no dream—a salutation in the Indian language sounded in his ears a moment afterwards. He roused himself, and caught up his rifle. More words were spoken before he could get out of the tent. It was the English language this time.

"You are badly off here, friend," said a cheerful voice. Had the white men of the Mail and the Mission remembered him at last? No. When the tent covering was raised, an Indian entered, and pushed his five-foot rifle in before him—a savage looking man, with five savage companions. The lost traveller advanced to meet them with his rifle ready. Happily, he was wrong this time. These savage wanderers of the prairie—these charitable heathens, whom the pitiless Christians at the Mission were established to convert—had come to do the good work which his white brethren had, to their eternal disgrace, neglected: they had come to save him.

The man who had spoken in English was a half-breed—a voluntary renegade from civilization. His companions belonged, like himself, to the friendly tribe of Ottoo Indians. They had gone out with their squaws on a hunting expedition, and they had seen the smoke of the lost traveller's fire two miles off.

"You are hungry," said they, producing their own food; "eat. You are ready to perish—come with us. You are sick—we will take care of you and clothe you." These were the words of the red-skins; and the friendly promises they implied were performed to the letter.

On the next day every member of the hunting party, including the women and the boys, assembled at the tent to remove the forsaken white man, and all that belonged to him, to their own camp. The goods, for the preservation of which he had risked his life, were packed up; the wagon, abandoned by his fellow-traveller and himself, at the beginning of their disasters, when their last horse died, was cleared

of snow and made fit for use again; and even the tent was not left behind. It was too firmly frozen to the ground to be pulled up; so it was cut off just above the snow and was thrown over the rest of the baggage. When the Indians had packed the wagon, their wives and their boys harnessed themselves to it, and dragged it away cheerfully to the camp. Mr Mullhausen and the elder warriors followed. The Prussian traveller stopped, before he left the place for ever, to take a last look at the lonely scene of all his perils and his sufferings. The spot where his tent had stood was still marked in the snowy waste by the ashes of his expiring fire. His eyes rested long on that last-left, touching trace of himself and his hardships—then wandered away to the little hill from which he used to look out on his solitude—to the bank of the river where he had lain in ambush for the Pawnees—to the hole in the ice through which he had thrust their bodies. He shuddered, as well he might, at the dreadful memories which the familiar objects around him called up. A moment more, and he was descending the hill, from the summit of which he had looked back, to follow the trail of his Indian friends—a moment more, and he had left his home in the desert for ever.

In less than five weeks from that time, he and his wagon-load of goods were safe, thanks to the Ottoe Indians, at a fur-trading station on the Missouri river; and he was eating good bread again, and drinking whisky-punch, in the society of white men.

The particulars of this fearful narrative of suffering and peril have been abridged from an episode in Mr Mullhausen's own record of his travelling adventures in North America during a second visit to this part of the world, when he was in the employment of the United States Government. The book is written with great modesty and good sense; and contains some of the most curious revelations of manners and customs among the North American Indians which have yet been offered to the public. The author's experiences among the friendly Ottoes who rescued him may be singled out as especially interesting, or, more properly—from the singular nature of his position, at that period of his travels—as something quite unique.

CONUNDRUMS.

WHY is the letter A like a meridian? Because it is the middle of day.

Why is the letter B like a hot fire? Because it makes oil boil.

Why is the letter C like a disorderly house? Because it is always in confusion.

Why is the letter D like a fallen angel? Because, by association with "evil," it becomes a devil.

Why is the letter E like death? Because it is the end of time and the beginning of eternity.

Why is the letter G like wisdom? Because it is the beginning of greatness and goodness.

Why is the letter J like the end of spring? Because it is the beginning of June.

O C E O L A :

A Romance of the History of Florida and the Seminole War.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER VI.—THE ALLIGATOR.

To one brought up—born, I might almost say—upon the banks of a Floridian river, there is nothing remarkable in the sight of an alligator. Nothing very terrible either; for, ugly as is the great saurian—certainly the most repulsive form in the animal kingdom—it is least dreaded by those who know it best. For all that, it is seldom approached without some feeling of fear. The stranger to its haunts and habits abhors and flees from it; and even the native, be he red, white, or black—whose home borders the swamp and the lagoon, approaches this gigantic lizard with caution.

Some closet naturalists have asserted that the alligator will not attack man, and yet they admit that it will destroy horses and horned cattle. A like allegation is made of the jaguar and vampire bat. Strange assertions, in the teeth of a thousand testimonies to the contrary.

It is true the alligator does not *always* attack man when an opportunity offers—nor does the lion, nor yet the tiger—but even the false Buffon would scarcely be bold enough to declare that the alligator is innocuous. If a list could be furnished of human beings who have fallen victims to the voracity of this creature, since the days of Columbus, it would be found to be something enormous—quite equal to the havoc made in the same period of time by the Indian tiger or the African lion. Humboldt, during his short stay in South America, was well informed of many instances; and for my part, I know of more than one case of actual death, and many of lacerated limbs, received at the jaws of the American alligator.

There are many species, both of the caiman or alligator, and of the true crocodile, in the waters of tropical America. They are more or less fierce, and hence the difference of “travellers’ tales” in relation to them. Even the same species in two different rivers is not always of like disposition. The individuals are affected by outward circumstances, as other animals are. Size, climate, colonization, all produce their effect; and, what may appear still more singular, their disposition is influenced by the character of the race of men that chances to dwell near them!

On some of the South-American rivers—whose banks are the home of the ill-armed apathetic Indian—the caimans are exceedingly bold, and dangerous to approach. Just so were their congeners, the alligators of the north, till the stalwart backwoodsman, with his axe in one hand and his rifle in the other, taught them to fear the upright form—a proof that these crawling creatures possess the powers of reason. Even to this hour, in many of the swamps and streams of Florida, full-grown old alligators cannot be approached without peril: this is especially the case during the season of the sexes, and still more where these reptiles are encountered remote from the habita-

tion. In Florida are rivers and lagoons where a swimmer would have no more chance of life than if he had plunged into a sea of sharks.

Notwithstanding all this, use brings one to look lightly even upon real danger—particularly when that danger is almost continuous; and the denizen of the *cypriore* and the *white cedar* swamp is accustomed to regard without much emotion the menace of the ugly alligator. To the native of Florida, its presence is no novelty, and its going or coming excites but little interest—except, perhaps, in the bosom of the black man, who feeds upon its tail; or the alligator hunter who makes a living out of its leather.

The appearance of one on the edge of the *savanna* would not have caused me a second thought, had it not been for its peculiar movements, as well as those I had just observed on the part of the mulatto. I could not help fancying that there was *some connexion between them*: at all events it appeared certain that the reptile was following the man!

Whether it had him in view, or whether trailing him by the scent, I could not tell. The latter I fancied to be the case, for the mulatto had entered under cover of the maize-plants, before the other appeared outside the timber; and it could hardly have seen him as it turned towards the gap. It might, but I fancied not. More like, it was trailing him by the scent; but whether the creature was capable of doing so, I did not stay to inquire.

On it crawled over the sward—crossing the corner of the meadow, and directly upon the track which the man had taken. At intervals, it paused, flattened its breast against the earth, and remained for some seconds in this attitude, as if resting itself. Then it would raise its body to nearly a yard in height, and move forward with apparent eagerness—as if in obedience to some attractive power in advance of it! The alligator progresses but slowly upon dry ground—not faster than a duck or goose. The water is its true element, where it makes way almost with the rapidity of a fish.

At length it approached the gap; and, after another pause, it drew its long dark body within the enclosure. I saw it enter among the maize-plants, at the exact point where the mulatto had disappeared! Of course, it was now also hidden from my view.

I no longer doubted that the monster was following the man; and equally certain was I that the latter *knew* that he was followed! How could I doubt either of these facts? To the former I was an eye-witness; of the latter I had circumstantial proofs. The singular attitudes and actions of the mulatto; his taking out the bars and leaving the gap free; his occasional glances backward—which I had observed as he was crossing the open ground—these were my proofs that he knew what was coming behind him—undoubtedly he knew.

But my conviction upon these two points in nowise helped to elucidate the mystery—for a mystery it had become. Beyond a doubt, the reptile was drawn after by some attraction, which it appeared unable to resist—its eagerness in advancing was evidence of this, and proved that the man was exercising some influence over it that lured it forward.

What influence? Was he beguiling it by some charm of Obeah? A superstitious shudder came over me, as I asked myself the ques-

tion. I really had such fancies at the moment. Brought up, as I had been, among Africans, dandled in the arms—perhaps nourished from the bosom—of many a sable nurse, it is not to be wondered at that my young mind was tainted with the superstitions of Bonny and Benin. I knew there were alligators in the cypress swamp—in its more remote recesses, some of enormous size—but how Yellow Jake had contrived to lure one out, and cause it to follow him over the dry cultivated ground, was a puzzle I could not explain to myself. I could think of no natural cause; I was therefore forced into the regions of the weird and supernatural.

I stood for a long while watching and wondering. The deer had passed out of my mind. They fed unnoticed: I was too much absorbed in the mysterious movements of the half-breed and his amphibious follower.

CHAPTER VII.—THE TURTLE-CRAWL.

So long as they remained in the maize-field I saw nothing of either. The direction of my view was slightly oblique to the rows of the plants. The corn was at full growth, and its tall culms and broad lanceolate leaves would have overtopped the head of a man on horseback. A thicket of evergreen trees would not have been more impenetrable to the eye.

By going a little to the right, I should have become aligned with the rows, and could have seen far down the avenues between them; but this would have carried me out of the cover, and the mulatto might then have seen *me*. For certain reasons I did not desire he should; and I remained where I had hitherto been standing.

I was satisfied that the man was still making his way up the field, and would in due time discover himself in the open ground.

An indigo flat lay between the hammock and the maize. To approach the house it would be necessary for him to pass through the indigo; and, as the plants were but a little over two feet in height, I could not fail to observe him as he came through. I waited, therefore, with a feeling of curious anticipation—my thoughts still wearing a tinge of the weird!

He came on slowly—very slowly; but I knew that he was advancing. I could trace his progress by an occasional movement which I observed among the leaves and tassels of the maize. The morning was still—not a breath of air stirred; and consequently the motion must have been caused by some one passing among the plants—of course by the mulatto himself. The oscillation observed farther off told that the alligator was still following.

Again and again I observed this movement among the maize-blades. It was evident the man was not following the direction of the rows, but crossing diagonally through them! For what purpose? I could not guess. Any one of the intervals would have conducted him in a direct line towards the house—whither I supposed him to be moving. Why, then, should he adopt a more difficult course by crossing them? It was not till afterwards that I discovered his object in his zigzag movement.

He had now advanced almost to the nether edge of the cornfield.

The indigo flat was of no great breadth, and he was already so near that I could hear the rustling of the cornstalks as they switched against each other.

Another sound I could now hear; it resembled the howling of a dog. I heard it again, and, after an interval, again. It was not the voice of a full-grown dog, but rather the weak whimper of a puppy.

At first I fancied that the sounds came from the alligator: for these reptiles make exactly such a noise—but only when young. The one following the mulatto was full grown; the cries could not proceed from it. Moreover, the sounds came from a point nearer me—from the place where the man himself was moving.

I now remembered the white object I had observed as the man was crossing the corner of the savanna. It was not an opossum, then, but a young dog.

Yes. I heard the cry again: it was the whining of a whelp—nothing else.

If I could have doubted the evidence of my ears, my eyes would soon have convinced me; for, just then I saw the man emerge from out the maize with a dog by his side—a small white cur, and apparently a young one. He was leading the creature upon a string, half dragging it after him. I had now a full view of the individual, and saw to a certainty that he was our woodman, Yellow Jake.

Before coming out from the cover of the corn he halted for a moment, as if to reconnoitre the ground before him. He was upon his feet, and in an erect attitude. Whatever motive he had for concealment he needed not to crouch amid the tall plants of maize; but the indigo did not promise so good a shelter, and he was evidently considering how to advance through it without being perceived. Plainly, he had a motive for concealing himself—his every movement proved this—but with what object I could not divine.

The indigo was of the kind known as the “false Guatemala.” There were several species cultivated upon the plantation; but this grew tallest; and some of the plants, now in their full purple bloom, stood nearly three feet from the surface of the soil. A man passing through them in an erect attitude, could, of course, have been seen from any part of the field; but it was possible for one to crouch down, and move between the rows unobserved. This possibility seemed to occur to the woodman; for, after a short pause, he dropped to his hands and knees, and commenced crawling forward among the indigo.

There was no fence for him to cross—the cultivated ground was all under one enclosure—and an open ridge alone formed the dividing line between the two kinds of crop.

Had I been upon the same level with the field, the skulker would have been now hidden from my sight; but my elevated position enabled me to command a view of the intervals between the rows, and I could note every movement he was making.

Every now and then he paused, caught up the cur, and held it for a few seconds in his hands—during which the animal continued to howl as if in pain!

As he drew nearer, and repeated this operation, I saw that he was *pinching its ears!*

Fifty paces in his rear, the great lizard appeared coming out of the corn. It scarcely made pause in the open ground, but still following the track, entered among the indigo.

At this moment, a light broke upon me: I no longer speculated on the power of Obeah. The mystery was dissolved; the alligator was lured forward by the cries of the dog!

I might have thought of the thing before, for I had heard of it before. I had heard from good authority—the alligator hunter himself, who had often captured them by such decoy—that these reptiles will follow a howling dog for miles through the forest, and that the males especially are addicted to this habit. Hickman's belief was, that they mistake the voice of the dog for that of their own offspring, which these unnatural parents eagerly devour.

But, independently of this monstrous propensity, it is well known that dogs are the favorite prey of the alligator; and the unfortunate beagle that, in the heat of the chase, ventures across creek or lagoon, is certain to be attacked by these ugly amphibians.

The huge reptile, then, was being lured forward by the voice of the puppy; and this accounted for the grand overland journey he was making.

There was no longer a mystery—at least, about the mode in which the alligator was attracted onward; the only thing that remained for explanation was, what motive had the mulatto in carrying out this singular manoeuvre?

When I saw him take to his hands and knees I had been under the impression that he did so to approach the house without being observed. But as I continued to watch him I changed my mind. I noticed that he looked oftener, and with more anxiety, *behind* him, as if he was only desirous of being concealed from the eyes of the alligator. I observed, too, that he changed frequently from space to space, as if he aimed at keeping a screen of the plants between himself and his follower. This would also account for his having crossed the rows of the maize-plants, as already noticed.

After all, it was only some freak that had entered the fellow's brain. He had learned this curious mode of coaxing the alligator from its haunts—perhaps old Hickman had shewn him how—or he may have gathered it from his own observation, while woodchopping in the swamps. He was taking the reptile to the house from some eccentric motive?—to make exhibition of it among his fellows?—to have a "lark" with it? or a combat between it and the house-dogs? or for some like purpose?

I could not divine his intention, and would have thought no more of it, had it not been that one or two little circumstances had made an impression upon me. I was struck by the peculiar pains which the fellow was taking to accomplish his purpose with success. He was sparing neither trouble nor time. True, it was not to be a work-day upon the plantation; it was a holiday, and the time was his own; but it was not the habit of Yellow Jake to be abroad at so early an hour, and the trouble he was taking was not in consonance with his character of habitual *insouciance* and idleness. Some strong motive, then, must have been urging him to the act. What motive?

I pondered upon it, but could not make it out.

And yet I felt uneasiness, as I watched him. It was an undefined feeling, and I could assign no reason for it—beyond the fact that the mulatto was a bad fellow, and I knew him to be capable of almost any wickedness. But if his design was a wicked one, what evil could he effect with the alligator? No one would fear the reptile upon dry ground?—it could hurt no one?

Thus I reflected, and still did I feel some indefinite apprehensions.

But for this feeling I should have given over observing his movements, and turned my attention to the herd of deer, which I now perceived approaching to the savanna, and coming close to my place of concealment.

I resisted the temptation, and continued to watch the mulatto a little longer.

I was not kept much longer in suspense. He had now arrived upon the outer edge of the hammock, which he did not enter. I saw him turn round the thicket, and keep on towards the orangery. There was a wicket at this corner, which he passed through, leaving the gate open behind him. At short intervals he still caused the dog to utter its involuntary howlings.

It no longer needed to cry loudly, for the alligator was now close in the rear.

I obtained a full view of the monster as it passed under my position. It was not one of the largest, though it was several yards in length. There are some that measure more than a statute pole. This one was full twelve feet from its snout to the extremity of its tail. It clutched the ground with its broad webbed feet as it crawled forward. Its corrugated skin of bluish brown color was coated with slippery mucus, that glittered under the sun as it moved; and large masses of swamp-slime rested in the concavities between its rhomboid scales. It seemed greatly excited, and whenever it heard the voice of the dog, exhibited fresh symptoms of rage. It would erect itself upon its muscular arms, raise its head aloft—as if to get a view of the prey—lash its plaited tail into the air, and swell its body almost to double its natural dimensions. At the same time, it emitted loud noises from its throat and nostrils, that resembled the rumbling of distant thunder, and its musky smell filled the air with a sickening effluvium. A more monstrous creature it would be impossible to conceive. Even the fabled dragon could not have been more horrible to behold.

Without stopping, it dragged its long body through the gate, still following the direction of the noise. The leaves of the evergreens intervened, and hid the hideous reptile from my sight.

I turned my face in the opposite direction towards the house, to watch the further movements of the mulatto. From my position I commanded a view of the tank and could see nearly all around it. The inner side was especially under my view, as it lay opposite, and could only be approached through the orangery.

Between the grove and the edge of the great basin was an open space. Here there was an artificial pond, only a few yards in width, and with a little water at the bottom, which was supplied by means of a pump, from the main reservoir. This pond, or rather enclosure, was the "turtle crawl," a place in which turtle were fed and kept, to

be ready at all times for the table. My father still continued his habits of Virginian hospitality; and in Florida, these aldermanic delicacies are easily obtained.

The embankment of this turtle-crawl formed the direct path to the water-basin, and as I turned I saw Yellow Jake upon it, and just approaching the pond. He still carried the cur in his arms; I saw that he was causing it to utter a continuous howling.

On reaching the steps that led down, paused a moment, and looked back. I noticed that he looked back in both ways, first towards the house, and then, with a satisfied air, in the direction whence he had come. No doubt he saw the alligator close at hand; for, without further hesitation, he flung the puppy far out into the water; and then, retreating along the embankment of the turtle-crawl, he entered among the orange-trees and was out of sight.

The whelp, thus suddenly plunged into the cool tank, kept up a constant howling, at the same time beating the water violently with its feet, the endeavor to keep itself afloat.

Its struggles were of short duration. The alligator, now guided by the well-known noise of moving water, as well as the cries of the dog, advanced rapidly to the edge, and, without hesitating a moment, sprang forward into the pond. With the rapidity of an arrow, it darted out into the centre; and seizing the victim in its bony jaws, dived instantaneously under the surface!

I could for some time trace his monstrous form far down in the diaphanous water; but, guided by instinct, it soon entered one of the deep wells, amidst the darkness of which it sank out of sight.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE KING VULTURE.

"So, then, my yellow friend, that is the intention! a bit of revenge after all. I'll make you pay for it, you spiteful ruffian! You little thought you were observed. Ha! you shall rue this cunning deviltry before night.

Some such soliloquy escaped my lips as soon as I comprehended the design of the mulatto's manoeuvre—for I now understood it—at least I thought so. The tank was full of beautiful fish. There were gold fish and silver fish, hyodons, and red trout. They were my sister's especial pets. She was very fond of them. It was her custom to visit them daily, give them food, and watch their gambols. Many an aquatic *cotillon* had she superintended. They knew her person, would follow her around the tank, and take food out of her fingers. She delighted in thus serving them.

The revenge lay in this. The mulatto well knew that the alligator lives upon fish, they are his natural food; and that those in the tank, pent up as they were, would soon become his prey. So strong a tyrant would soon ravage the preserve, killing the helpless creatures by scores—of course to the chagrin and grief of their fond mistress, and the joy of Yellow Jake.

I knew that the fellow disliked my little sister. The spirited part she had played in having him punished for the affair with Viola, had kindled his resentment against her; but since then there had been other little incidents to increase it. She had favored the suit of his

rival with the quadroon, and had forbidden the woodman to approach Viola in her presence. These circumstances had certainly rendered the fellow hostile to her; and although there was no outward show of this feeling—there dared not be—I was nevertheless aware of the fact. His killing the fawn has proved it, and the present was a fresh instance of the implacable spirit of the man.

He calculated upon the alligator soon making havoc among the fish. Of course he knew it would, in time, be discovered and killed; but likely not before many of the finest should be destroyed.

No one would ever dream that the creature had been *brought* there—for on more than one occasion alligators had found their way into the tank—having strayed from the river or the neighboring lagoons—or rather having been guided thither by an unexplained instinct, which enables these creatures to travel straight in the direction of water.

Such, thought I, were the designs and conjectures of Yellow Jake.

It proved afterwards that I had fathomed but half his plan. I was too young, too innocent of wickedness, even to guess at the intense malice of which the human heart is capable.

My first impulse was to follow the mulatto to the house—make known what he had done—have him punished; and then return with a party to destroy the alligator, before it could do any damage among the fish.

At this crisis the deer claimed my attention. The herd—an antlered buck with several does—had browsed close up to the hommock. They were within two hundred yards of where I stood. The sight was too tempting. I remembered the promise to my mother; it must be kept; the venison must be obtained at all hazards!

But there was no hazard. The alligator had already eaten his breakfast. With a whole dog in his maw, it was not likely he would disturb the finny denizens of the tank for some hours to come; and as for Yellow Jake, I saw he had proceeded on to the house; he could be found at any moment; his chastisement could stand over till my return.

With these reflections passing through my mind I abandoned my first design, and turned my attention exclusively to the game.

They were too distant for the range of my rifle; and I waited awhile in the hope that they would move nearer.

But I waited in vain. The deer is shy of the hommock. It regards the evergreen islet as dangerous ground, and habitually keeps aloof from it. Natural enough, since there the creature is oft saluted by the twang of the Indian bow, or the whip-like crack of the hunter's rifle. Thence often reaches it the deadly missile.

Perceiving that the game was getting no nearer, but the contrary, I resolved to course them; and, gliding down from the rock, I descended through the copsewood to the edge of the plain.

On reaching the open ground, I rushed forward—at the same time unleashing the dogs, and crying the "view halloo."

It was a splendid chase—led on by the old buck—the dogs following tail-on-end. I thought I never saw deer run so fleetly; it appeared as if scarcely a score of seconds had transpired while they were crossing the savanna—more than a mile in width. I had a full and perfect

view of the whole; there was no obstruction either to the run of the animals or the eye of the observer; the grass had been browsed short by the cattle, and not a bush grew upon the green plain; so that it was a trial of pure speed between dogs and deer. So swiftly ran the deer, I began to feel apprehensive about the venison.

My apprehension was speedily at an end. Just on the farther edge of the savanna the chase ended—so far at least as the dogs were concerned, and one of the deer. I saw that they had flung a doe, and were standing over her, one of them holding her by the throat.

I hurried forward. Ten minutes brought me to the spot; and, after a short struggle, the quarry was killed and bled.

I was satisfied with my dogs, with the sport, with my own exploits. I was happy at the prospect of being able to redeem my promise; and with the carcass across my shoulders I turned triumphantly homeward.

As I faced round I saw the shadow of wings moving over the sunlit savanna. I looked upward. Two large birds were above me in the air; they were at no great height, nor were they endeavoring to mount higher. On the contrary, they were wheeling in spiral rings, that seemed to incline downward at each successive circuit they made around me.

At first glance, the sun's beams were in my eyes, and I could not tell what birds were flapping above me. On facing round, I had the sun in my favor; and his rays, glancing full upon the soft cream-colored plumage, enabled me to recognize the species—they were *king vultures*—the most beautiful birds of their tribe, I am almost tempted to say the most beautiful birds in creation; certainly they take rank among those most distinguished in the world of ornithology.

These birds are natives of the flowery land, but stray no further north. Their haunt is on the green "everglades" and wide savannas of Florida, on the llanos of the Orinoco, and the plains of the Apure. In Florida they are rare, though not in all parts of it; but their appearance in the neighborhood of the plantations excites an interest similar to that which is occasioned by the flight of an eagle. Not so with the other vultures—*Cathartes aura* and *atratus*—both of which are common as crows.

In proof that the king vultures are rare, I may state that my sister had never seen one—except at a great distance; yet this young lady was twelve years of age, and a native of the land. True, she had not gone much abroad—seldom beyond the bounds of the plantation. I remember her expressing an ardent desire to view more closely one of these beautiful birds. I remembered it that moment; and at once formed the design of gratifying her wish.

The birds were near enough—so near that I could distinguish the deep yellow color of their throats, the coral red upon their crowns, and the orange lappets that drooped along their beaks. They were near enough—within half reach of my rifle—but moving about as they were, it would have required a better marksman than I to have brought one of them down with a bullet.

I did not think of trying it in that way. Another idea was in my mind; and without farther pause I proceeded to carry it out:

I saw that the vultures had espied the body of the doe, where it

lay across my shoulders. That was why they were hovering above me. My plan was simple enough. I laid the carcass upon the earth; and, taking my rifle, walked away towards the timber.

Trees grew at fifty yards distance from where I had placed the doe; and behind the nearest of these I took my stand.

I had not long to wait. The unconscious birds wheeled lower and lower, and at length one alighted on the earth. Its companion had not time to join it before the rifle cracked, and laid the beautiful creature lifeless upon the grass.

The other, frightened by the sound, rose higher and higher, and then flew away over the tops of the cypresses.

Again I shouldered my venison; and, carrying the bird in my hand, started homeward.

My heart was full of exultation. I anticipated a double pleasure—from the double pleasure I was to create. I should make happy the two beings that, of all earth, were dearest to me—my fond mother, my beautiful sister.

I soon recrossed the savanna, and entered the orangery. I did not stay to go round by the wicket, but climbed over the fence at its lower end. So happy was I that my load felt light as a feather. Exultingly I strode forward, dashing the loaded boughs from my path. I sent their golden globes rolling hither and thither. What mattered a bushel of oranges?

I reached the parterre. My mother was in the verandah; she saw me as I approached, and uttered an exclamation of joy. I flung the spoils of the chase at her feet. I had kept my promise.

"What is that?—a bird?"

"Yes, the king vulture—a present for Virgine. Where is she? Not up yet? Ha! the little sluggard—I shall soon arouse her. Still abed and on such a beautiful morning!"

"You wrong her, George; she has been up an hour or more. She has been playing; and has just this moment left off."

"But where is she now? In the drawing-room?"

"No; she has gone to the bath."

"To the bath!"

"Yes, she and Viola. What"——

"O mother—mother"——

"Tell—George"——

"O heavens—the alligator!"

CHAPTER IX.—THE BATH.

"YELLOW JAKE! the alligator!"

They were all the words I could utter. My mother entreated an explanation; I could not stay to give it. Frantic with apprehension, I tore myself away, leaving her in a state of terror that rivalled my own.

I run towards the hommock—the bath. I wait not to follow the devious route of the walk, but keep straight on, leaping over such obstacles as present themselves. I spring across the paling, and rush through the orangery, causing the branches to crackle and the fruit to fall. My ears are keenly bent to catch every sound.

Behind are sounds enough: I hear my mother's voice uttered in accents of terror. Already have her cries alarmed the house, and are echoed and answered by the domestics, both females and men. Dogs, startled by the sudden excitement, are baying within the enclosure, and fowls and caged birds screech in concert.

From behind come all these noises. It is not for them my ears are bent; I am listening before me.

In this direction I now hear sounds. The plashing of water is in my ears, and mingling with it the tones of a clear silvery voice—it is the voice of my sister! "Ha, ha, ha!" The ring of laughter! Thank Heaven, she is safe!

I stay my step under the influence of a delicate thought; I call aloud:

"Virgine! Virgine!"

Impatiently I await the reply. None reaches me; the noise of the water has drowned my voice!

I call again, and louder: "Virgine! sister! Virgine!"

I am heard, and hear:

"Who calls? You, Georgy?"

"Yes; it is I, Virgine."

"And pray, what want you, brother?"

"O sister! come out of the bath."

"For what reason should I? Our friends come? They are early; let them wait, my Georgy. Go you and entertain them. I mean to enjoy myself this most beautiful of mornings; the water 's just right—delightful! Isn't it, Viola? Ho! I shall have a swim round the pond: here goes!"

And then there was a fresh plashing in the water, mingled with a cheerful abandon of laughter in the voices of my sister and her maid.

I shouted at the top of my voice:

"Hear me, Virgine, dear sister! For heaven's sake, come out! come!"—

There was a sudden cessation of the merry tones; then came a short sharp ejaculation, followed almost instantaneously by a wild scream. I perceived that neither was a reply to my appeal. I had called out in a tone of entreaty sufficient to have raised apprehension; but the voices that now reached me were uttered in accents of terror. In my sister's voice I heard the words:

"See, Viola! O mercy—the monster! Ha! he is coming this way! O mercy! Help, George, help! Save—save me!"

Well knew I the meaning of the summons; too well could I comprehend the half-coherent words, and the continued screaming that succeeded them.

"Sister, I come, I come!"

Quick as thought, I dashed forward, breaking through the bows that still intercepted my view.

"Oh, perhaps I shall be too late! She screams in agony; she is already in the grasp of the alligator!"

A dozen bounds carried me clear of the grove; and, gliding along the embankment of the turtle crawl, I stood by the edge of the tank. A fearful tableau was before me.

My sister was near the centre of the basin, swimming towards the

edge. There stood the quadrop—knee deep—screeching and flinging her arms frantically in the air. Beyond, appeared the gigantic lizard; his whole body, arms, hands, and claws clearly traceable in the pellucid water, above the surface of which rose the scaly serrature of his back and shoulders. His snout and tail projected still higher; and with the latter he was lashing the water into white froth, that already mottled the surface of the pond. He was not ten feet from his intended victim. His gaunt jaws almost touched the green baize skirt that floated train-like behind her. At any moment he might have darted forward and seized her.

My sister was swimming with all her might. She was a capital swimmer; but what could it avail? Her bathing-dress was impeding her; but what mattered that? The alligator might have seized her at any moment; with a single effort could have caught her, and yet he had not made it.

I wondered why he had not; I wondered that he still held back. I wonder to this hour, for it is not yet explained. I can account for it only on one supposition: that he felt that his victim was perfectly within his power: and as the cat cajoles with the mouse, so was he indulging in the plenitude of his tyrant strength.

These observations were made in a single second of time—while I was cocking my rifle.

I aimed, and fired. There were but two places where the shot could have proved fatal—the eye or behind the forearm. I aimed for the eye. I hit the shoulder; but from that hard corrugated skin, my bullet glinted as from a granite rock. Among the rhomboid protuberances it made a whitish score, and that was all.

The play of the monster was brought to a termination. The shot appeared to have given him pain. At all events, it roused him to more earnest action, and perhaps impelled him to the final spring. He made it the instant after.

Lashing the water with his broad tail—as if to gain impetus—he darted forward; his huge jaw hinged vertically upward, till the red throat showed wide agape; and the next moment the floating skirt—and oh! the limbs of my sister were in his horrid gripe!

I plunged in, and swam towards them. The gun I still carried in my grasp. It hindered me. I dropped it to the bottom, and swam on.

I caught Virgine in my arms. I was just in time, for the alligator was dragging her below.

With all my strength, I held her up; it needed all to keep us above the surface. I had no weapon; and if I had been armed, I could not have spared a hand to strike.

I shouted with all my voice, in the hope of intimidating the assailant, and causing him to let his hold. It was to no purpose: he still held.

O heavens! we shall both be dragged under—drowned—devoured—

A plunge, as of one leaping from a high elevation into the pond—a quick, bold swimmer from the shore—a dark-skinned face, with long black hair that floats behind it on the water—a breast gleaming with bright spangles—a body clad in bead-embroidered garments—a man! a boy!

Who is this strange youth that rushes to our rescue?

He is already by our side—by the side of our terrible antagonist. With all the earnest energy of his look, he utters not a word. He rests one hand upon the shoulder of the huge lizard, and with a sudden spring places himself on its back. A rider could not have leaped more adroitly to the saddle.

A knife gleams in his uplifted hand. It descends—its blade is buried in the eye of the alligator!

The roar of the saurian betokens its pain. The earth vibrates with the sound; the froth flies up under the lashings of its tail, and a cloud of spray is flung over us. But the monster has now relaxed its gripe, and I am swimming with my sister to the shore.

A glance backward reveals to me a strange sight—I see the alligator diving to the bottom with the bold rider still upon its back! He is lost—he is lost!

With painful thoughts, I swim on. I climb out, and place my fainting sister upon the bank. I again look back.

Joy, joy! the strange youth is once more above the surface, and swimming freely to the shore. Upon the further side of the pond, the hideous form is also above water, struggling by the edge—frantic and furious with the agony of its wounds.

Joy, joy! my sister is unharmed. The floating skirt has saved her. Scarcely a scratch shows upon her delicate limbs; and now in tender arms, amidst sweet words and looks of kind sympathy, she is borne away from the scene of her peril.

CHAPTER X.—THE “HALF-BLOOD.”

THE alligator was soon clubbed to death, and dragged to the shore—a work of delight to the blacks of the plantation.

No one suspected how the reptile had got to the pond—for I had not said a word to any one. The belief was that it had wandered there from the river, or the lagoons—as others had done before; and Yellow Jake, the most active of all in its destruction, was heard several times repeating this hypothesis. Little did the villain suspect that his secret was known. I thought that besides himself I was the only one privy to it; in this, however, I was mistaken.

The domestics had gone back to the house, “toating” the huge carcass with ropes, and uttering shouts of triumph. I was alone with our gallant preserver. I stayed behind purposely to thank him for our deliverance.

Mother, father, all had given expression to their gratitude; all had signified their admiration of his gallant conduct; even my sister, who had recovered consciousness before being carried away, had thanked him with kind words.

He made no reply, further than to acknowledge the compliments paid him; and this he did either by a smile or a simple inclination of the head. With the years of a boy, he seemed to possess the gravity of a man.

He appeared about my own age and size. His figure was perfectly proportioned, and his face handsome. The complexion was not that

of a pure Indian, though the style of his dress was so. His skin was nearer brunette than bronze: he was evidently a "half-blood."

His nose was slightly aquiline, which gave him that fine eagle-look peculiar to some of the North American tribes; and his eye, though mild in common mood, was easily lighted up. Under excitement, as I had just witnessed, it shone with the brilliancy of fire.

The admixture of Caucasian blood had tamed down the prominence of Indian features to a perfect regularity, without robbing them of their heroic grandeur of expression; and the black hair was finer than that of the pure native, though equally shining and luxuriant. In short, the *tout ensemble* of this strange youth was that of a noble and handsome boy, that another brace of summers would develop into a splendid-looking man. Even as a boy, there was an individuality about him, that, when once seen, was not to be forgotten.

I have said that his costume was Indian. So was it—purely Indian—not made up altogether of the spoils of the chase, for the buckskin has long ceased to be the wear of the aborigines of Florida. His moccasins alone were of dressed deer's hide; his leggings were of scarlet cloth; and his tunic of figured cotton stuff—all three elaborately beaded and embroidered. With these he wore a wampum belt, and a fillet encircled his head, above which rose erect three plumes from the tail of the king vulture—which among Indians is an eagle. Around his neck were strings of party-colored beads, and on his breast three demi-lunes of silver, suspended one above the other.

Thus was the youth attired; and, despite the soaking which his garments had received, he presented an aspect at once noble and picturesque.

"You are sure you have received no injury?" I inquired for the second time.

"Quite sure—not the slightest injury."

"But you are wet through and through; let me offer you a change of clothes: mine, I think, would about fit you."

"Thank you. I should not know how to use them. The sun is strong: my own will soon be dry again."

"You will come up to the house, and eat something?"

"I have eaten but a short while ago. I thank you. I am not in need."

"Some wine?"

"Again I thank you—water is my only drink."

I scarcely knew what to say to my new acquaintance. He refused all my offers of hospitality, and yet he remained by me. He would not accompany me to the house; and still he showed no signs of taking his departure.

Was he expecting something else? A reward for his services? Something more substantial than complimentary phrases?

The thought was not unnatural. Handsome as was the youth, he was but an Indian. Of compliments he had had enough. Indians care little for idle words. It might be that he waited for something more; it was but natural for one in his condition to do so, and equally natural for one in mine to think so.

In an instant my purse was out; in the next, it was in his hands—and in the next it was at the bottom of the pond!

"I did not ask you for money," said he, as he flung the dollars indignantly into the water.

I felt pique and shame; the latter predominated. I plunged into the pond, and dived under the surface. It was not after my purse, but my rifle, which I saw lying upon the rocks at the bottom. I gained the piece, and, carrying it ashore, handed it to him.

The peculiar smile with which he received it told me that I had well corrected my error, and subdued his capricious pride.

"It is my turn to make reparation," said he. "Permit me to restore you your purse, and to ask pardon for my rudeness."

Before I could interpose, he sprang into the water, and dived below the surface. He soon recovered the shining object, and returning to the bank, placed it in my hands.

"This is a splendid gift," he said, handling the rifle, and examining it—"a splendid gift; and I must return home before I can offer you ought in return. We Indians have not much that the white man values—only *our lands*, I have been told"—he uttered this phrase with peculiar emphasis. "Our rude manufactures," continued he, "are worthless things when put in comparison with those of your people—they are but curiosities to you at best. But stay—you are a hunter? Will you accept a pair of moccasins and a bullet-pouch? Maoomée makes them well——"

"Maoomée?"

"My sister. You will find the moccasin better for hunting than those heavy shoes you wear; the tread is more silent."

"Above all things, I should like to have a pair of your moccasins."

"I am rejoiced that it will gratify you. Maoomée shall make them, and the pouch too."

"Maoomée!" I mentally echoed. "Strange, sweet name!" Can it be she?"

I was thinking of a bright being that had crossed my path—a dream—a heavenly vision—for it seemed too lovely to be of the earth.

While wandering in the woods, amid perfumed groves, had this vision appeared to me—in the form of an Indian maiden. In a flowery glade I saw her—one of those spots in the southern forest which nature adorns so profusely. She appeared to form a part of the picture.

One glance had I, and she was gone. I pursued, but to no purpose. Like a spirit she glided through the *dædalian* aisles of the grove, and I saw her no more. But though gone from my sight, she passed not out of my memory; ever since had I been dreaming of that lovely apparition. Was it Maoomée?

"Your name?" I inquired, as I saw the youth was about to depart.

"I am called Powell by the whites: my father's name—he was white—he is dead. My mother still lives; I need not say she is an Indian."

"I must be gone, sir," continued he, after a pause. "Before I leave you, permit me to ask a question. It may appear impertinent, but I have good reason for asking it. Have you among your slaves one who is very bad, one who is hostile to your family?"

"There is such a one. I have reason to believe it."

"Would you know his tracks?"

"I would."

"Then follow me."

"It is not necessary. I can guess where you would lead me. I know all; he lured the alligator hither to destroy my sister."

"Ugh!" exclaimed the young Indian, in some surprise. "How learned you this, sir?"

"From yonder rock I was a witness of the whole transaction. But how did you come to know of it?" I asked in turn.

"Only by following the trail—the man—the dog—the alligator. I was hunting by the swamp. I saw the tracks. I suspected something, and crossed the fields. I had reached the thicket when I heard cries. I was just in time. Ugh!"

"You were in good time, else the villain would have succeeded in his intent. Fear not, friend! he shall be punished."

"Good—he should be punished. I hope you and I may meet again."

A few words more were exchanged between us, and then we shook hands and parted.

CHAPTER XI.—THE CHASE.

ABOUT the guilt of the mulatto I had no longer any doubt. The mere destruction of the fish could not have been his design; he would never have taken such pains to accomplish so trifling a purpose. No; his intent was far more horrid; it comprehended a deeper scheme of cruelty and vengeance; its aim was my sister's life!—Viola's—perhaps both!

Awful as was such a belief, there was no room left to doubt it; every circumstance confirmed it. Even the young Indian had formed the opinion that such was the design. At this season, my sister was in the habit of bathing almost every day; and that this was her custom was known to all upon the plantation. I had not thought of it when I went in pursuit of the deer, else I should in all probability have acted in a different manner. But who could have suspected such dire villainy?

The cunning of the act quite equalled its malice. By the merest accident, there were witnesses; but had there been none, it is probable the event would have answered the intention, and my sister's life been sacrificed.

Who could have told the author of the crime? The reptile would have been alone responsible. Even suspicion would not have rested upon the mulatto—how could it? The yellow villain had shown a fiendish craft in his calculation.

I was burning with indignation. My poor innocent sister! Little did she know the foul means that had been made use of to put her in such peril. She was aware that the mulatto liked her not, but never dreamed she that she was the object of such a demoniac revenge as this.

The very thoughts of it fired me, as I dwelt upon them. I could restrain myself no longer. The criminal must be brought to punishment, and at once. Some severe castigation must be inflicted upon him—something that would place it beyond his power to repeat such dangerous attempts.

How he would be dealt with, I could not tell—that must be left to my elders to determine. The lash had proved of no avail; perhaps the chain-gang would cure him—at all events, he must be banished the plantation.

In my own mind I had not doomed him to death, though truly he deserved it. Indignant as I felt, I did not contemplate this ultimate punishment of crime; used to my father's mild rule, I did not. The lash—the county prison—the chain-gang at St. Mark's or San Augustine—some of these would likely be his reward.

I knew it would not be left to the lenient disposition of my father to decide. The whole community of planters was interested in a matter of this kind. An improvised jury would soon assemble. No doubt harsher judges than his own master would deal with the guilty man.

I stayed no longer to reflect; I was determined his trial should be immediate. I ran towards the house with the intention of declaring his guilt.

In my haste, as before, I did not follow the usual path, which was somewhat circumbulant; I made direct through the grove.

I had advanced only a few paces, when I heard a rustling of the leaves near me. I could see no one, but felt sure that the noise was caused by some person skulking among the trees. Perhaps some of the field-hands, taking advantage of the confusion of the hour, and helping himself to a few oranges.

Compared with my purpose, such slight dereliction was a matter of no importance, and I did not think worth while to stay and hinder it. I only shouted out; but no one made answer, and I kept on.

On arriving at the rear of the house, I found my father in the enclosure by the grand shed—the overseer too. Old Hickman, the alligator hunter, was there, and one or two other white men, who had come upon business.

In the presence of all, I made the disclosure; and, with as much minuteness as the time would permit, described the strange transaction I had witnessed in the morning.

All were thunderstruck. Hickman at once declared the probability of such a manoeuvre, though no one doubted my words. The only doubt was as to the mulatto's intent. Could it have been human lives he designed to sacrifice? It seemed too great a wickedness to be believed. It was too horrible even to be imagined!

At that moment all doubts were set at rest. Another testimony was added to mine, which supplied the link of proof that was wanting. Black Jake had a tale to tell, and told it.

That morning—but half an hour before—he had seen Yellow Jake climb up into a live oak that stood in one corner of the enclosure. The top of this commanded a view of the pond. It was just at the time that "white miss" and Viola went to the bath. He was quite sure that about that time they must have been going into the water, and that Yellow Jake *must have seen them*.

Indignant at his indecorous conduct, the black had shouted to the mulatto to come down from the tree, and threatened to complain upon him. The latter made answer that he was only gathering acorns—the acorns of the live oak are sweet food, and much sought

after by the plantation people. Black Jake, however, was positive that this could not be yellow Jake's purpose; for the former still continuing to threaten, the latter at length came down, and Black Jake saw no acorns—not one!

"Twan't acorn he war arter, Massa Randoff; dat yaller loafa wan't arter no good—dat he wan't, sure sartin."

So concluded the testimony of the groom.

The tale produced conviction in the minds of all. It was no longer possible to doubt of the mulatto's intention, horrible as it was. He had ascended the tree to be witness of the foul deed; he had seen them enter the basin; he knew the danger that was lurking in its waters; and yet he had made no movement to give the alarm. On the contrary, he was among the last who had hastened towards the pond, when the screaming of the girls was summoning all the household to their assistance. This was shown by the evidence of others. The case was clear against him.

The tale produced a wild excitement. White men and black men, masters and slaves, were equally indignant at the horrid crime; and the cry went round the yard for "Yellow Jake!"

Some ran one way, some another, in search of him—black, white, and yellow ran together—all eager in the pursuit—all desirous that such a monster should be brought to justice.

Where was he? His name was called aloud, over and over again, with commands, with threats; but no answer came back. Where was he?

The stables were searched, the shed, the kitchen, the cabins—even the corn-crib was ransacked—but to no purpose. Where had he gone?

He had been observed but the moment before—he had assisted in dragging the alligator. The men had brought it into the enclosure, and thrown it to the hogs to be devoured. Yellow Jake had been with them, active as any at the work. It was but the moment before he had gone away; but where? No one could tell!

At this moment I remembered the rustling among the orange-trees. It might have been him. If so, he may have overheard the conversation between the young Indian and myself—or the last part of it—and if so, he would now be far away.

I led the pursuit through the orangery; its recesses were searched; he was not there.

The hommock thickets were next entered, and beaten from one end to the other; still no signs of the missing mulatto.

It occurred to me to climb up to the rock, my former place of observation. I ascended at once to its summit, and was rewarded for my trouble. At the first glance over the fields I saw the fugitive. He was down between the rows of the indigo plants, crawling upon hands and knees, evidently making for the maize.

I did not stay to observe further, but springing back to the ground, I ran after him. My father, Hickman, and others followed hard after me.

The chase was not conducted in silence—no stratagem was used, and by our shouts the mulatto soon learned that he was seen and pursued. Concealment was no longer possible; and rising to his feet, he

ran forward with all his speed. He soon entered the maize-field, with the hue and cry close upon his heels.

Though still but a boy, I was the fastest runner of the party. I knew that I could run faster than Yellow Jake, and if I could only keep him in sight, I should soon overtake him. His hopes were to get into the swamp, under cover of the palmetto thickets; once there, he might easily escape by hiding—at all events, he might get off for the time.

To prevent this, I ran at my utmost speed, and with success; for just upon the edge of the woods, I came up with the runaway, and caught hold of the loose flap of his jacket.

It was altogether a foolish attempt upon my part. I had not reflected upon anything beyond getting up with him. I had never thought of resistance, though I might have expected it from a desperate man. Accustomed to be obeyed, I was under the hallucination that, as soon as I should come up, the fellow would yield to me; but I was mistaken.

He at once jerked himself free of my hold, and easily enough. My breath was gone, my strength exhausted—I could not have held a cat.

I expected him to run on as before; but instead of doing so, he stopped in his tracks, turned fiercely upon me, and drawing his knife, plunged it through my arm. It was my heart he had aimed at; but by suddenly throwing up my arm, I had warded off the fatal thrust.

A second time his knife was upraised—and I should have had a second stab from it—but, just then, another face showed itself in the fray; and before the dangerous blade could descend, the strong arms of Black Jake were around my antagonist.

The fiend struggled fiercely to free himself; but the muscular grasp of his old rival never became relaxed until Hickman and others arrived upon the ground; and then a fast binding of thongs rendered him at once harmless and secure.

TO BE CONTINUED.

W A R.

HE who once has mingled in
The carnage—who has lain
The livelong night, in aching thirst,
Alive among the slain—
Will shudder at the name of war.
And curse the hand which draws
His sword for empty glory, or
To serve a selfish cause.

THE lower your senses are kept, the better you may govern them. Appetites are commonly like two buckets, when one is at the top, the other is at the bottom. The senses are, some of them, so mean, they relish scarcely anything but what they beg for.

THE sacred book of the ancient Persians says, "If you wish to be a saint, instruct your children; because all the good which they do will in the end be imputed to you."

A DAY IN PETTICOATS.

"I COULD N'T think of such a thing."

"But you must. My happiness depends on it. Here, put on the thingumbobs, and the what's-its-name."

And my friend Bob Styles held up before my hesitant glance a suit of female apparel.

His idea was that I should personate his lady-love one day, to prevent any one from suspecting the truth—namely, that she had joined him in a runaway marriage party—until it should be too late for interference; that is until the minister should have tied a knot between them; that nothing but a special act of the legislature could untie.

The scheme was not actually so absurd as it appeared at first sight. Maggie Lee was a tall, queenly woman, with an almost masculine air, and at that time I had a very slight form, almost effeminate, so that in fact there was really very little difference in that point. Then I had light hair, tolerably long, and fresh complexion. Part my hair in the middle, and put a bonnet on my head, and few persons would have suspected but I was really one of the softer sex. These accessories gave me also quite a decided resemblance to Maggie Lee, especially when, as in this case, the disguise was her own.

Then the day chosen for the runaway match was an auspicious one.

Maggie's father was to drive her to D—, a small village near where she lived, and there she was to join a sailing party down D— river, to the grove, three miles below, from which the party was to return in the evening in carriages.

Our plan was that I should be in waiting in the village, and should go on the boat with the sailing party, while Maggie, after leaving her father, should slip off with Bob Styles into the country.

At last I got dressed, and presenting myself before Maggie Lee, blushing a great deal, and I believe feeling very much pinched about the waist, and with an uncomfortable consciousness that my—my—shirt-sleeves were too short, or wanting altogether.

Everything finished in the way of toilet, Bob Styles took me into a light wagon, drove me over to D— by a secluded route, and left me at the hotel, where the sailing party were to assemble. Several of the pick-nic-ers were already there, and they greeted my chevalier cordially (everybody knew Bob Styles), asking him if he was going with them, etc. He told them he was not.

"Pressing business engagements you know, and all that sort of thing. Deuced sorry I can't go. I had just time to bring Miss Lee over, and now I'm off. Mr. Bimby, this is Miss Lee, Miss Withergall, Miss Lee," and he rattled off a long string of introductions, which convinced me that but few of the company were acquainted with the young lady whom I was personating—a very fortunate thing for the preservation of my disguise.

Mr. Bimby, a tall, legal-looking man, with a hook-nose, and eye-glass, and puffy hair, seemed to be prepossessed with my *personelle*, and I overheard him whisper to Bob Styles as he went out—

"Nice looking girl, that Miss Lee."

"Yes," answered Bob, with a mischievous glance at me, "she is a

nice girl, though a little go-ahead sometimes. Keep a look-out on her, will you;" then lowering his voice—"not a bad match for you, old fellow, she is rich."

"Is she?" said Mr. Bimby, his interest deepening.

"On my honor," replied Bob. Forty thousand dollars in her own right. Day-day," and he was gone.

Maggie Lee, artful creature as she was, had told her father that the sailing party was to assemble at another hotel, and thither he had taken her. Having business in D——, he left her there, saying he would send a carriage for her at eleven o'clock. She, like a dutiful daughter, kissed him, bid good-bye, and before he had gone a hundred rods took a seat in Bob Styles' light wagon, which had driven up to the back door as Old Lee's carriage drove away from the front, and the old story of headstrong love and prejudiced age was enacted over again.

As for us of the picnic excursion, we had a delightful sail down to the grove, but somehow I could not enjoy it as I ought to have done. When I walked on board the boat I felt awkward, as if everybody was looking at me. I found Mr. Bimby, as I had suspected, a young and rising lawyer, mighty in Blackstone in his own opinion. He insisted on paying for my ticket (the boat was a regular excursion boat), and purchasing enough oranges, pears and candies, to set up a street stand. Four or five times I was on the point of swearing at his impudent officiousness, but bit my tongue in time to prevent exposure. But it was not with him I found my *role* the hardest to play. No; the young ladies were the most difficult to deceive. For instance, there was one among them, a beautiful girl of seventeen, just returned from boarding-school, who had not seen Maggie Lee for three years. Of course she was delighted to see me, when she found out that I was Maggie, which, by the way, did not occur until after we had started. She threw herself into my arms, pulled my veil aside, and kissed me half a dozen times in a manner that made my finger ends tingle for an hour. It was all very nice, but if I had been in *propria persona* I would have liked it better. As it was, I felt as if I was obtaining goods under false pretences, and that lawyer Bimby might issue a warrant for my arrest on the ground at any moment.

A whole knot of crinoline then surrounded me on the upper deck of the boat, to the utter exclusion and consequent disgust of Mr. Bimby and the other gentlemen. I kept very quiet, only speaking monosyllables, in a falsetto voice; but the others—Lord bless you, how they gabbled! Under a strict promise of secrecy, the little boarding-school maiden who had kissed me so affectionately revealed all her love affairs, and also became unpleasantly confidential about other matters—inno-cent enough in themselves, but not customarily talked of between ladies and gentlemen.

I was terribly embarrassed, but it would not do to give it up then. As soon as my trick should become known, Bob Styles' trick would come out; and as news of that kind travels fast in the country, he and his lady-love would be telegraphed and followed before they reached Philadelphia, where the Styles family lived, and where the knot was to be tied.

The river breeze was very fresh where we sat, and I noticed that

several of the ladies were glancing uneasily at me. I could not divine the reason, until Jennie, my little friend from boarding-school, laid her face close to mine, and whispered: "My dear Maggie, your dress is blowing up terribly high—your ankles will be town-talk with all the gentlemen!"

I was conscious of having a very small foot for a man, and had donned a pair of open-work stockings, which came nearly up to my waist, with a pair of garters borrowed from a servant girl, in all of which toggerly my running gear looked quite feminine and respectable, but the idea of the gentlemen talking about my ankles, and of being cautioned thus by a young girl who would have been frightened to death if I had told her the same thing yesterday, was too much for me. I burst into a sort of strangled laugh, which I could only check by swallowing half of my little filigree lace-edged handkerchief. The young ladies all looked at me in apparent astonishment at such a voice, and I wanted to laugh all the more. Fortunately, Mr. Bimby came to my rescue at the moment, and edged himself in among the crinoline.

"May I sit here?" he asked, pointing to the window near me.

"Certainly," I simpered, in a high falsetto.

"Ah, thank you," said Bimby, "with a lackadaisical air, which nauseated me, as coming from one man to another, "you are as kind as you are fascinating."

"You flatter me!"

"I? No, indeed; praise of you cannot be flattery, Miss Lee."

"O, sir, you are a very naughty man," I said, in a most feminine tone I could command.

He cast a languishing glance at me through the black lace veil, and I began to fear for his "feelings."

We soon arrived at the grove, and found our band—engaged beforehand—awaiting us. Of course, dancing was the first amusement, and lawyer Bimby led me out for a schottische. It was hard at first for me to take the lady's part in any dance, but I soon got accustomed to it. When a waltz was proposed I resolved to have a little amusement at the expense of the unfortunate Bimby.

I had first made him purposely jealous, by dancing with the two other young fellows, one whom I knew, in my own character, but who never suspected me as Maggie Lee. This young man, who was a great woman-killer—a sort of easy, devil-may-care rascal, who made the ladies run after him by his alternate wrath of action and coolness of protestation—I selected to play off against my legal adviser. I allowed him to hold me very closely, and occasionally looked at him a sort of fascinating expression. When we quit dancing he led me to my seat, keeping his arm around my waist, and I permitted it.

Having thus stirred Bimby up to feats of wrathful valor, I asked one of the gentlemen to direct the musicians to play a waltz. Bimby came directly.

"Ahem—a—Miss Lee, shall I—a—have the honor of—a—trying a waltz with you?"

I smiled a graceful acquiescence, and we commenced.

Now, I am an old stager at waltzing. I can keep it up longer than any non-professional dancer, male or female, whom I ever met. As

long as the *cachuca* or *schoonbrunnen* rings in my ear I can go on, if it is for a year.

Not so Bimby. He plead want of practice, and acknowledged that he soon got dizzy.

"Aha, old boy," thought I, "I'll give you a turn, then!"

But I only smiled, and said that I should probably get tired first.

"O yes!" he exclaimed, "of course; I can waltz as long as any one lady, but not much more."

For the first three minutes my cavalier did well. He went smoothly and evenly, but at the expiration of that time began to grow warm. Five minutes elapsed, and Bimby's breath became harder. On he went, however, and I scorned to notice the slackening up at every round, and we passed my seat. After some ten or twelve minutes the wretched man gasped out between his steps:

"Ah, a—are you not get—getting tired?"

"O, no!" I burst forth, as coolly as if I was riding round the room—"O, no, I feel as if I could waltz all night!"

The look of despair that he gave was terrible to see.

I was bound to see him through, however, and we kept at it. Bimby staggered, and made wild steps in all directions. His shirt-collar wilted, his eyes protruded, his jaw hung down, and altogether I saw he could not hold out much longer. This is delightful!" said I, composedly, "and you, Mr. Bimby, waltz so easily."

"Puff—puff—ah—puff—yes—oh—puff—very—puff—delightful," gasped he.

"Don't you think it ought to go a little faster?"

"He rolled his eyes heavenward in agony.

"Ah—puff—puff—I don't—ah—puff—puff—don't know."

So when we neared the musicians, I said, "Faster, if you please—faster!" and they played *a la* whirlwind.

Poor Bimby threw his feet about like a fast racer and revolved after the manner of a teetotem which is nearly run down. At last he staggered a step backwards, and spinning eccentrically away from me, pitched headlong into a bevy of ladies in a corner. I turned around coolly, walked to my seat, and sent the young woman-killer for a glass of ice-water.

The miserable lawyer recovered his senses just in time to see me thank his rival for the water.

I got some idea from this of the fun the young ladies find in tormenting us poor devils of the other sex.

At this juncture, and before Mr. Bimby had time to apologize for his accident, little Jennie came running into the pavilion which served as a ball-room. As she came near, I perceived that her hands were clutched tightly in her dress, and I positively shuddered as she whispered to me:

"O, Maggie! come and help me fix my skirts—they are coming down!"

What should I do? I was in agony. A cold perspiration broke out upon my forehead. I wished myself a thousand miles away, and anathematized Bob Styles' masquerading project inwardly, with fearful maledictions.

No, nothing would do but I must accompany her to the house of

the gentleman who owned the grove, and assist her to arrange her clothing. So I went.

What if it should be necessary to remove the greater part of her raiment? What if she should tell me to do some sewing? What if in the midst of all the embarrassments of being closeted with a beautiful girl of seventeen, in a state of comparative freedom from drapery, my real sex and identity should be discovered by her?

I felt as if an apoplectic fit would be a fortunate occurrence just then.

However, I nerved myself up to the task, and accompanied Jennie to the house designated. An old lady showed us into her chamber, and Jennie, heaving a sigh of release, let go her dress. As she did so—a pardon my blushes!—a petticoat fell to the floor. She was about to proceed, but I alarmed her by a sudden and vehement gesture.

"Stop!" I cried frantically, and forgetting my falsetto; "Stop! don't undress yourself for God's sake!"

"And why not?"

"Because I am—I am—a—can you keep a secret?"

"Why, yes—how frightened you look! Why, what is the matter, Maggie! you—why—oh—no!"

And she gave three screams.

"Hush, no noise, or I am lost!" I exclaimed, putting my hand over her mouth. I swear I mean no harm; if I had I would not have stopped you. Don't you see.

"O, sir," she said, "I see you are a man; but what does all this mean? Why do you dress so?"

I told her the story as briefly as possible, and exacted a promise from her of the most sacred secrecy.

I then went outside the door, and waited till she had arranged her dress, when she called me in again.

She had heard of me from Maggie and others, and wanted to hear all the particulars; so I sat down by her, and we had a long talk, which ended in a mutual feeling of friendship and old acquaintance—quite wonderful for the first. Just as we started to go back to the pavilion I said that I must relieve my mind of one more burden.

"And what is that?"

"Those kisses. You thought I was Maggie Lee or you would not have given them. They were very sweet, but I suppose I must give them back." And I did.

She blushed a good deal, but she didn't resist, only when I got through she glanced up, and timidly said:

"I think you are real naughty, anyhow."

When I returned I found lawyer Bimby quite recovered from his dizziness, and all hands at supper, which was served in the ball-room. I sat between Bimby and Jennie, and made love to both of them in turn; to one as Maggie Lee, and to the other as myself. After supper, at which I astonished several, by eating rather more heartily than young ladies generally do, we had more dancing, and I hinted very strongly to Mr. Bimby that I should like to try another waltz.

He didn't take the hint.

Finding it rather dry amusement to dance with my own kind, I soon abandoned that pleasure, and persuaded Jennie to stroll off in the moonlight with me. We found the grove a charming place, full

of picturesque little corners, and rustic seats, and great grey rocks leaning out over the river. On one of these latter a little bench was placed, in a nook which was sheltered from the wind, and from sight.

Here we sat down, in the full flood of the moonlight, and having just had dinner, I felt wonderfully in need of a cigar.

Accordingly, I went back to a little stand near the ball-room, and purchased several from the wondering woman who sold refreshments. Then returning to the seat by the rocks, I gave up all cares and fears of my incognito, and revelled in the pleasure of my solitude—the fragrance of my cigar—the moonlight, and little Jennie's presence.

How long we sat there heaven only knows. We talked, and laughed, and sang, and looked into each other's eyes, and told fortunes, and performed all the nonsensical operations common amongst young people just falling in love with each other, and might have remained there until this month of April, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and fifty-nine, for aught I know, had not the carriages been sent to convey us home, and the rest of the company began to wonder where we were.

This wonder begat questions, and the questions fears, and the fears search, headed by the valiant Bimby.

They called and looked and listened, but our position down in the sheltered nook among the rocks prevented them from hearing us, or we them.

At length they hit upon our path, and all came along single file, until they got to the open space above.

They saw a light.

I was spread out in a free and easy position, my bonnet taken off, my hair somewhat twisted up.

One foot rested on the ground, and the other on a rock about level with my head (regardless of angles this time), and there I sat puffing away in a very unlady-like style, at a highly flavored Concha.

Jennie was sitting close beside me, with her head almost on my shoulder, and her small waist encircled by my arm. Just as the party came along above us I laughed out in a loud masculine voice.

"Just think of poor what 's-his-name there—Bimby! Suppose he knew that he has been making love to a man!"

"Hush!" cried Jennie. "Look, there is—and, oh, my gracious! there is the company!"

Yes, we were fairly caught. It was no use for me to clap on my bonnet and assume falsetto again—they had seen altogether too much for that.

Besides, by this time, Bob Styles and Maggie Lee were doubtless "one flesh," and my disguise was of no further importance, so I owned up and told the story.

Lawyer Bimby was in a rage. He vowed to kill me, and squared off, but the rest of the party laughed at him so unmercifully, and suggested that we should waltz it out together, that he finally cooled down, and slunk away to take some private conveyance back to D—.

Bob Styles and I are living in a large double house together. He often says he owes his wife to my masquerading, but he don't feel under any obligation to me, for I owe my wife to the same thing.

N. B.—My wife's name is Jennie!

"H O W D ' Y E D O ?"

THE social principle in man is strong and ineradicable. He may be proud, domineering, or all that is bad; but to confine him with Diogenes in a tub, or a Platonic lover in some brilliant satellite, were an intolerable punishment. Solitary confinement is, and ever must be, the keenest corrective trial. A man may rave about his independence, and desire a whole universe to himself, hollow to resound his massive tread, mirrored to reflect his noble form; but therein he stifles the outgrowing inclinations of his own heart, and does not guess how sensibly he would feel the want of the commonest expressions and salutations of every-day life. Prometheus, chained on his crag, amid the eternal snows, and gnawed by the vulture, and Simon Stylites on his lonely column, are apt types of such a solitary friendless creature. Individual isolation is unnatural and inhuman. Nor is the self-centered existence of nations one whit more possible, or in accordance with the nature of things. No matter how uncivilised a people may be, or how remote in distance or history; in their warm welcoming of strangers impelled to their shores by curiosity or commerce, this sociality, this dormant consciousness of a primeval oneness, seems to burst forth. Our own highly favored and social land, in an age when steam and electricity have done their best to promote universal brotherhood, has been making a mighty clamor, lest Earth should be the only inhabited orb in the universe. Our social bias would even people the moon and stars with beings like ourselves.

Growing naturally out of this irrepressible instinct, are all those relations and virtues which adorn our common life, and promote good feeling among men. This sociality will express itself outwardly, either in actions or common speech. Man will recognise his fellows, and even where there are no positive ties, there will be an interchange of ceremonies and good wishes. These gratulations are as extended as the human race itself; and the rude savages who have never before seen the white man's face, are as ready to make their friendly obeisance, as are mutual friends endeared by a long attachment, or those whom a fine bright morning makes unusually genial.

There is something peculiarly interesting in these common forms of salutation, current in different parts of the world. They give us admirable evidence of the geniality and good qualities of mankind, individually and nationally, and are the rude poetry of life, which is refined and beautified in the poet's song. In these forms of friendliness and recognition, all the great features of races seem, in geological phrases, to crop out; and while they are interesting in themselves, they serve to strengthen previous convictions, and indicate much genuine kindness where it was least to be expected.

The term "salutation" is equally applicable to those well-wishes which are current in common life, as to those acts and gestures which are their substitutes or accompaniments. The word itself, which expresses either, exists in very similar forms in several languages. In Latin, from which the others are derived, it is *salueare*, to wish health; in Italian, it is the same word, differently accentuated; in Spanish, it is *saludar*; in French, *salue*; and in the old English of Chaucer and his predecessors, *salwe* and *salow*.

In the kindly wishes and compliments which have become household words and national inheritances among men, there is less variety than will be found in the various mute signs of friendly feeling. The common wish, "Good-morning," or "Good-day," is a contraction of the one used by our pious ancestors, "God give ye a good day;" and "Good-bye" is a similar corruption for "God be wi' ye." "Farewell" is another Saxon term employed in parting, synonymous with the Latin terms *Vale* and *Valete*—"May you be in health;" and the French word *Adieu*, now Anglicised, expresses the beautiful sentiments, "I leave you to God." In Roman Catholic countries, "Praised be Jesus Christ," to which is answered, "For ever, Amen," are the usual daily courtesies. The German miners' salute, "Good luck to you," is expressive of their mingled benevolence and superstition. Among the eastern nations, there is a flourish about these tokens of friendliness peculiarly characteristic. The Turk confides you to Allah in the most determined and poetic manner, and blesses you from the crown of your head to the sole of your feet, with quotations from their proverbs and wonderful poetry, until you are almost smothered in flowery sentiment. The Koran enjoins them thus: "When ye are saluted with a salutation, salute the person with a better salutation, or at least return the same; for God taketh an account of all things;" and they invariably manage to outdo the foreigner, however long and ably prepared his sentiment may be. This doubling of the salutation was common also among the Jews; the answer to a "Good-day, my lord," being generally, "A good and a long day to my lord." The Jews, too, anciently enjoined the saluting only of friends, and were careful to avoid strangers. Hence is derived the scriptural expostulation, "If ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others?" Their ordinary forms were—"God be gracious to thee, my son. Be thou blessed of Jehovah! May God be with you!" and, to their kings, "Sir, be your life prospered."

The Arab, like the Turk, retains the old "Peace be with thee," so often rolled out as *Pax vobiscum* from unctuous priestly lips; and the reply is, "With you be peace." He addresses the stranger with "Welcome! What do you wish?"—and a "God reward you" suffices to remunerate for any attentions at their hospitable hands. The scriptural injunction, "Salute no man by the way," is thought by some to indicate this saluting as a hindrance to the disciples' journeying. The African traveller, Hameman, says the better educated the Arab, the more persevering will he be in questions as to your welfare. He once saw a well-dressed Fezzan youth accost an Arab of Angila. The youth detained the old man for some time, and, not content with this, ran by his horse's side for half a mile, ejaculating, "How dost thou fare? Well, how art thou thyself? Praised be God, thou art arrived in peace! How dost thou do?" and other similar civilities. The Chinese *Yung fo*, "Happiness is painted upon thy countenance," is a common salute amongst the men; whilst the women, only allowed to salute their own sex, say, *Van fo*, "May all happiness be with you." Towards the ladies of Siam, no matter how old or ugly, all the terms of delight and preciousness heaven and earth afford are indiscriminately employed; and the prefix "young" is, no doubt, very pleasing when coupled with "heaven, diamond, angel, and flower."

In Paraguay, in South America, when a person returns after a long absence, he enters his home and seats himself; the females walk around him for a time in silence, and then burst forth into all sorts of mournful salutations, and pour upon his ears all the disagreeable incidents that have marked his absence, which he gravely repeats after them; and this over, they lapse into more joyous tones, and an entertainment concludes the event. "*Wacoah*," "*hoee*," and "*lansee*," words expressive of friendly welcome, were bawled out with stentorian lungs by the natives when Captain Cook was exploring the north-west coast of America.

The oldest form of salutation in which there is outward action and signs is that of embracing and kissing various parts of the body. When Esau met his brother Jacob, the latter bowed seven times to the ground, and Esau ran to meet him, and fell upon his neck and embraced him. Job, as we find in the Bible, also took Amasai by the beard to kiss him; and this practice is still current among the Arabs and Moors when both parties are friends and of equal rank; and other eastern tribes also take one another by the chin in giving a hearty salute. The kissing of the shoulder or neck was also common amongst both equals and inferiors; but the kissing of the feet, though not unusual with the Jews, is generally deemed an expression of servility, inasmuch as the saluting person generally threw himself on the ground before the object of his real or simulated affection. Pope Constantine I had his foot kissed by the emperor Justinian II when he entered Constantinople in 710, and Pope Valentine I, about 827, was the first who required it as an established form of respect. Poles, Bohemians, and Russians are all profuse in these salutes, on the ground, of the knees, hands, and garments of individuals. To kiss the forehead of a Russian lady is the height of good-breeding; but in Italy and Germany, if against the lady's wish, it is punishable by law. Gentlemen in Germany and France often embrace and kiss each other openly, and many an exiled son of Erin, tramping along our highways, thus welcomes his friend with an amount of affection which is not the least interesting trait in their character. Kissing the hands is a mark of respect that was very much observed in ancient times, Priam kissed the hand of Achilles in the *Iliad* of Homer, and with both Greek and Jew such salutation was used towards the higher functionaries in the government. The greatest act of politeness with which an Egyptian can salute a stranger, is to kiss his hand and place it on his head. The members of an English administration kiss the Queen's hand on their first audience, and when a foreign empress is present at court, her hand is generally extended to the kneeling courtiers who are about to kiss her garment. The younger members of the nobility, when presented to the Queen, receive from her a kiss upon the cheek.

The bow, in various forms, seems to be next in antiquity and prevalence. Its general form is merely an inclination of the head or body, but in some cases it is accompanied with many strange and remarkable actions. The old Jewish form was to lay the right hand on the bosom and gently incline the body; but when the person recognised was a superior in rank, the obeisance was much lower. The Turk makes the sign of the cross on his breast with his hands, and

then bows. The Hindoo salam consists in placing the right hand on the breast with a profound bow, and then touching the ground and his forehead with the same hand. A Chinese mandarin, meeting his superior in rank, stops his sedan, and bows reverentially; and in their reception of visitors, various bowings and bendings of the knee are gone through with in the hall, and many florid and titular compliments passed, ere the visitor is allowed to take a seat and open his communication. When two Chinese friends meet, they join their hands on their breasts, or above their heads, and inclining somewhat, exclaim: "*Tsin, tsin*"—a complimentary expression something like "Glad to see you." If a long period has intervened between their last meeting, they repeatedly fall on their knees, and bend forwards, asking questions, and uttering extravagant gratulations. The Cingalese salute their superiors by bowing the body, and at the same time extending both hands with the palms upwards. In Borneo, the salam is in general use, but they have also a custom of raising both hands above the forehead; and should the person saluted be a prince, they bow themselves to the ground, and retire backwards on their hands and knees. The salute of the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands is even still more curious and complicated. They bend the whole body forward, place their hands upon their cheeks, elevate one leg, and bend the knee. The Siamese makes an ungallant bow by throwing himself on the ground before his master or superior. The latter then sends one of his attendants to see if the inferior has eaten anything of a disagreeable odor, or is otherwise unfit for audience. If such be the case, he is unceremoniously kicked by his superior, and makes his exit much more hastily than he came in; but otherwise, he is lifted up by the attendants, and opens his business. The Egyptian salutation consists in the extension of the hands, or pressure of them against the breast, and an ordinary inclination. The bow is the polite form of salutation with both the French and ourselves, although undeniably more cultivated, and better executed by the former. Yet our ancestors were firm and constant inculcators of the graces of deportment. Any one who will take the trouble to dig among the charters of the endowed grammar-schools that are found up and down the country, will find that one of the special purposes of their founders was, "the teaching of good manners and behavior;" and in towns where the old routine is unaltered, the well-dressed stranger will meet with bows and courtesies, given with true rank-and-file precision.

The shaking of hands seems always to have been an act of good-fellowship wherever it has been current. With what people it first came into extensive practice is unknown, although its use among the early converts to Christianity, in conjunction with the "holy kiss," would indicate its employment in place of the older form of embracing. Pythagoras, the founder of the great intellectual school at Crotona, held that friendship was imperishable, and that it therefore behoved no man indiscriminately to conjoin right hands, and thus give the highest pledge of fidelity and friendship to unworthy persons. Ritson, the old English ballad-antiquary, has a verse in one of his collections, very emphatic, respecting it as a true test of feeling; for they were unquestionably hearty hand-shakers in older times:

For the hand of the heart is the index, declaring
If well or if ill, how its master will stand ;
I heed not the tongue, of its friendship the swearing,
I judge of a friend by the shake of the hand.

In most civilised countries, the shaking of the hand is the established form of friendly greeting, and it is almost unnecessary to add that Englishmen are eminent for the vigor and cordiality of their grasp. The Arabians of the desert shake hands with friends as many as six or eight times. Many negro races prefer confining their attentions to the fingers alone. Seizing the hand, they pull away at the fingers until the joints begin to crack. The people of Lower Guinea also seize the fingers in an odd manner, cracking them, and calling out: "Thy servant, thy servant." In the upper provinces of Guinea, they mutually embrace, and join the fore or index finger of the right hands, until they crack, when bending forward they say: "Good-day, good-day;" or if the persons be of the upper rank, they exclaim: "Peace, peace." The Moors, also, are fond of shaking the right hand.

A variety of other forms of salutation are incapable of classification. The Japanese, in meeting his superior, doffs his sandals, introduces his right hand into his left sleeve, and lets his wrists fall gently upon his knees, when with a rocking, shuffling gait, he quietly passes his superior, jerking out in lugubrious tones the while: "Augh, augh! don't hurt me, don't hurt me!" A stranger in Morocco has his presence of mind seriously shaken out of him by a Moorish horseman riding down upon him in a furious manner, suddenly checking his horse in front of him, and firing a pistol over his head. The Egyptians, when in their divans, mutually take off each other's slippers, and place them by their sides. The negroes of Sierra Leone bend their right elbows until the hand touches the mouth, the right thumbs and forefingers are then placed together, and slowly withdrawn. The Laplanders press their noses together, and the Tahitian observes the same ceremony, afterwards rubbing the other's hand on his own nose and mouth. Two bands of North American Indians meeting, they throw themselves on the ground before they come near enough to converse, and the two eldest of each party advance with their budget of news. An awful sighing then takes place, ending in a perfect yell; each sex approaches in different groups, and a distribution of tobacco-pipes among the men ends the ceremony. In South America they are unusually-pert and laconic. Two greeting, one says "Thou!" and the other says "Yes," and they pass on. The Cingalese women clap their hands, lifting them up to their foreheads. Other customs, equally curious and amusing, are fast disappearing before the intercourse with more civilised nations, which is constantly following upon the extension of commerce; and more refined modes of friendly recognition are replacing those rude and grotesque salutations, which, while they indicate the same common feelings, can scarcely be said to show the same amount of culture and intelligence. The spread of knowledge and a more extended intercourse are immediately perceptible in the manners of the outward man; and in the constant attrition of social life he acquires a finish and grace which, if it exhibits less fervor, is still not wanting in sincerity or manliness.

THE LATE BARON HUMBOLDT.

AMID the din of war and the hurricane of human passion, a great man has passed from among us. The author of "Kosmos" has gone into the land of shadows, and another link with the mighty past has been snapped asunder. To write the life of such a man would be impossible within our limits, for his mind was universal in its range; it grasped with iron strength everything it met, and, instead of being weakened by the immensity it was brought into contact with, its appetite grew with what it fed on. But Humboldt's merits are of such transcendent quality that praise would be idle. We must therefore content ourselves with a brief sketch of this European celebrity.

Alexander Von Humboldt was born at Berlin on the 14th of September, 1769. He was an undergraduate at Gottingen, which university he left for Frankfort-on-the-Oder. Geography and geology were his chief studies. His intelligence and zeal were not overlooked by the Government. In 1795 he was sent by the Prussian Government to study the nature of the volcanic eruptions of Vesuvius. Humboldt's mind took a wider range. He aspired to investigate regions unknown. Africa was his object. He went to Marseilles and joined Bonpland, who was on the point of starting on a similar mission, with the intention of accompanying him. This plan failed, but through the interest of Baron Forell, the Saxon Ambassador, Humboldt obtained permission and authority to make a scientific tour of Spanish America. During eighteen months Humboldt examined geologically and geographically every part of Venezuela, the Orinoco, and the Rio Negro. He afterwards visited Bogota, the Cordilleras, and Quito. At this latter place Humboldt, at great personal risk, investigated the volcanic mountains. He spent some time at Lima. In August, 1804, Humboldt landed at Havre, rich in experience, and with an invaluable collection of specimens of geological and botanical interest. Humboldt fixed his residence at Paris, taking an occasional trip to London. Prussia could not spare so valuable a man, and the King requested Humboldt to return. The King made him a Privy Councillor, and offered him various diplomatic missions. Mountains, not men, were Humboldt's object. He wished to explore the Andes and the Himalayas, to make a comparison of their respective dimensions. This plan failed. He, however, succeeded in another. He started for Siberia, and then visited the chief cities of Russia. There is not one branch of science to which Humboldt has not contributed something—nay, much. The powers of his mind seemed to increase as they produced. The friend of kings, he was a Liberal. He took a large view of the world in a political sense, while investigating with the utmost minuteness the conformation of some unknown substances.

Everything connected with such a man is interesting—his houses, his books, his habits, are all hallowed by innumerable associations. His last will is an eloquent commentary on the whole life of the man. He has bequeathed to his domestic, Seiffert, who had lived with him thirty-three years, all his immense library, all his furniture, and all his articles of value, with the exception of a few which he charges him to present to certain persons. His manuscripts, however, are not comprised in the donation, and among them is one of a geographical work

of greater extent than any hitherto published. The domestic is his testamentary executor. The money in hand at the time of the baron's decease was under 500 thalers. Of this sum he has given 400 thalers to the old and faithful servant, with written instructions to apply the money to the expenses of his funeral. As a proof of the little value M. de Humboldt set on personal distinctions, it may be stated, that the great number of decorations which he had received from the sovereigns of all countries were found lying in a heap in a cupboard. His legal heirs, the sons and grandsons of his brother William, had caused the property to be put under seal, not being aware of the donation made to Seiffert. This old and faithful servant closed the eyes of his illustrious master. As might have been expected, the funeral was a public one. The remains of the great Humboldt were solemnly deposited in the cathedral of Berlin, the court, rank, fashion and genius of that fine capital all paying tribute to his memory. It has been well said that the life of an author is merely a history of his works; and, probably, Humboldt may be no exception to the rule, but then we should like to have a glimpse of the man himself, to behold him in his habit as he lived. This wish cannot be gratified; but we are convinced our readers will gaze with interest on the portraits of one of the most remarkable men of this extraordinary age—of a man who shook hands with Napoleon the First, and lived long enough to see a third Napoleon endeavoring to gather laurels on the field of his uncle's triumphs. Such a man as Humboldt was a kind of landmark on the shores of time, and his death is an event to be chronicled with affection and veneration. It will be long, very long, before we shall "look upon his like again."

HISTORY OF A PINE TREE.

LET us trace the history of a single pine tree of the Oolite, as indicated by its petrified remains. This gnarled and twisted trunk once anchored its roots amid the crannies of a precipice of dark grey sandstone, that rose over some nameless stream of the Oolite, in what is now the north of Scotland. The rock, which, notwithstanding its dingy color, was a deposit of the Lower Old Red Sandstone, formed a member of the fish-beds of that system—beds that were charged then, as now, with numerous fossils, as strange and obsolete in the creation of the Oolite as in the creation which at present exists. It was a firm, indestructible stone, covered by a thin, barren soil; and the twisted rootlets of the pine, rejected and thrown backwards from its more solid planes, had to penetrate into its narrow fissures for a straitened and meagre subsistence.

The tree grew but slightly. In considerably more than half a century it had attained to a diameter of little more than ten inches or a foot over the soil; and its bent and twisted form gave evidence of the life of hardship to which it was exposed. It was, in truth, a picturesque rag of a tree, that for the first few feet twisted itself round like an overborne wrestler struggling to escape from under his enemy, and then struck out at an abrupt angle, and stretched itself like a bent arm over the stream. It must have resembled that pine tree of a later time described by Scott, that high above "ash and oak"—

"Cast anchor in the rifted rock,
And o'er the giddy chasm hung
His shattered trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,
His bows athwart the narrow'd sky."

The seasons passed over it; every opening spring gave its fringe of tenderer green to its spiky foliage, and every returning autumn saw it shed its cones into the stream below.

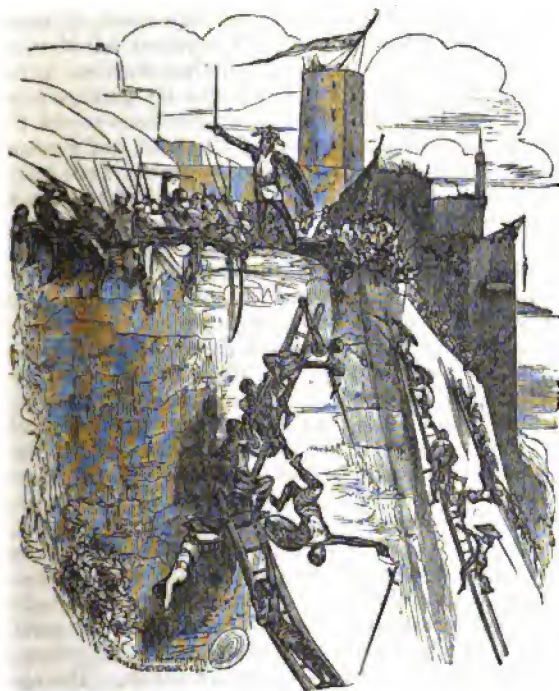
Many a delicate form sprang up and decayed around its gnarled and fantastic root, single-leaved and simple of form, like the *Scolopendria* of our caverns and rock recesses, or fretted into many a slim pinnate leaflet, like the minute *maiden-hair* or the graceful *lady-fern*. Flying reptiles have perched amid its boughs; the light-winged dragon-fly has darted on wings of gauze through the openings of its lesser twigs; the tortoise and the lizard have hybernated during the chills of winter amid the hollows of its roots; for many years it formed one of the minor features in a wild picturesque scene, on which human eye never looked; and at length, touched by decay, its upper branches began to wither and bleach white in the winds of heaven; when shaken by a sudden hurricane that came roaring adown the ravine, the mass of rock in which it had been anchored at once gave way, and, bearing fast jambed among its roots a fragment of the mass which we still find, and from which we read a portion of its story, it was precipitated into the foaming torrent. Dancing on the eddies, or lingering amid the pools, or shooting, arrow-like, adown the rapids, it at length finds its way to the sea; and after sailing over beds of massive coral—the ponderous *Isastrea* and more delicate *Thamnastrea*—and after disturbing the Enaliosaur and Belemnite in their deep-green haunts, it sinks, saturated with water, into a bed of arenaceous mud, to make its appearance, after long ages, in the world of man—a marble mummy of the old Oolite forest—and to be curiously interrogated regarding its character and history.

W O M A N .

'Tis she receives our parting sigh;
'Tis she who hears our latest breath;
'Tis she who seals the closing eye,
And whispers peace and hope in death;
And when the mournful scene is past,
'Tis woman weeps upon our bier;
Silent, yet long, her sorrows last,
Unseen she sheds affection's tear.

On earth she is the truest friend
That is to man in mercy given,
And when this fleeting life shall end,
She'll live for purer joys in Heaven.
Oh, woman! woman! thou wast made,
Like heaven's own pure and lovely light,
To cheer life's dark and desert shade,
And guide man's erring footsteps right.

History of the Crusades.



CONQUEST OF DAMIETTA.

THE fourth Crusade, as connected with popular feeling, requires little or no notice. At the death of Saladin, which happened a year after the conclusion of his truce with Richard of England, his vast empire fell to pieces. His brother Saif Eddin, or Saphaddin, seized upon Syria, in the possession of which he was troubled by the sons of Saladin. When this intelligence reached Europe, the pope, Celestine III., judged the moment favorable for preaching a new Crusade. But every nation in

Europe was unwilling and cold towards it. The people had no ardor, and kings were occupied with more weighty matters at home. The only monarch of Europe who encouraged it was the Emperor Henry of Germany, under whose auspices the Dukes of Saxony and Bavaria took the field at the head of a considerable force. They landed in Palestine, and found anything but a welcome from the Christian inhabitants. Under the mild sway of Saladin, they had enjoyed repose and toleration, and both were endangered by the arrival of the Germans. They looked upon them in consequence as over-officious intruders, and gave them no encouragement in the warfare against Saphaddin. The result of this Crusade was even more disastrous than the last; for the Germans contrived not only to embitter the Saracens against the Christians of Judea, but to lose the strong city of Jaffa, and cause the destruction of nine-tenths of the army with which they had quitted Europe. And so ended the fourth Crusade.

The fifth was more important, and had a result which its projectors never dreamed of—no less than the sacking of Constantinople, and the placing of a French dynasty upon the imperial throne of the eastern Cæsars. Each succeeding pope, however much he may have differed from his predecessors on other points, zealously agreed in one, that of maintaining by every possible means the papal ascendancy.

No scheme was so likely to aid in this endeavor as the Crusades. As long as they could persuade the kings and nobles of Europe to fight and die in Syria, their own sway was secured over the minds of men at home. Such being their object, they never inquired whether a Crusade was or was not likely to be successful, whether the time were well or ill chosen, or whether men and money could be procured in sufficient abundance. Pope Innocent III would have been proud if he could have bent the refractory monarchs of England and France into so much submission. But John and Philip Augustus were both engaged. Both had deeply offended the Church, and had been laid under her ban, and both were occupied in important reforms at home; Philip in bestowing immunities upon his subjects, and John in having them forced from him. The emissaries of the pope therefore plied them in vain; but as in the first and second Crusades, the eloquence of a powerful preacher incited the nobility, and through them a certain portion of the people. Foulouque, bishop of Neuilly, an ambitious and enterprising prelate, entered fully into the views of the court of Rome, and preached the Crusade wherever he could find an audience. Chance favored him to a degree he did not himself expect, for he had in general found but few proselytes, and those few but cold in the cause. Theobald, count of Champagne, had instituted a grand tournament, to which he had invited all the nobles from far and near. Upwards of two thousand knights were present with their retainers, besides a vast concourse of people to witness the sports. In the midst of the festivities Foulouque arrived upon the spot and conceiving the opportunity to be a favorable one, he addressed the multitude in eloquent language, and passionately called upon them to enrol themselves for the new Crusade. The Count de Champagne, young, ardent, and easily excited, received the cross at his hands. The enthusiasm spread rapidly. Charles, Count of Blois, followed the example, and of the two thousand knights present, scarcely one hundred and fifty refused. The popular frenzy seemed on the point of breaking out as in days of yore. The Count of Flanders, the Count of Bar, the Duke of Burgundy, and the Marquis of Montferrat, brought all their vassals to swell the train, and in a very short space of time an effective army was on foot and ready to march to Palestine.

The dangers of an overland journey were too well understood, and the Crusaders endeavored to make a contract with some of the Italian states to convey them over in their vessels. Dandolo, the aged doge of Venice, offered them the galleys of the Republic; but the Crusaders, on their arrival in that city, found themselves too poor to pay even half the sum demanded. Every means was tried to raise money; the Crusaders melted down their plate, and ladies gave up their trinkets. Contributions were solicited from the faithful, but came in so slowly as to make it evident to all concerned, that the faithful of Europe were outnumbered by the prudent. As a last resource, Dandolo offered to convey them to Palestine at the expense of the Republic, if they would previously aid in the recapture of the city of Zara, which had been seized from the Venetians a short time previously by the king of Hungary. The Crusaders consented, much to the displeasure of the pope, who threatened excommunication upon all who should be turned aside from the voyage to Jerusalem. But notwithstanding the

fulminations of the Church, the expedition never reached Palestine. The siege of Zara was speedily undertaken. After a long and brave defence, the city surrendered at discretion, and the Crusaders were free, if they had so chosen it, to use their swords against the Saracens. But the ambition of the chiefs had been directed, by unforeseen circumstances, elsewhere.

After the death of Manuel Comnenus, the Greek empire had fallen a prey to intestine divisions. His son Alexius II had succeeded him, but was murdered after a short reign by his uncle Andronicus, who seized upon the throne. His reign also was but of short duration. Isaac Angelus, a member of the same family, took up arms against the usurper, and having defeated and captured him in a pitched battle, had him put to death. He also mounted the throne only to be cast down from it. His brother Alexius deposed him, and to incapacitate him from reigning, put out his eyes and shut him up in a dungeon. Neither was Alexius III allowed to remain in peaceable possession of the throne; the son of the unhappy Isaac, whose name also was Alexius, fled from Constantinople, and hearing that the Crusaders had undertaken the siege of Zara, made them the most magnificent offers if they would afterwards aid him in deposing his uncle. His offers were, that if by their means he was re-established in his father's dominions, he would place the Greek Church under the authority of the Pope of Rome, lend the whole force of the Greek empire to the conquest of Palestine, and distribute two hundred thousand marks of silver among the crusading army. The offer was accepted, with a proviso on the part of some of the leaders, that they should be free to abandon the design, if it met with the disapproval of the pope. But this was not to be feared. The submission of the schismatic Greeks to the See of Rome was a greater bribe to the pontiff than the utter annihilation of the Saracen power in Palestine would have been.

The Crusaders were soon in movement for the imperial city. Their operations were skillfully and courageously directed, and spread such dismay as to paralyze the efforts of the usurper to retain possession of his throne. After a vain resistance, he abandoned the city to its fate, and fled no one knew whither. The aged and blind Isaac was taken from his dungeon by his subjects, and placed upon the throne ere the Crusaders were apprised of the flight of his rival. His son Alexius IV was afterwards associated with him in the sovereignty.

But the conditions of the treaty gave offence to the Grecian people, whose prelates refused to place themselves under the dominion of the See of Rome. Alexius at first endeavored to persuade his subjects to submission, and prayed the Crusaders to remain in Constantinople until they had fortified him in the possession of a throne which was yet far from secure. He soon became unpopular with his subjects; and breaking faith with regard to the subsidies, he offended the Crusaders. War was at length declared upon him by both parties: by his people for his tyranny, and by his former friends for his treachery. He was seized in his palace by his own guards, and thrown into prison, while the Crusaders were making ready to besiege his capital. The Greeks immediately proceeded to the election of a new monarch; and looking about for a man of courage, energy, and perseverance, they fixed upon Alexius Ducas, who, with almost every bad quality,

was possessed of the virtues they needed. He ascended the throne under the name of Murzuphlis. One of his first acts was to rid himself of his youngest predecessor—a broken heart had already removed the blind old Isaac, no longer a stumbling-block in his way—and the young Alexius was soon after put to death in his prison.

War to the knife was now declared between the Greeks and the Franks; and early in the spring of the year 1204 preparations were commenced for an assault upon Constantinople. The French and Venetians entered into a treaty for the division of the spoils among their soldiery; for so confident were they of success, that failure never once entered into their calculations. This confidence led them on to victory; while the Greeks, cowardly as treacherous people always are, were paralyzed by a foreboding of evil. It has been a matter of astonishment to all historians, that Murzuphlis, with the reputation for courage which he had acquired, and the immense resources at his disposal, took no better measures to repel the onset of the Crusaders. Their numbers were as a mere handful in comparison with those that he could have brought against them; and if they had the hopes of plunder to lead them on, the Greeks had their homes to fight for, and their very existence as a nation to protect. After an impetuous assault, repulsed for one day, but renewed with double impetuosity on another, the Crusaders lashed their vessels against the walls, slew every man who opposed them, and, with little loss to themselves, entered the city. Murzuphlis fled, and Constantinople was given over to be pillaged by the victors. The wealth they found was enormous. In money alone there was sufficient to distribute twenty marks of silver to each knight, ten to each squire or servant at arms, and five to each archer. Jewels, velvets, silks, and every luxury of attire, with rare wines and fruits, and valuable merchandise of every description, also fell into their hands, and were bought by the trading Venetians, and the proceeds distributed among the army. Two thousand persons were put to the sword; but had there been less plunder to take up the attention of the victors, the slaughter would in all probability have been much greater.

In many of the bloody wars which defile the pages of history, we find that soldiers, utterly reckless of the works of God, will destroy his masterpiece, man, with unsparing brutality, but linger with respect round the beautiful works of art. They will slaughter women and children, but spare a picture; will hew down the sick, the helpless, and the hoary-headed, but refrain from injuring a fine piece of sculpture. The Latins, on their entrance into Constantinople, respected neither the works of God nor man, but vented their brutal ferocity upon the one, and satisfied their avarice upon the other. Many beautiful bronze statues, above all price as works of art, were broken into pieces to be sold as old metal. The finely-chiselled marble, which could be put to no such vile uses, was also destroyed with a recklessness, if possible, still more atrocious.

The carnage being over, and the spoil distributed, six persons were chosen from among the Franks and six from among the Venetians, who were to meet and elect an emperor, previously binding themselves by oath to select the individual best qualified among the candidates. The choice wavered between Baldwin, Count of Flanders, and

Boniface, Marquis of Montferat, but eventually fell upon the former. He was straightway clad in the imperial purple, and became the founder of a new dynasty. He did not live long to enjoy his power, or to consolidate it for his successors, who, in their turn, were soon swept away. In less than sixty years the rule of the Franks at Constantinople was brought to



DESECRATION OF THE CHURCHES AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

as sudden and disastrous a termination as the reign of Murzuphlis; and this was the grand result of the fifth Crusade.

Pope Innocent III, although he had looked with no very unfavorable eye upon these proceedings, regretted that nothing had been done for the relief of the Holy Land; still, upon every convenient occasion, he enforced the necessity of a new Crusade. Until the year 1213, his exhortations had no other effect than to keep the subject in the mind of Europe. Every spring and summer, detachments of pilgrims continued to set out for Palestine to the aid of their brethren, but not in sufficient numbers to be of much service. These periodical passages were called the *passagium Martii*, or the passage of March, and the *passagium Johannis*, or the passage of the festival of St. John. These did not consist entirely of soldiers, armed against the Saracen, but of

¹ The following is a list of some of the works of art thus destroyed, from Nicetas, a contemporary Greek author: 1st. A colossal Juno, from the forum of Constantinople, the head of which was so large that four horses could scarcely draw it from the place where it stood to the palace. 2d. The statue of Paris presenting the apple to Venus. 3d. An immense bronze pyramid, crowned by a female figure, which turned with the wind. 4th. The colossal statue of Bellerophon, in bronze, which was broken down and cast into the furnace. Under the inner nail of the horse's hind foot on the left side was found a seal wrapped in a woollen cloth. 5th. A figure of Hercules, by Lysimachus, of such vast dimensions that the thumb was equal in circumference to the waist of a man. 6th. The Ass and his Driver, cast by order of Augustus after the battle of Actium, in commemoration of his having discovered the position of Anthony through the means of an ass-driver. 7th. The Wolf suckling the Twins of Rome. 8th. The Gladiator in combat with a Lion. 9th. The Hippopotamus. 10th. The Sphinxes. 11th. An Eagle fighting with a Serpent. 12th. A beautiful statue of Helen. 13th. A group, with a monster somewhat resembling a bull engaged in deadly conflict with a serpent; and many other works of art, too numerous to mention.

pilgrims led by devotion, and in performance of their vows, bearing nothing with them but their staff and their wallet. Early in the spring of 1213 a more extraordinary body of Crusaders was raised in France and Germany. An immense number of boys and girls, amounting, according to some accounts, to thirty thousand, were incited by the persuasion of two monks to undertake the journey to Palestine. They were no doubt composed of the idle and deserted children who generally swarm in great cities, nurtured in vice and daring, and ready for any thing. The object of the monks seems to have been the atrocious one of inveigling them into slave-ships, on pretence of sending them to Syria, and selling them for slaves on the coast of Africa. Great numbers of these poor victims were shipped at Marseilles; but the vessels, with the exception of two or three, were wrecked on the shores of Italy, and every soul perished. The remainder arrived safely in Africa, and were bought up as slaves, and sent off into the interior of the country. Another detachment arrived at Genoa; but the accomplices in this horrid plot having taken no measures at that port, expecting them all at Marseilles, they were induced to return to their homes by the Genoese.

Fuller, in his quaint history of the *Holy Warre*, says that this Crusade was done by the instinct of the devil; and he adds a reason, which may provoke mirth now, but which was put forth by the worthy historian in all soberness and sincerity. He says, "the devil, being cloyed with the murdering of men, desired a cordial of children's blood to comfort his weak stomach;" as epicures, when tired of mutt, resort to lamb for a change.

It appears from other authors that the preaching of the vile monks had such an effect upon these deluded children, that they ran about the country, exclaiming, "O Lord Jesus, restore thy cross to us!" and that neither bolts nor bars, the fear of fathers, nor the love of mothers, was sufficient to restrain them from journeying to Jerusalem.

The details of these strange proceedings are exceedingly meagre and confused, and none of the contemporary writers who mention the subject have thought it worth while to state the names of the monks who originated the scheme, or the fate they met for their wickedness. Two merchants of Marseilles, who were to have shared in the profits, were, it is said, brought to justice for some other crime, and suffered death; but we are not informed whether they divulged any circumstances relating to this matter.

Pope Innocent III does not seem to have been aware that the causes of this juvenile Crusade were such as have been stated, for, on being informed that numbers of them had taken the cross, and were marching to the Holy Land, he exclaimed, "These children are awake while we sleep!" He imagined, apparently, that the mind of Europe was still bent on the recovery of Palestine, and that the zeal of these children implied a sort of reproach upon his own lukewarmness. Very soon afterwards, he bestirred himself with more activity, and sent an encyclical letter to the clergy of Christendom, urging them to preach a new Crusade. As usual, a number of adventurous nobles, who had nothing else to do, enrolled themselves with their retainers. At a Council of Lateran, which was held while these bands were collecting, Innocent announced that he himself would take the cross, and lead

the armies of Christ to the defence of his sepulchre. In all probability he would have done so, for he was zealous enough; but death stepped in, and destroyed his project ere it was ripe. His successor encouraged the Crusade, though he refused to accompany it; and the armament continued in France, England, and Germany. No leaders of any importance joined it from the former countries. Andrew, king of Hungary, was the only monarch who had leisure or inclination to leave his dominions. The dukes of Austria and Bavaria joined him with a considerable army of Germans, and marching to Spalatro, took ship for Cyprus, and from thence to Acre.

The whole conduct of the king of Hungary was marked by pusillanimity and irresolution. He found himself in the Holy Land at the head of a very efficient army; the Saracens were taken by surprise, and were for some weeks unprepared to offer any resistance to his arms. He defeated the first body sent to oppose him, and marched towards Mount Tabor with the intention of seizing upon an important fortress which the Saracens had recently constructed. He arrived without impediment at the mount, and might have easily taken it; but a sudden fit of cowardice came over him, and he returned to Acre without striking a blow. He very soon afterwards abandoned the enterprise altogether, and returned to his own country.

Tardy reinforcements arrived at intervals from Europe; and the duke of Austria, now the chief leader of the expedition, had still sufficient forces at his command to trouble the Saracens very seriously. It was resolved by him, in council with the other chiefs, that the whole energy of the Crusade should be directed upon Egypt, the seat of the Saracen power in its relationship to Palestine, and from whence were drawn the continued levies that were brought against them by the sultan. Damietta, which commanded the river Nile, and was one of the most important cities of Egypt, was chosen as the first point of attack. The siege was forthwith commenced, and carried on with considerable energy, until the Crusaders gained possession of a tower, which projected into the middle of the stream, and was looked upon as the very key of the city.

While congratulating themselves upon this success, and wasting in revelry the time which should have been employed in turning it to further advantage, they received the news of the death of the wise Sultan Saphaddin. His two sons, Camhel and Cohreddin, divided his empire between them. Syria and Palestine fell to the share of Cohreddin, while Egypt was consigned to the other brother, who had for some time exercised the functions of lieutenant of that country. Being unpopular among the Egyptians, they revolted against him, giving the Crusaders a finer opportunity for making a conquest than they had ever enjoyed before. But, quarrelsome and licentious as they had been from time immemorial, they did not see that the favorable moment had come; or seeing, could not profit by it. While they were revelling or fighting among themselves under the walls of Damietta, the revolt was suppressed, and Camhel firmly established on the throne of Egypt. In conjunction with his brother Cohreddin, his next care was to drive the Christians from Damietta, and for upwards of three months they bent all their efforts to throw in supplies to the besieged, or draw on the besiegers to a general engagement. In nei-

ther were they successful; and the famine in Damietta became so dreadful, that vermin of every description were thought luxuries, and sold for exorbitant prices. A dead dog became more valuable than a live ox in time of prosperity. Unwholesome food brought on disease, and the city could hold out no longer for absolute want of men to defend the walls.

Cohreddin and Camhel were alike interested in the preservation of so important a position, and, convinced of the certain fate of the city, they opened a conference with the crusading chiefs, offering to yield the whole of Palestine to the Christians upon the sole condition of the evacuation of Egypt. With a blindness and wrong-headedness almost incredible, these advantageous terms were refused, chiefly through the persuasion of Cardinal Pelagius, an ignorant and obstinate fanatic, who urged upon the duke of Austria and the French and English leaders, that infidels never kept their word; that their offers were deceptive, and merely intended to betray. The conferences were brought to an abrupt termination by the Crusaders, and a last attack made upon the walls of Damietta. The besieged made but slight resistance, for they had no hope, and the Christians entered the city, and found, out of seventy thousand people, but three thousand remaining, so fearful had been the ravages of the twin fiends plague and famine.

Several months were spent in Damietta. The climate either weakened the frames or obscured the understandings of the Christians; for, after their conquest, they lost all energy, and abandoned themselves more unscrupulously than ever to riot and debauchery. John of Brienne, who by right of his wife was the nominal sovereign of Jerusalem, was so disgusted with the pusillanimity, arrogance, and dissensions of the chiefs, that he withdrew entirely from them and retired to Acre. Large bodies also returned to Europe, and Cardinal Pelagius was left at liberty to blast the whole enterprise whenever it pleased him. He managed to conciliate John of Brienne, and marched forward with these combined forces to attack Cairo. It was only when he had approached within a few hours' march of that city that he discovered the inadequacy of his army. He turned back immediately; but the Nile had risen since his departure; the sluices were opened, and there was no means of reaching Damietta. In this strait he sued for the peace he had formerly spurned, and, happily, for himself, found the generous brothers, Camhel and Cohredin, still willing to grant it. Damietta was soon afterwards given up, and the cardinal returned to Europe. John of Brienne retired to Acre, to mourn the loss of his kingdom, embittered against the folly of his pretended friends, who had ruined where they should have aided him. And thus ended the sixth Crusade.

HOPE is the ruddy morning ray of joy, recollection is its golden tinge; but the latter is wont to sink amid the dews and dusky shades of twilight; and the bright blue day which the former promises breaks indeed, but in another world, and beneath the golden rays of another sun.

THE GREAT VALUE OF LANDMARKS.

BY HON. CHARLES SCOTT, A. M.

THE ancients set great value upon the landmarks or boundaries of their property. To deface or remove any of them was regarded as a grievous offence, for it tended to confuse their rights and injure their inheritance. Hence the law: "Thou shalt not remove thy neighbor's landmark, which *they, of old time*, have set in thy inheritance, which thou shalt inherit in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee, to possess it. The crime was prohibited under penal statutes, while the Almighty openly declared that he who violated this just and necessary law should incur the wrath and indignation of heaven. The law had an extensive signification; and not only forbid the removal of ancient divisions, but the usages connected with them. The ancient usages and customs, as well as the ancient landmarks, were considered sacred. The rites and ceremonies of religious worship were denominated landmarks, which bounded the extent of their adoration and praise, and none could lawfully introduce any innovation, new rite, or ceremony, into the body of their religion. All the forms of worship were consistent with the sacred ritual or Holy Writings. Give ear unto the language of Jeremiah: "Stand in the way, and see and ask for the old paths, which is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls.

Even among the heathen, the landmark was sacred—so sacred, they made a deity of it. *Terminus* signifies the stone or post that served as a landmark, and *Terminus* was reputed a god, and had offerings made to him.¹ Garlands and libations were offered to his majesty, hymns of praise were chanted to his honor, and this preserver of legal boundaries of land and territorial rights was often crowned with a chaplet of flowers on festival occasions. The Romans even deified the *termini* or landmarks. As gods, they were frequently adorned with flowers. Ovid alludes to the custom of sacrificing a lamb, and sprinkling them with its blood; and Juvenal says that annual oblations were made to them.

The "sons of light" have their landmarks; and so clearly may they be traced, that a friend may always be distinguished from a foe. The better opinion is, that the rites, forms, or ceremonies are enumerated among our landmarks; also our universal or common laws.² These

¹ Take not what is not thy own in any case. Let all ancient divisions, and the usages connected with them, be held sacred. Bring in no dogmas, nor rites, nor ceremonies, into religion or the worship of God that are not clearly laid down in the sacred writings.—*Adam Clarke*.

² What are the landmarks? is a question often asked, but never determinately answered. In ancient times, boundary stones were used as landmarks before title-deeds were known, the removal of which was strictly forbidden by law. With respect to the landmarks of Masonry, some restrict them to the O. B. signs, tokens, and words. Others include the ceremonies of initiation, passing and raising; and the forms, dimensions, and supports; the ground, situation, and covering; the ornaments, furniture, and jewels of a lodge, or their characteristic symbols.—*Oliver*.

The universal language and the universal laws of Masonry are landmarks, but not so are the local ceremonies, laws, and usages, which vary in different countries.—*Mackey*.

laws cannot be repealed or modified, and are, or ought to be, the same in every lodge. Any attempt to repeal or alter them would be a violation of masonic faith; for it is a fundamental principle of our ancient constitution, that no innovation can be made in the body of Masonry, and every member of the fraternity is religiously obligated to observe and enforce it. Indeed, such is the watchfulness of the Craft, and their reverence for our institution, that there can be little or no danger of any material violation of its fundamental law. Masonry is too universally diffused or practised throughout the world for any body of men to engraft any innovation upon it. The lodges, wherever dispersed around the globe, operate as so many checks on any such wicked or nefarious design. The integrity of these laws should ever be preserved inviolate; for they are emphatically the perfection of reason, and no upright Mason will ever disobey them.

The rules and principles of masonic government, as contained in the lectures or degrees, may be termed universal laws.* The unwritten code of Masonry, when judiciously considered, and in connection with all its parts, comprehends a complete form of government, and embraces every important matter touching our moral, social, and domestic happiness. A purer system of ethics can only be found in the Word of God. Indeed, as we have already shown, the essential elements of our moral science are reflected from the light of divine truth, or that authoritative rule of conduct which is the glory of a lodge. The immutability of these principles is founded in the greatest wisdom. Being of heavenly origin, they were necessary materials to the establishment of our house in strength, and eminently calculated to preserve the mysteries of the Order. At the time the legal dispensation was adopted, the ancient promises of God had not been fulfilled, and its obscurities, therefore, must be viewed as intimations of some future and plenary disclosure. Many of the principles of our jurisprudence are veiled in symbols or hieroglyphical devices,† which direct the mind to search for hidden and fuller significations, which are found in the types, emblems, and ceremonies, which are figurative of Him who was rejected by the workmen in Israel, and afterwards became the chief corner-stone of the temple. In taking a calm and impartial view of our discipline and law, and historical types, there is a high degree of moral probability, that while they were intended to preserve a knowledge of divine truth, they were also intended, at the time, to imply some future benefit to the Craft. Every historical fact which is contained in the lectures of Masonry, and every landmark, lend an important aid to the correct understanding of the nature and design of the Order; and when we look at the occasion on which, as well as the time when, it was founded, the view which we take of it is greatly promoted. The source of its historical facts is essential to a just interpretation of its rites and ceremonies; for, unless we have a

* Each degree of Masonry contains a course of instruction, in which the ceremonies, tradition, and moral instruction appertaining to the degree are set forth.—*Mackey*.

† The language of Masonry is as universal as its benevolent and benign principles. No matter what country or people a Mason sojourns among, whether in prosperity or adversity, he is always understood and recognised as a Mason. The door of every lodge opens at his approach, and he receives each brother's hand in love and friendship.—*Powers*.

right understanding of the sacred volume, from which a knowledge of these facts was derived, and in which the peculiar rites, manners, and customs of the Hebrews are described, our interpretation of the rites and ceremonies of Masonry must be defective and imperfect. An exact propriety and decorum are observed in all the degrees, and everything that is spoken or symbolized has a moral and religious tendency. Clear and perspicuous, the lectures are remarkably suited to every class of workmen; and the moral instructions which they convey, seem to enlighten the understanding and purify the heart. While many of our symbols may be hard to understand, and may never be fully comprehended, still, like the things hard to be understood in the scriptures, they aim at no less an object than the happiness of mankind in this life and in that which is to come. They all terminate in this point, and direct our thoughts to the contemplation of those higher degrees of truth, which none but the righteous shall receive in the great hereafter. "Now I see through a glass darkly, but then face to face; now I know in part, but then I shall know even as I am known."

RACHEL'S DREAM.

WHY didst thou wake me, Deborah? for I have dreamed a dream
So bright, methinks, that it will make my day the darker seem;
E'en like the rosy, blushing cloud that smiles at early morn,
Smiles to betray the shepherd's trust, and laugh his hopes to scorn.

Wouldst hear the dream, the fleeting dream, that passed away too soon?
Thou knowest where I lead my flocks to take their rest at noon:
Beneath the chestnut's shade I sat, and felt the south wind blow
From whence the frankincense and myrrh in dropping odors flow;
But sweet as camphire, calamus, spikenard, and saffron are,
I had a blossom pleasanter, a treasure sweeter far.
Yea, Deborah, kind sleep had brought what waking days deny—
A mother's joy, a mother's bliss, a mother's ecstasy.

I nursed a baby on my breast; its hand moved to and fro,
With that sweet, soft, caressing touch which only mothers know.
As, with light stroke of downy wing, some little fluttering bird
Scarce parts the gentle air, and yet the southern wind is stirred,
So seems to me that little hand had stirred within my soul
A depth of longing mother's love that leaps without control.
No bee from red pomegranate's cup such melting honey sips,
As I, when bending down, I kissed those coral-parted lips,
And looked within the soul-lit eyes that mirrored back my own,
And felt soft breath upon my cheek—then woke—my dove had flown.

Nay, chide not, Deborah, my nurse; I cannot help but weep;
Oh, I would give a waking year for one such night of sleep.
Nay, ask me not to lead the sheep; I care not now to guide
The tender kids, that they may feed the shepherd's tents beside.

The lowing of the gentle herds, the bleating of the flock,
Seem but a cruel voice, that doth the childless Rachel mock.

I envy every ewe her lambs, and then I weep for shame.
Call me not Rachel, Deborah ; call me some other name.
My husband loves me with a love so faithful, dost thou say,
That fourteen years wherein he served seemed unto him a day :
The drought consumed him in the noon, and chilling frosts at night,
But still he journeyed on content with me, his goal, in sight.
'Twas even so ; and I have nought to give him in return ;
No token of the love that doth within my bosom burn.

He never once reproached me—nay, his very silence makes
My grief more bitter, and my soul with deeper sorrow aches.
For, if I had a little son, I know his life would be
Bound with the lad's, as it hath been bound up, kind heart, with me.
Oh, tell me not, the infant's birth might be the mother's death ;
Methinks, for such a happiness I'd gladly yield my breath :
For then it would not seem to me that I had loved in vain,
A fruitless dry and withered branch upon the desert plain.

If I were gone, I know they would return to Canaan's land,
Where Jacob with his Rachel's child in Israel's tent would stand,
And bid the blind man bless the boy, and with his fingers trace
The features of Rebekah in the little Syrian face.
The son of his old age should prove the apple of his eye.
And Jacob he would love the lad—ah, well and tenderly.
And he would guide his tender feet in pastures fresh and fair,
And lead him by refreshing streams, with all a shepherd's care.
For Jacob's god shall be with him, and bear him safe from ills,
And give him blessings that shall reach the everlasting hills.

Then, when my husband's hour arrives, ere, like a shock of corn,
He comes in season to his rest, with songs of triumph borne,
His Rachel's treasured memory shall to his vision rise,
And he shall her see stand again 'neath Badanaram's skies.
Again, in youthful beauty, he shall meet her at the well,
And he shall name the name in death he loved in life so well ;
And Rachel's son shall kneel beside, and take his parting breath,
And Rachel's son shall close his eyes when Jacob sleeps in death.

O blessings of Rebekah ! on the wretched Rachel rest !
O spring from me, Thou *one* in whom all nations shall be blest !
I cannot pray—I cry that great, exceeding, bitter cry,
In anguish of my spirit—"Give me children, else I die !"

PREVAILING STYLES.—In literary performances, as in Gothic architecture, the taste of the age is largely in favor of the pointed styles. Our churches and our books must bristle all over with points, or they are not so much thought of.

Monthly Masonic Miscellany.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE AMERICAN FREEMASONS NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, BY ITS CHIEF EDITOR,
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THE LEGEND OF THE WINDING STAIRS.

ALTHOUGH the legend of the Winding Stairs forms an important tradition of Ancient Craft Masonry, the only allusion to it in scripture is to be found in a single verse in the 6th chapter of the 1st Book of Kings, and is in these words: "The door for the middle chamber was in the right side of the house; and they went up with winding stairs into the middle chamber, and out of the middle into the third." Out of this slender material has been constructed an allegory, which, if properly considered in its symbolical relations, will be found to be of surpassing beauty. But it is only as a symbol that we can regard this whole tradition, for the historical facts and the architectural details alike forbid us for a moment to suppose that the legend, as it is rehearsed in the second degree of Masonry, is anything more than a magnificent philosophical myth.

Let us enquire into the true design of this legend, and learn the lesson of symbolism which it is intended to teach.

In the investigation of the true meaning of every masonic symbol and allegory, we must be governed by the single principle that the whole design of Freemasonry as a speculative science is the investigation of divine truth. To this great object everything is subsidiary. The Mason is, from the moment of his initiation as an Entered Apprentice, to the time at which he receives the full fruition of masonic light, an investigator—a laborer in the quarry and the temple—whose reward is to be Truth. All the ceremonies and traditions of the Order tend to this ultimate design. Is there light to be asked for? It is the intellectual light of wisdom and truth. Is there a word to be sought? That word is the symbol of truth. Is there a loss of something that had been promised? That loss is typical of the failure of man, in the infirmity of his nature, to discover divine truth. Is there a substitute to be appointed for that loss? It is an allegory which teaches us that in this world man can approximate only to the full conception of truth.

Hence there is in speculative Masonry always a progress, symbolized by its peculiar ceremonies of initiation. There is an advancement from a lower to a higher state—from darkness to light—from death to life—from error to truth. The candidate is always ascending; he is never stationary; never goes back, but each step he takes brings him to some new mental illumination—to the knowledge of some more elevated doctrine. The teaching of the Divine Master is, in respect to this continual progress, the teaching of Masonry—"No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of heaven." And similar to this is the precept of Pythagoras: "When travelling, turn not back, for if you do, the furies will accompany you."

Now this principle of masonic symbolism is apparent in many places in each of the degrees. In that of the Entered Apprentice we find it developed in the theological ladder, which, resting on earth, leans its top upon heaven, thus inculcating the idea of an ascent from a lower to a higher sphere, as the object of masonic labor. In the Master's degree we find it exhibited in its most religious form, in the restoration from death to life—in the change from the obscurity of the grave to the holy of holies of the Divine Presence. In all the degrees we find it presented in the ceremony of circumambulation, in which there is a gradual examination by, and a passage from, an inferior to a superior officer. And lastly, the same symbolic idea is conveyed in the Fellow Craft's degree in the legend of the Winding Stairs, the consideration and development of which will be the object of the present essay.

In an investigation of the symbolism of the Winding Stairs we will be directed to

the true explanation by a reference to their origin, their number, the objects which they recall, and their termination, but above all by a consideration of the great object which an ascent upon them was intended to accomplish.

The steps of this Winding Staircase commenced, we are informed, at the porch of the temple, that is to say, at its very entrance. But nothing is more undoubted in the science of masonic symbolism than that the temple was the representative of the world purified by the Shekinah or the Divine Presence. The world of the profane is without the temple; the world of the initiated is within its sacred walls. Hence to enter the temple, to pass within the porch, to be made a Mason, and to be born into the world of masonic light, are all synonymous and convertible terms. Here, then, the symbolism of the Winding Stairs begins.

The Apprentice, having entered within the porch of the temple, has begun his masonic life. But the first degree in Masonry, like the lesser mysteries of the ancient systems of initiation, is only a preparation and purification for something higher. The Entered Apprentice is the child in Masonry. The lessons which he receives are simply intended to cleanse the heart and prepare the recipient for that mental illumination which is to be given in the succeeding degrees.

As a Fellow Craft, he has advanced another step, and as the degree is emblematic of youth, so it is here that the intellectual education of the candidate begins. And therefore, here, at the very spot which separates the Porch from the Sanctuary, where childhood ends and manhood begins, he finds stretching out before him a winding stair which invites him, as it were, to ascend, and which, as the symbol of discipline and instruction, teaches him that here must commence his masonic labor—here he must enter upon those glorious though difficult researches, the end of which is to be the possession of divine truth. The Winding Stairs begin after the candidate has passed within the Porch and between the pillars of Strength and Establishment, as a significant symbol to teach him that as soon as he had passed beyond the years of irrational childhood, and commenced his entrance upon manly life, the laborious task of self-improvement is the first duty that is placed before him. He cannot stand still, if he would be worthy of his vocation; his destiny as an immortal being requires him to ascend, step by step, until he has reached the summit, where the treasures of knowledge await him.

The number of these steps in all the systems have been odd. Vitruvius remarks, and the coincidence is at least curious, that the ancient temples were always ascended by an odd number of steps, and he assigns as the reason, that commencing with the right foot at the bottom, the worshipper would find the same foot foremost when he entered the temple, which was considered as a fortunate omen. But the fact is that the symbolism of numbers was borrowed by the Masons from PYTHAGORAS, in whose system of philosophy it plays an important part, and in which odd numbers were considered as more perfect than even ones. Hence, throughout the masonic system we find a predominance of odd numbers; and while three, five, seven, nine, fifteen, and twenty-seven, are all important symbols, we seldom find a reference to two, four, six, eight, or ten. The odd number of the stairs was therefore intended to symbolize the idea of perfection, to which it was the object of the aspirant to attain.

As to the particular number of the stairs, this has varied at different periods. Tracing-boards of the last century have been found, in which only five steps are delineated, and others in which they amount to seven. The PRESTONIAN lectures used in England, in the beginning of this century, gave the whole number as thirty-eight, dividing them into series of one, three, five, seven, nine, and eleven. The error of making an even number, which was a violation of the PYTHAGOREAN principle of odd numbers as the symbol of perfection, was corrected in the HEMMING lectures, adopted at the union of the two Grand Lodges of England, by striking out the eleven, which was also objectionable as receiving a sectarian explanation. In this country the number was still further reduced to fifteen, divided into three series

of three, five, and seven. We shall adopt this American division as the basis of our explanations, although, after all, the particular number of the steps, or the peculiar method of their division into series, will not in any way affect the general symbolism of the whole legend.

The candidate, then, in the second degree of Masonry, represents a man starting forth on the journey of life, with the great task before him of self-improvement. For the faithful performance of this task, a reward is promised, which reward consists in the development of all his intellectual faculties, the moral and spiritual elevation of his character, and the acquisition of truth and knowledge. Now the attainment of this moral and intellectual condition supposes an elevation of character, an ascent from a lower to a higher life, and a passage of toil and difficulty, through rudimentary instruction, to the full fruition of wisdom. This is therefore beautifully symbolized by the Winding Stairs; at whose foot the aspirant stands ready to climb the toilsome steep, while at its top is placed "that hieroglyphic bright which none but Craftsmen ever saw," as the emblem of divine truth. And hence a distinguished writer has said that "these steps, like all the masonic symbols, are illustrative of discipline and doctrine, as well as of natural, mathematical, and metaphysical science, and open to us an extensive range of moral and speculative enquiry."

The candidate, incited by the love of virtue and the desire of knowledge, and withal, eager for the reward of truth which is set before him, begins at once the toilsome ascent. At each division, he pauses to gather instruction from the symbolism which these divisions present to his attention.

At the first pause which he makes he is instructed in the peculiar organization of the Order of which he has become a disciple. But the information here given, if taken in its naked, literal sense is barren and unworthy of his labor. The rank of the officers who govern, and the names of the degrees which constitute the institution, can give him no knowledge which he has not before possessed. We must look therefore to the symbolic meaning of these allusions for any value which may be attached to this part of the ceremony.

The reference to the organization of the masonic institution is intended to remind the aspirant of the union of men in society, and the development of the social state out of the state of nature. He is thus reminded, in the very outset of his journey, of the blessings which arise from civilization, and of the fruits of virtue and knowledge which are derived from that condition. Masonry itself is the result of civilization; while in grateful return it has been one of the most important means of extending that condition of mankind.

All the monuments of antiquity, that the ravages of time have left, combine to prove that man had no sooner emerged from the savage into the social state than he commenced the organization of religious mysteries, and the separation, by a sort of divine instinct, of the sacred from the profane. Then came the invention of architecture as a means of providing convenient dwellings and necessary shelter from the inclemencies and vicissitudes of the seasons, with all the mechanical arts connected with it, and lastly, geometry, as a necessary science to enable the cultivators of land to measure and designate the limits of their possessions. All these are claimed as peculiar characteristics of speculative Masonry, which may be considered as the type of civilization, the former bearing the same relation to the profane world as the latter does to the savage state. Hence, we at once see the fitness of the symbolism which commences the aspirant's upward progress in the cultivation of knowledge and the search after truth, by recalling to his mind the condition of civilization and the social union of mankind as necessary preparations for the attainment of these objects. In the allusions to the officers of a lodge, and the degrees of Masonry as explanatory of the organization of our own society, we clothe in our symbolic language the history of the organization of society.

Advancing in his progress, the candidate is invited to contemplate another series of instructions. The human senses, as the appropriate channels through which we

receive all our ideas of perception, and which therefore constitute the most important sources of our knowledge, are here referred to as a symbol of intellectual cultivation. Architecture, as the most important of the arts which conduce to the comfort of mankind, is also alluded to here, not simply because it is so closely connected with the operative institution of Masonry, but also, as the type of all the other useful arts. In his second pause, in the ascent of the Winding Stairs, the aspirant is therefore reminded of the necessity of cultivating practical knowledge.

So far, then, the instructions he has received relate to his own condition in society as a member of the great social compact and to his means of becoming, by a knowledge of the arts of practical life, a necessary and useful member of that society.

But his motto will be "excelsior." Still must he be onward and forward. The stair is still before him; its summit is not yet reached, and still further treasures of wisdom are to be sought for, or the reward will not be gained, nor the *middle chamber*, the abiding place of truth, be reached.

In his third pause, he therefore arrives at that point in which the whole circle of human science is to be explained. Symbols, we know, are in themselves arbitrary and of conventional signification, and the complete circle of human science might have been as well symbolized by any other sign or series of doctrines as by the seven liberal arts and sciences. But Masonry is an institution of the olden time; and this selection of the liberal arts and sciences as a symbol of the completion of human learning is one of the most pregnant evidences that we have of its antiquity.

In the seventh century, and for a long time afterwards, the circle of instruction to which all the learning of the most eminent schools and most distinguished philosophers was confined, was limited to what was then called the liberal arts and sciences, and consisted of two branches, the *trivium* and the *quadrivium*.¹ The *trivium* includes grammar, rhetoric, and logic; the *quadrivium* comprehended arithmetic, geometry, music, and astronomy.

"These seven heads," says ENFIELD, "were supposed to include universal knowledge. He who was master of these was thought to have no need of a preceptor to explain any books or to solve any questions which lay within the compass of human reason; the knowledge of the *trivium* having furnished him with the key to all language, and that of the *quadrivium* having opened to him the secret laws of nature."²

At a period, says the same writer, when few were instructed in the *trivium*, and very few studied the *quadrivium*, to be master of both was sufficient to complete the character of a philosopher. The propriety, therefore, of adopting the seven liberal arts and sciences as a symbol of the completion of human learning is apparent. The candidate having reached this point is now supposed to have accomplished the task upon which he had entered—he has reached the last step, and is now ready to receive the full fruition of human learning.

So far, then, we are able to comprehend the true symbolism of the Winding Stairs. They represent the progress of an enquiring mind with the toils and labors of intellectual cultivation and study, and the preparatory acquisition of all human science, as a preliminary step to the attainment of divine truth, which it must be remembered is always symbolized in Masonry by the Word.

Here we may again allude to the symbolism of numbers, which is for the first time presented to the consideration of the masonic student in the legend of the Winding Stairs. The theory of numbers as the symbols of certain qualities was originally borrowed by the Masons from the school of PYTHAGORAS. We do not intend, however, to develop this doctrine in its entire extent on the present occa-

¹ The words themselves are purely classical, but the meanings here given to them are of a mediæval or corrupt Latinity. Among the old Romans, a *trivium* meant a place where three ways met, and a *quadrivium*, where four, or what we now call a cross-road. When we speak of the *paths of learning*, we readily discover the origin of the signification given by the scholastic philosophers to these terms.

² Hist. of Philos., Vol. II, p. 337.

sion, for the numeral symbolism of Masonry would itself constitute materials for an ample essay. It will be sufficient to advert to the fact that the total number of the steps, amounting in all to *fifteen*, in the American system, is a significant symbol. For *fifteen* was a sacred number among the Orientals, because the letters of the holy name JAH, יהוה, were, in their numerical value, equivalent to fifteen; and hence a figure, in which the nine digits were so disposed as to make fifteen either way when added together perpendicularly, horizontally, or diagonally, constituted one of their most sacred talismans. The fifteen steps in the Winding Stairs are therefore symbolic of the name of God.

But we are not yet done. It will be remembered that a reward was promised for all this toilsome ascent of the Winding Stairs. Now, what are the wages of a Speculative Mason? Not money, nor coin, nor wine, nor oil. All these are but symbols. His wages are truth, or that approximation to it which will be most appropriate to the degree into which he has been initiated. It is one of the most beautiful, but at the same time most abstruse, doctrines of the science of masonic symbolism, that the Mason is ever to be in search of truth, but is never to find it. This divine truth, the object of all his labors, is symbolized by the Word, for which we all know he can only obtain a *substitute*; and this is intended to teach the humilitating but necessary lesson that the knowledge of the nature of God and of man's relation to him, which knowledge constitutes divine truth, can never be acquired in this life. It is only when the portals of the grave open to us, and give us an entrance into a more perfect life, that this knowledge is to be attained. "Happy is the man," says the father of lyric poetry, "who descends beneath the hollow earth, having beheld these mysteries; he knows the end, he knows the origin of life."

The Middle Chamber is therefore symbolic of this life, where only the symbol of the word can be given, where only the truth is to be reached by approximation, and yet where we are to learn that that truth will consist in a perfect knowledge of the G. A. O. T. U. This is the reward of the enquiring Mason; in this consists the wages of a Fellow Craft; he is directed to the truth, but must travel further and ascend still higher to attain it.

It is then, as a symbol, and a symbol only, that we must study this beautiful legend of the Winding Stairs. If we attempt to adopt it as an historical fact, the absurdity of its details stares us in the face, and wise men will wonder at our credulity. Its inventors had no desire thus to impose upon our folly; but offering it to us as a great philosophical myth, they did not for a moment suppose that we would pass over its sublime moral teachings to accept the allegory as an historical narrative, without meaning, and wholly irreconcilable with the records of scripture, and opposed by all the principles of probability. To suppose that eighty thousand craftsmen were weekly paid in the narrow precincts of the temple chambers, is simply to suppose an absurdity. But to believe that all this pictorial representation of an ascent by a Winding Staircase to the place where the wages of labor were to be received, was an allegory to teach us the ascent of the mind from ignorance, through all the toils of study and the difficulties of obtaining knowledge, receiving here a little and there a little, adding something to the stock of our ideas at each step, until, in the middle chamber of life—in the full fruition of manhood—the reward is attained, and the purified and elevated intellect is invested with the reward, in the direction how to seek God and God's truth—to believe this is to believe and to know the true design of Speculative Masonry, the only design which makes it worthy of a good or a wise man's study.

Its historical details are barren, but its symbols and allegories are fertile with instruction.

And so we close with this theory: *The Fellow Craft represents a man laboring in the pursuit of truth; and the Winding Stairs are the devious pathways of that pursuit.*

A GENERAL GRAND LODGE.

EVER since the Grand Lodges of this country began, at the commencement of the revolutionary war, to abandon their dependence on the Grand Lodges of England and Scotland, that is to say as soon as they emerged from the subordinate position of Provincial Grand Bodies, and were compelled to assume a sovereign and independent character, attempts have, from time to time, been made by members of the craft to destroy this sovereignty of the State Grand Lodges, and to institute in its place a superintending power to be constituted either as a Grand Master of North America, or as a General Grand Lodge of the United States.

Led, perhaps, by the analogy of the united colonies, under one federal head, or in the very commencement of the revolutionary struggle, controlled by long habits of dependence on the Master Grand Lodges of Europe, the contest had no sooner begun, and a disavowance of political relations between England and America taken place, than the attempt was made to institute the affair of Grand Master of the United States, the object being, of which there can hardly be a doubt, to invest WASHINGTON with the distinguished dignity.

The effort emanated, it appears, with the military lodges in the army; for a full account of it we are indebted to the industrious researches of Bro. E. G. STOVES, who has published the entire Minutes of the "American Union Lodge" attached to the Connecticut line in his invaluable work on "The Early Records of Freemasonry in the State of Connecticut."

On the 27th December, 1779, the lodge met to celebrate the day at Morristown, in New Jersey, which it will be remembered was then the winter quarters of the army. At that communication, at which, it may be remarked by the way, that "Bro. WASHINGTON" is recorded among the visitors, "a petition was read" (we quote from the record), "representing the present state of Freemasonry to the several Deputy Grand Masters in the United States of America, desiring them to adopt some measures for appointing a Grand Master over said States."

The petition purports to emanate from "Ancient, Free and Accepted Masons in the several lines of the Army;" and on its being read it was resolved that a committee be appointed from the different lodges in the army, and from the Staff, to meet in convention, at Morristown, on the 7th of February next. Accordingly, on the 7th of February, 1780, a convention, called in the record "a committee," met at Morristown. This convention adopted an address to the "Grand Masters of the several lodges in the respective United States." The recommendations of this address were, that the said Grand Masters should adopt and pursue the most necessary measures for establishing one Grand Lodge in America to preside over and govern all other lodges of whatsoever degree or denomination, licensed or to be licensed, upon the continent; that they should nominate as Grand Master of said lodge a brother whose merit and capacity may be adequate to a station so important and elevated, and that his name should be transmitted "to our Grand Mother Lodge in Europe," for approbation and confirmation.

This convention contained delegates from the States of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New-York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland. Between the time of its conception on the 27th December, 1779, and that of its meeting on the 7th of February, 1780, that is to say in January, 1780, the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania had held an emergent meeting, and in some measure anticipated the proposed action of the convention, by electing General WASHINGTON *Grand Master of the United States*.

From the contemporaneous character of these events, we are induced to believe

¹ For this and for several other items in this article we are indebted to the industry and diligence of Bro. ROB. MORRIS, whose "History of Freemasonry in Kentucky" contains more important historical information relating to this country than any other masonic work ever published, and that too with the inestimable advantage of being embodied in the form of documentary facts, unaccompanied with absurd theories and illogical deductions.

it possible that there was some concert of action between the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania and the Masons of Morristown. Perhaps the initiative having been taken by the latter in December, the former determined to give its influence, in January, to the final recommendations which were to be made in the following February. All this, however, although plausible, is but conjecture. Nothing appears to have resulted from the action of either body. The only further reference which I find to the subject, in subsequent masonic documents, is the declaration of a convention held in 1783, to organize the Grand Lodge of Maryland where it is remarked that "another Grand Lodge was requisite before an election could be had of a Grand Master for the United States."

But the attempt to form a General Grand Lodge, although, on this occasion, unsuccessful, was soon to be renewed. In 1790 the proposition was again made by the Grand Lodge of Georgia, and here, true to the Roman axiom, "*tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis*," the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania became the opponent of the measure, and declared it to be impracticable.

Again, in 1799, the Grand Lodge of South Carolina renewed the proposition and recommended a convention to be held at the city of Washington for the purpose of establishing a "Superintending Grand Lodge of America." The reasons assigned by the Grand Lodge of South Carolina for making this proposition are set forth in the circular which it issued on the subject to its sister Grand Lodges. They are "to draw closer the bonds of union between the different lodges in the United States, and to induce them to join in some systematic plan whereby the drooping spirit of the Ancient Craft may be revived and become more generally useful and beneficial, and whereby Ancient Masonry, so excellent and beautiful in its primitive institution, may be placed upon such a respectable and firm basis in this western world, as to bid defiance to the shafts of malice, or the feeble attempts of any foreign declaimers to bring it into disrepute."

Several Grand Lodges acceded to the proposition for holding a convention, although they believed the scheme of a "Superintending Grand Lodge" inexpedient and impracticable, but they were willing to send delegates for the purpose of producing uniformity in the masonic system. The Convention, however, did not assemble.

The proposition was again made in 1803 by the Grand Lodge of North Carolina, and with a like want of success.

In 1806 the subject of a General Grand Lodge was again presented to the consideration of the Grand Lodges of the Union, and propositions were made for conventions to be held in Philadelphia in 1807, and in Washington City in 1808, neither of which was convened. The "Proceedings" of the various Grand Lodges in the years 1806, 1807 and 1808 contain allusions to this subject, most of them in favor of a convention to introduce uniformity, but unfavorable to the permanent establishment of a General Grand Lodge. North Carolina, however, in 1807 expressed the opinion that "a National Grand Lodge should possess controlling and corrective powers over all Grand Lodges under its jurisdiction."

An unsuccessful attempt was again made to hold a convention at Washington in January, 1811 "for the purpose of forming a Superintending Grand Lodge of America."

After the failure of this effort, the Grand Lodge of North Carolina, which seems to have been earnest in its endeavors to accomplish its favorite object, again proposed a convention to be convoked at Washington in 1812. But the effort, like all which had preceded it, proved abortive. No convention was held.

The subject seems now, after all these discouraging efforts, to have been laid upon the shelf for nearly ten years. At length, however, the effort for a convention which had so often failed was destined to meet with partial success, and one,

¹ The allusion here is to the Abbé BARUZEL who had just published his abusive and anti-masonic "History of Jacobinism."

rather extemporaneous in its character, was held in Washington on the 8th of March, 1822. Over this convention, which the Grand Lodge of Maryland rather equivocally describes as "composed of members of Congress and strangers," the renowned orator and Statesman, Henry Clay, presided. A strong appeal, most probably from the facile pen of its eloquent president, was made to the Grand Lodges of the country to concur in the establishment of a General Grand Lodge. But the appeal fell upon unwilling ears, and the Grand Lodges continued firm in their opposition to the organization of such a superintending body.

The subject was again brought to the attention of the fraternity by the Grand Lodge of Maryland, which body at its communication in May, 1845, invited its sister Grand Lodges to meet in convention at Baltimore on the 23d of September, 1847, for the purpose of reporting a constitution of a General Grand Lodge.

This convention met at the appointed time and place, but only seven Grand Lodges were represented by twice that number of delegates. A constitution was formed for a "Supreme Grand Lodge of the United States," which was submitted for approval or rejection to the Grand Lodges of the Union. The opinion expressed of that constitution by the Grand Lodge of Ohio, that it "embraced in several of its sections indefinite and unmeaning powers, to which it was impossible to give a definite construction, and that it gave a jurisdiction to the body which that Grand Lodge would in no event consent to," seems to have been very generally concurred in by the other Grand Bodies and the "Supreme Grand Lodge of the United States" never went into operation. The formation of its constitution was its first, its last, and its only act.

The next action that we find on this much discussed subject was by the Grand Lodge of New York, which body recommended, in 1848, that each of the Grand Lodges should frame the outlines of a General Grand Constitution, such as would be acceptable to it, and send it with a delegate to a convention to be holden at Boston in 1850, at the time of meeting of the General Grand Chapter and General Grand Encampment. The committee of the Grand Lodge of New York, who made this recommendation, also presented the outlines of a General Grand Constitution. This instrument defines the jurisdiction of the proposed General Grand Lodge as intended to be over all controversies and disputes between the different Grand Lodges which may become parties to the compact, when such controversies are referred for decision; and the decisions in all cases to be final when concurred in by a majority of the Grand Lodges present," but it disclaims all appeals from State Grand Lodges or their subordinates in matters relating to their own internal affairs. It is evident that the friends of the measure had abated much of their pretensions since the year 1779, when they wanted a Grand Lodge of America "to preside over and govern all other lodges of whatsoever degree or denomination, licensed or to be licensed, on the continent."

The Grand Lodge of Rhode Island also submitted the draft of a General Grand Constitution, more extensive in its details than that presented by New York, but substantially the same in principle. The Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia also concurred in the proposition. The convention did not, however, meet; for the idea of a Supreme Grand Lodge was still an unpopular one with the craft. In January, 1850, Texas expressed the general sentiment of the fraternity, when it said: "The formation of a General Grand Lodge will not accomplish the desired end. The same feeling and spirit that now lead to difficulties between the different Grand Lodges would produce insubordination and disobedience of the edicts of a General Grand Lodge."

But another attempt was to be made by its friends to carry this favorite measure, and a convention of delegates was held at Lexington, Ky., in September, 1853, during the session of the General Grand Chapter and Encampment at that city. This convention did little more than invite the meeting of a fuller convention whose delegates should be clothed with more plenary powers, to assemble at Washington in January, 1855.

The proposed convention met at Washington and submitted a series of nine propositions, styled "Articles of Confederation." The gist of these articles is to be found in the initial one, and is in these words :

"All matters of difficulty which may hereafter arise in any Grand Lodge, or between two or more Grand Lodges of the United States, which cannot, by their own action, be satisfactorily adjusted or disposed of, shall, if the importance of the case or the common welfare of the fraternity demand it, be submitted with accompanying evidence and documents, to the several Grand Lodges, in their individual capacities ; and the concurrent decision thereon of two-thirds of the whole number, officially communicated, shall be held authoritative, binding and final on all parties concerned."

The provisions of these articles were to be considered as ratified, and were to take effect as soon as they were approved by twenty Grand Lodges of the United States. It is needless to say that this approbation was never received, and the proposed confederation failed to assume a permanent form.

The reader will at once perceive that the whole question of a General Grand Lodge is here, at once and in full, abandoned. The proposition was simply for a confederated league, with scarcely a shadow of power to enforce its decisions—with no penal jurisdiction whatsoever, and with no other authority than that which, from time to time, might be delegated to it by the voluntary consent of the parties entering into the confederation. If the plan had been adopted, the body would, in all probability, have died in a few years of sheer debility. There was no principle of vitality to keep it together.

But the friends of a General Grand Lodge have not abandoned the hope of effecting their object, and in 1857 the Grand Lodge of Maine issued a circular urging the formation of a General Grand Lodge at a convention to be held at Chicago in September, 1859, during the session of the General Grand Chapter and General Grand Encampment at that city. This call has been generally and courteously responded to. Even South Carolina, which, in all previous conventions to effect this object, since the failure of its own proposition in 1799, had scrupulously kept aloof, has determined to send delegates ; and in all probability the approaching convention will definitively settle the question, in one way or the other, for years to come. It is certain that it would be absurd to make the attempt again should this one meet with failure.

In view of the approaching meeting at Chicago, we have thought that the brief history here given of the efforts since the year 1779, to organize a supreme governing power over the Masons of the United States, would be found useful as well as interesting. We have not touched, except incidentally, on the constitutional merits of the question. It is, indeed, strange that in all the objections made to the establishment of a General Grand Lodge, the opposition has always been urged upon grounds of inexpediency, non-necessity, or impracticability. The legal question whether such a body is in accordance with the landmarks and constitutions of Masonry has been left untouched. We propose, therefore, in a future article, to investigate the question under this constitutional aspect.

ANCIENT COWANS.—We may learn something of the estimation in which the mysteries were held by the ancients, and of the inviolability which was accorded to their secret initiations, from an anecdote which is told by Livy in the 31st Book of his History :

Two Acarnanian youths, who had not been initiated, accidentally entered the temple of Ceres at Eleusis during the time of the celebration of the mysteries. They were soon detected as intruders by the absurd questions which they proposed, and being carried to the managers of the temple, although it was evident that they had come there by mistake, were put to death for so horrible a crime.

GRAND LODGE OF ALABAMA.

At the meeting of the Grand Lodge of Alabama, which took place at Montgomery, in December last, several interesting questions were discussed, which are worthy of a place in our pages.¹ Bro. J. McCALLEN WILEY, the Grand Master, delivered a very able address, from which we can only extract his views on the subject of

UNAFFILIATED MASONS.

"It is with some reluctance that I approach the subject of non-affiliated Masons, but my convictions of duty, and the great wrong these *brethren* are reflecting upon the character, usefulness, and funds of the order, impel me to it; and I earnestly recommend that such legislation may be had as will place them in their proper position before the fraternity and the world. The idea of demission is a modern one, and an anomaly in Masonry. You might as well say that a demitted church member was still a member of the church, or that a stockholder in a bank or insurance company, who had sold out his stock, was entitled to dividends, as to say a demitted Mason is still a Mason, and entitled to masonic benefits and privilege; for I hold that 'if he will not work neither should he eat.' But, say some, Masonry is a voluntary association, and a member has a perfect right to withdraw whenever he sees fit. For the sake of the argument, I will admit the truth of this position, and, in reply, ask if it is only *voluntary* so far as the demitting member is concerned? And are the contributing members and lodges bound to recognize him and his? To contribute to his support and give him funeral honors? Or can they not *voluntarily withdraw* from him also? The idea that he can sever his connexion with the lodge, and the lodge not be able to sever its connexion or obligation to him, is, to my mind, most unnatural and unjust. But I deny that Masonry is a voluntary association to the extent claimed for it by these over lenient brethren; for chapter vi. section 8th of the 'General Regulations of Ancient York Masons' says, 'no set or number of Masons shall withdraw or separate themselves from the lodge in which they were made, or afterwards admitted members, unless the lodge become too numerous; nor even then without a dispensation from the Grand Master, or his deputy; and when thus separated, they must immediately join themselves to such other lodges as they shall like best, who are willing to receive them; or else procure the Grand Master's warrant to join in forming a new lodge.' And in the Charges approved in 1722, chapter x article 3, it is said, that 'a lodge is a place where Masons meet; hence that assembly, or duly organized society of Masons, is called a Lodge, and every brother ought to belong to one, and to be subject to its by-laws and the general regulations.' Brother BIERCK, Past Grand Master of Ohio, says, 'Once a member of a lodge he must continue to be so until he connects himself with some other lodge.' Again, 'if a demit is to exonerate a brother from the duties of a Mason, it should exonerate the lodge from all liability to him; in other words, if it suspends all allegiance and duty on his part to the lodge, it should also suspend his claims for all corresponding benefits from the institution! And Brother ROB. MORRIS, Grand Master of Kentucky, in a work of great merit now being published, says, 'The severance of the connection between the Master Mason and his lodge (a connection which is vitally important to his masonic character and usefulness, and which is urgently required in the Ancient Charges) is denominated non-affiliation. It is a great evil, and has done more, in modern times, to dishonor the masonic institution, and weaken the bonds of the masonic covenant, than any other innovation. In many places the number of non-affiliating Masons equals those of the affiliated, thus crushing them under such dead weight as to render it morally impossible for them to carry on the masonic building. Non-affiliation should be discouraged by every means at the command of the Order. Grand Lodges should fulminate decrees against it, forbidding any masonic benefit, or attention being bestowed on non-affiliating Masons living, and any masonic honors when dead. The by-laws and usages of subordinate lodges should pointedly discountenance them while in that condition; at the same time present every allurements to them to affiliate. They should be forbidden to visit the lodge more than once or twice, nor admitted to the public demonstrations of the Order, its festivals, funerals, &c., under any circumstances, nor aided from the lodge funds, nor introduced to Masons as brethren. They are masonically outlaws, while in their condition of voluntary estrangement, and should be treated as such. There is no lawful reason for a bro-

¹ When we prepared this article we were not aware that the question of demitting, as put by Bro. WILEY, had been so ably discussed by another pen, in a former No. of this magazine.

ther demitting from a lodge except to unite himself immediately with another.' Cast your eyes around in your respective neighborhoods, and see how many of these non-workers there are, and then ask yourselves how much good their contribution might do in the cause of charity, and how much benefit their example would afford were they active, working members of the lodges, and then apply the remedy; for we should be no longer misled by the delusive argument that Masonry is a voluntary association, and that this exists alone in favor of those who choose to live as drones in the great hive, where all should be workers."

We do not think that Bro. WILEY is exactly correct or logical in its denial of the voluntary character of the institution. We cannot, for a moment, entertain a doubt that Masonry is a voluntary association—that its members come in "of their own free will and accord, remain there only during their own pleasure and not upon compulsion, and are at liberty to leave it whenever they see fit, and if dissatisfied with its organization the sooner they leave after this dissatisfaction the better." The lodge organization must be still more of a voluntary character than the Order itself. But the only question properly to be considered is, whether, when a Mason withdraws from the lodge organization, he should continue to receive the benefits and advantages which are dependent on and derived from that lodge organization. And in the answer to this question we cordially concur with Bro. WILEY.

WITHDRAWAL OF PETITIONS.

The Committee on Masonic Jurisprudence made a report on this subject which we think embodies some masonic law. They say:

"A petition for affiliation differs from a petition for initiation in some material respects, and hence must be governed by different principles. When a candidate applies for initiation and is rejected, his standing and relation to the *masonic fraternity* are thereby affected—the Order has been protected against the admission of an unworthy member. This is the reason of the rule which prohibits the withdrawal of a petition for initiation. All the subordinate lodges in the State are interested in the admission or rejection of the candidate; and as all of them cannot be present and cannot be heard, the lodge to which his petition was presented is required to pass, absolutely, upon his worthiness or unworthiness. But when a brother petitions for affiliation, and is rejected, his character as a *Mason* is not affected—it is only his relation to that particular lodge to which he has applied for membership; and no other lodge is interested in his admission or rejection. Hence in the opinion of your committee (after careful consideration), a petition for application may be withdrawn at any time before a ballot, with the unanimous consent of the members present."

NEW TRIALS.

But the most important question that came before the Grand Lodge for adjudication, and perhaps one of the most interesting as a question of masonic jurisprudence that has lately engaged the attention of any Grand Lodge, was the following:

A member of one of the subordinate lodges had been tried for some offence, the nature of which is not stated, but which is characterized by the committee as being "too heinous to be printed in our proceedings." Upon trial he was convicted, and on the question of punishment, two-thirds having refused to vote for either expulsion or suspension, a motion was constitutionally adopted by a majority to inflict a reprimand. More than sixty days after the trial and conviction, application was made to the Master by certain members of the lodge for a new trial on the same charges and specifications, on the ground "that new, important, and hitherto unknown testimony could be had in the case."

When the matter came up for consideration in the lodge the master decided that the lodge could proceed to a new trial, on which the question of the correctness or incorrectness of the Master's decision came before the Grand Lodge for adjudication. In other words, the question was, Can a Mason, having been once tried for an offence, be tried a second time for the same offence?

The subject was referred to the Committee of Masonic Jurisprudence which was fortunately an able body composed of some of the most intelligent craftsmen in Alabama. The committee was unable to agree, the majority believing that a new trial could be had and the minority that it could not. Admirable reports were

made by both sides, and as the question is a novel and interesting one, we present the substantial arguments of both.

ARGUMENT OF THE MAJORITY.

"When a question of this kind is presented to us, our minds immediately advert to the usual laws which control us in our relations to the government in which we live. We all know that by the laws of the State no one can be, for the same offence, twice put in jeopardy of life or liberty, and for this rule experience has given the best of arguments.

"But the majority of your committee believe that there is a wide difference between the case of one tried under the laws of the land, in courts of the profane, and one charged with a violation of masonic or moral law.

"In the courts of the country he is convicted, if at all, by the *unanimous* verdict of a jury. In a lodge a majority can convict. In Masonry neither the life nor liberty of the member is in any danger. His moral character is alone at stake.

"The point, however, of greatest difference is the manner of conviction and of punishment. This case shows that in our masonic jurisdiction it requires a larger vote to punish adequately an offence than it requires to convict of that offence.

"If the Brother is again put on trial, it will be practically not a trial of guilt or innocence, but a trial to fix the proper punishment for an offence of which he already stands convicted. Your committee believe that no lodge should be compelled to keep within her bosom, and as a member of this fraternity, one whose character is that of a grossly immoral man, and whose acts have been so heinous that they cannot be spoken without a blush, upon a technical rule of law, not known to Masonry, but merely because it has been adopted in the laws of the country in which we live; a rule which does not spring entirely out of and belong to the moral government of man, but more especially applies to his civil government. A Mason is bound by his tenure to obey the moral law; if he has violated it, let him never be allowed to shield himself under a technicality from a just retribution. . . .

"It is obvious he has heretofore escaped, because sufficient testimony could not then be had to bring the minds of two-thirds of the Brethren to the conviction of his guilt. Now, when there is new and important testimony discovered, allow that testimony to have its weight on a regular trial of the cause. Suppose for a moment that new testimony should be discovered after conviction, conclusively showing the innocence of the party, is there no law to relieve and clear his character of the stain upon it? Are our convictions unchangeable when there is evidence they are wrong? Certainly not. There is no pardoning power save by a rehearing in the lodge. This can be had, and it can be had at all times, whether it be to convict or exonerate, so that the ends of truth and justice are attained. In one view, the Brother is protected from injury and wrong; in the other, the Lodge and Masonry."

ARGUMENT OF THE MINORITY.

"The common law and the constitution of our country forbid that a man shall be put twice in jeopardy of life and limb. We do not assert that masonic law must be governed by the law of the land. But we do insist that this provision of the common law and of the Constitution had its origin in an enlightened sense of justice as well as humanity, and is conclusive evidence of what educated England and republican America have deemed necessary, both for the protection of the rights of the citizen and the administration of justice. Under its operation many guilty ones have escaped; but better this, than that the rights and liberties of the citizen should be left subject to the changing opinions of judicial tribunals. Can Masonry be less just or humane than the law, when one of its cardinal virtues is justice, and its distinguishing characteristic, charity?

"It is said, however, that Masonry is a moral institution, and is governed by the moral law; and that by masonic trials neither life or limb is put in jeopardy. We might suggest that the civil and criminal law of the country is the reflection of the moral law; but independent of this, the *moral* and *masonic* character is put in jeopardy, which, to the conscientious and upright Mason, is of far higher value than life or limb.

"The very first principle of justice, as well as true liberty, so far as it is applicable to the due administration of criminal law, whether in state, church, or elsewhere, is that there must be a determinate period when prosecution shall finally cease. Adopt the principle sustained by the majority of your Committee, and there will be no point when it can be said a masonic trial, even for the same offence, is finally ended, and a Mason can be assured that he is discharged from prosecution—all certainty in masonic trials and steadfastness in masonic law will be gone. What

is the result? A Mason may be charged with an offence, tried, found guilty, and reprimanded. Six months thereafter he may be charged with the same offence, and tried, found guilty, and suspended for a definite period. After the time of his suspension had passed, and he was thereby reinstated, he may be a third time charged with the same offence, and tried, found guilty, and indefinitely suspended. Subsequently, and for the fourth time, he may be charged for the same, tried, found guilty, and expelled. Thus for one offence, a Mason may be made to suffer all the four penalties known to masonic law. We cannot believe that the organic law of Masonry can be made the instrument of such great injustice and oppression."

This is certainly a very perplexing question, and yet we have found no difficulty in concurring with the views expressed by the majority of the Committee. For the question owes all the perplexity in which it has been involved to the principle of technicality which was introduced into it by the minority. The technicalities of the municipal law, by which rogues escape while good men are often made to suffer, form no part or parcel of an enlightened system of masonic jurisprudence. One of our old English dramatists, speaking of the law, says

"————— it is the kingdom's nose,
By which she smells out all these rich transgressors.
Nor is 't of flesh, but merely made of wax;
And 'tis within the power of us lawyers
To wrest this nose of wax which way we please."

Now, it is the blessing of masonic law that it is cursed with no such convenient instrument, and that the loopholes of escape so often resorted to in the administration of the law of the land, in the form of "demurrers to the indictment," or "pleas in abatement," or "pleas in bar," are utterly unknown and unrecognized in the administration of masonic justice.

To come to a correct apprehension of the question before us, we must remember that it is a long-settled principle of masonic law, that every offence which a Mason commits is an injury to the whole fraternity, inasmuch as that the bad conduct of a single member reflects discredit on the whole institution. This is a very old and well established principle of the institution; and hence we find the old Gothic constitutions declaring that "a Mason shall harbor no thief or thief's retainer," and assigning as a reason, "lest the craft should come to shame." The safety of the institution requires that no evil-disposed member should be tolerated with impunity in bringing disgrace on the craft. And therefore, although the minority of the Committee referred, in defence of their position, to that well-known maxim of the common law—*nemo debet bis puniri pro uno delicto*—that is, "that no one should be twice placed in peril of punishment for the same crime;" yet the majority might with better effect have referred to that other and fundamental maxim—*salus populi suprema lex*—which may, in its application to Masonry, be well translated: "the well-being of the Order is the first great law." To this everything else must yield; and therefore, if a member, having been accused of a heinous offence, and tried, shall on his trial, for want of sufficient evidence, be acquitted, or being convicted, shall, for the same reason, be punished by an inadequate penalty—and if he shall thus be permitted to remain in the institution with the stigma of the crime upon him, "whereby the craft comes to shame;" then, if new and more sufficient evidence shall be subsequently discovered, it is just and right that a new trial shall be had, so that he may, on this newer evidence, receive that punishment which will vindicate the reputation of the Order. No technicalities of law, no plea of *autrefois acquit*, nor mere verbal exception, should be allowed for the escape of a guilty member; for so long as he lives in the Order, every man is subject to its discipline. A hundred wrongful acquittals of a bad member, who still bears with him the reproach of his evil life, can never discharge the Order from its paramount duty of protecting its own good fame and removing the delinquent members from its fold. To this great duty all private and individual rights and privileges must succumb, for the well-being of the Order is the first great law in Masonry.

We think, therefore, that under the circumstances, the Master of the lodge, in the case here referred to, was perfectly justified, by the principles of masonic jurisprudence, in ordering a new trial.

C H A R I T Y .

In commenting on that chapter in St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians, in which this passage occurs: "And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity"—JOHN WESLEY makes the following remarks, which would form as appropriate a part of a masonic lecture as they would of a sermon. They are at least well worth the reading of every Mason:

"ST. PAUL's word is *ἀγάπη*, exactly answering to the plain English word *Love*. And accordingly it is so rendered in all the old translations of the Bible. So it stood in WILLIAM TINDAL's Bible, which, I suppose, was the first English translation of the whole Bible. So it was also in the Bible published by the authority of King HENRY VIII. So it was likewise in all the editions of the Bible that were successively published in England during the reign of King EDWARD VI, Queen ELIZABETH, and King JAMES I. Nay, so it is found in the Bibles of King CHARLES I's reign: I believe to the period of it. The first Bibles I have seen, wherein the word was changed, were those printed by ROGER DANIEL and JOHN FIELD, printers to the Parliament, in the year 1649. Hence it seems probable that the alteration was made during the sitting of the Long Parliament; probably it was then that the Latin word *Charity* was put in place of the English word *Love*. It was an unhappy hour this alteration was made; the ill effects of it remain to this day; and these may be observed, not only among the poor and illiterate; not only thousands of common men and women no more understand the word *Charity* than they do the original Greek; but the same miserable mistake has diffused itself among men of education and learning. Thousands of these are misled thereby, and imagine that the *Charity* treated of in this chapter refers chiefly, if not wholly, to outward actions, and to mean little more than alms-giving! I have heard many sermons preached upon this chapter, particularly before the University of Oxford, and I never heard more than one wherein the meaning of it was not totally misrepresented. But had the old and proper word *Love* been retained, there would have been no room for misrepresentation."

Sincerely do we wish, with the venerable WESLEY, that the good old Saxon word had been retained. If our lectures, borrowing their language from Scripture, had told us that the three principal rounds of the theological ladder consisted of *Faith*, *Hope*, and *Love*, many a Mason would have been saved from falling into the too common but egregious error of mistaking Masonry for an institution founded for the sole purpose of granting eleemosynary aid to its members. Alms-giving would then be viewed, as it really is, as nothing more than an incidental and accidental principle of our association; while the true purpose of the Order, to inculcate love to our fellow-beings as a necessary result of our dependence on God—to institute and forever preserve the holy brotherhood of humanity—would have been placed in bold relief. Our lecture-mongers and ritual-makers would not have dwelt so much on ceremonies and explanations which teach the duty of granting pecuniary aid to a distressed brother—although, of course, that duty should not be neglected—but they would have placed it in a subordinate position to that nobler duty, which our patron, St JOHN, so often reiterated to his disciples, when he is said to have made the whole burthen of his discourses, from day to day, consist only in this sentence: "Little children, love one another."

Charity, in its colloquial sense—alms-giving—aid to the poor and the distressed—would not, if this were the case, be neglected; for this principle is the necessary result of all the associations of men for friendly purposes—not of Masonry more than of any other—but love—brotherly love—would have been encouraged and inculcated as the crowning glory of our Order, and the Mason would have been taught to feel for his brother in wealth or his brother in poverty—in health or in

sickness—in joy or in sorrow—the same true, abiding affection which springs from a knowledge that we are all children of one Father.

Among the saints of the Roman Calendar, there is one, a monk of Thebes, *OMPHROS* by name, whose only claim to veneration is that he retired to the desert and dwelt for three score years in a cave, never having during that whole period beheld the face of a human being or uttered a word of his mother tongue except in prayer. But this saint, hungry and thirsty, and naked and cold, and suffering all this for what he blindly believed to be the love of God, possessed nothing of that charity which the apostle extolled and the Mason is taught to practice, for he wanted love to his fellow man.

Oh! If this cold word *Charity* could be erased from our ritual, as it should be from St. PAUL's Epistle, and the true word *Love* substituted in its place, what good would the change do to Christians—of what infinite advantage would it be to all Masons? It would be constantly reminding us of the great mission in which, as an Order, we are engaged, to establish and perpetuate the eternal fellowship of man.

And then we should teach the aspirant that the three principal rounds of the theological ladder are *Faith*, *Hope*, and *Love*, which admonish us to have faith in God, hope of immortality, and love to all mankind. But the greatest of these is love; because faith is lost in sight, for when we see, we believe not by faith but by demonstration; hope ends in fruition, for when we possess the object, we need no longer hope for it; but love extends beyond the grave through the boundless realms of eternity, for God himself is love.

There is true Masonry in this—to look upon man, not as a pauper to be relieved, but as a brother to be loved.

GRAND LODGE OF NEW YORK.

THE annual communication of the Grand Lodge of New York commenced on Tuesday, the 7th of June. The proceedings have not of course been published as yet, but we are indebted to other sources, and principally to a report in the New York *Dispatch*, for a condensed view of some of the most important transactions.

BRO JOHN L. LEWIS, Jr., the Grand Master, delivered his annual address, which, it is needless to say, was characterized by his usual ability.

BRO JAMES JENKINSON, who, at the time of the Union, was the Grand Master of what was then known as the Schismatic body, delivered a very neat address, which seems to have deservedly met with great applause.

BRO EDWIN FOREST made a donation of five hundred dollars to the fund for building an asylum for the widows and orphans of deceased Masons. This sum was the amount received by him as damages in an action for libel.

The Grand Lodge recommended that every affiliated Mason in the State should be requested to subscribe twenty-five cents towards the Mount Vernon fund, to aid the association in paying the last instalment of \$41,000, now nearly due, to the late proprietor of Mount Vernon, Mr JOHN A. WASHINGTON. If the recommendation is complied with, the sum thus realized will be about seven thousand dollars.

Ways and means were devised for increasing the Hall and Asylum fund, among which were a continuance of the annual ball, and a voluntary subscription of ten cents per month from every Mason in the State.

The annual election resulted in the choice of the following Grand Officers: JOHN L. LEWIS, W. G. Master; JOHN W. SIMONS, D. G. Master; FINLAY M. KING, S. G. Warden; CLINTON F. PAIGE, J. G. Warden; CHARLES L. CHURCH, G. Treasurer; JAS. M. AUSTIN, G. Secretary; WILLIAM H. DREW, G. Lecturer.

The meeting is said to have been one of the most harmonious ever held by the Grand Lodge of New York.

MORAL QUALIFICATIONS.

It is some years since Bro. YOAKUM of Texas called our attention to the fact, that the very best exposition of the moral qualifications of a candidate for initiation into the mysteries of Freemasonry is to be found in the very words of the Book of the Law, which lies open upon our altars. We need go no further than to the fifteenth and twenty-fourth Psalms, to learn who is the man that is fit to enter within our portals. It is, and it is only,

"He that hath clean hands and a pure heart ;
 Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity,
 Nor sworn deceitfully ;
 He that walketh uprightly and worketh righteousness,
 And speaketh the truth in his heart ;
 He that backbiteth not with his tongue,
 Nor doeth evil to his neighbor,
 Nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor ;
 In whose eyes a vile person is contemned ;
 But he honoreth them that fear the Lord.
 He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not ;
 He that putteth not out his money to usury,
 Nor taketh reward against the innocent."

What need of further rules ; better we cannot get. These golden verses should be suspended in every lodge room of the land for the study of all committees of investigation on character. If they formed the criterion for the judgment on candidates applying for initiation, there would no longer be a necessity for the warning-cry that our lodges are making Masons too fast. The more of such men were made, the better it would be for the institution.

PRESENTATION.

THE following paragraph is taken from the *London Freemason's Magazine* for April, 1859, p. 868. It is published simply as an item of news, although the Editor is not ashamed to say that the token of kindness has been inexpressibly gratifying to him :

"A just recognition of the talent, zeal, and learning of Dr A. G. MACKAY was rendered during the late session of the Grand Chapter of South Carolina, by the presentation from his numerous pupils and admirers of a silver pitcher, a beautiful specimen of decorative silver work, enriched with lotus work, and various tasty embosses upon its contour. The outside is divided into six compartments, two of which contain the following inscription : 'To ALBERT G. MACKAY, M. D., the Gamaliel of American Freemasonry. From the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of South Carolina. 6859.' The other compartments bear specimens of the engraver's art, the one enclosing the masonic mark of Dr MACKAY, and the other a representation of a Grand High Priest in full robes. The presentation was made by the Rev. Comp. B. JOHNSON, Grand Chaplain, who briefly and happily expressed the regard entertained for Dr MACKAY by his associates in the Order. The testimonial is most fitting, and the act will be hailed by all patrons of the Royal Arch as an evidence of appreciation, only excelled by the worthiness of its object."

FIRST MASONIC ADDRESS.—The earliest masonic address of which we have any account was one delivered in 1721 by the celebrated Dr THEOPHILUS DESAGULIERS, the compiler, with Dr ANDERSON, of the Book of Constitutions. This address is probably not now extant, indeed we do not know that it was ever published. If in existence, considering the time when it was delivered, at the very period of the re-organization of Masonry, and the learning of the author, as well as his well-known masonic zeal, we might expect to find in it some important information as to the character and condition of the institution at that early era of its re-organization.

THE
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DRAGON MOUTHPOOLS EKULU.

**BIRTH, LIFE, AND DEATH OF STONE-SQUARER'S
 LODGE.**

IN THREE PARTS—BY ROB. MORRIS, G. M. OF KY.

Part Third—The Death.

MASONRY has wonderful powers of self-healing. Her flesh is all sound. Her vital current is pure. Her habits temperate from youth; her constitution is firmly toned and regular in maturity. Thus it happens, that the deepest gash, the darkest bruise, the most ragged thrust, heal over so soon and so surely. They may leave a scar, but they leave no permanent effects, much less do they disable. But these remarks only relate to that sort of Freemasonry which is of the heart, and not of mere form. The common term, "making Masons," (Robert Burns uses it in one of his letters,) conveys a sentiment that is not strictly masonic. *God makes the Mason*; the lodge only pro-

nounces him free and accepted; *free* to her privileges, *accepted* to her breast. It has been said, that a *pcel* is not made but born one. We say not that a man is born a Mason, but we affirm that the real speculative work of Masonry, to which all our emblems, implements, etc., point, is a thing between the Mason and his God, and not of the lodge. Of what avail, then, it may be asked, is the masonic system, and where the advantages purchased at the cost of so much time and money? In this, oh, critic! that *Masonry indorses the man*, and makes him current; Masonry puts him into congenial society, where his affinities are available, and his light may shine to advantage; Masonry removes him from the grosser, lower structure of humanity, where the cowans are and the bad spirits, and the rejected ashlar and the imperfect trunks, to a higher, rarer, purer ether, where (so far as human caution may go in selecting the good, and purging out the bad), he will fraternize with his equals; Masonry makes him happier by humanity, and makes humanity happier by him.

Wondrous powers of self-healing has Masonry, when in the hearts of such men. Time wears out his gnawing teeth in vain on such. Change leaves it for objects more available. Death acknowledges himself conquered here, except so far as the flesh is interested, and he suffers from gloomy doubts as to the final destination of that. Oh, that our golden circle inclosed no spirits, save those of Masons *prepared first in heart!*

Yet, with all the vitality of Masonry, there are causes which, although they cannot destroy it, will retard its course, and temporarily clog its usefulness. It will exist—it is a principle, and death has no power over a principle—but like Christianity, during the long Middle Ages, it will only live in secret. Its fires will lie hidden in caves. Its solemn words will resound through the depths of solitude.

We are about to record the sad tale of a lodge's death. It is no new story; thousands will recognize its principal features in their own hard experience. It is no romance; hundreds of working lodges, once the most brilliant, the most active, the most pure, the most benevolent, the most harmonious, have passed through similar disasters, and met a similar fate. Oh, may *the living* lay it deeply to heart!

The beginning of evil, says the wisest of Masons, is like the letting out of water—the beginning of evil at Stone Squarer's Lodge, No. 91, was *going in debt*.¹ How it happened nobody can recollect. All was going well. The gavel sound was regular; it was perfectly recognized; it was promptly obeyed. Peace and harmony prevailed. The old hall was good enough; it was central; it looked well enough since the new clapboarding was put on; it was capacious; it had become endeared to many as their home; yet, after a few years, when prosperity had somewhat enervated the Order in the Bend, a proposition was made by somebody to build a new one! Who originated the thought cannot be told. All the old members repudiate its parentage, and as they anxiously opposed it from the start, the fault must not be laid at their doors. "A man of wicked devices God will condemn." We do not venture to say that the motive here was a wicked

¹ There is a denomination of Christians that will not dedicate a church until it is paid for! That's the true masonic principle.

one; but it is singular that no one would father the project. Perhaps Brother Moran, if not the progenitor, may be styled the earliest patron of it, for he rode over the highest hills, and through the lowest valleys, and all over the Bend, and across the river (for Stone-Squarer's now had several members on the other side), and exerted all his influence as an individual Mason, to accomplish the scheme.

We doubt not whether such a course is masonic. We question whether any brother has a right thus to prejudice the minds of the craft, out of the lodge-room, either for or against a proposition. *The open lodge* is the place to which a candid, well-meaning brother should come to give his opinions, display his trestle-board, and answer the objections, if any there be. This log-rolling and pseudo-frankness in the fence-corners may serve in corrupt political-partisanship, but Masonry acknowledges it not.

At an October meeting, the day being stormy and cold, and the attendance scanty, the plan was first openly broached. A committee, of which brother Moran was chairman, made their report at the next stated meeting in favor of building a new house.

The vote, however, was postponed, owing to the strenuous opposition of the three Bells, and Brother Moses, the Pastmaster, who loudly declaimed against the injustice of such a course. Some cool words passed (so different from anything ever before heard within those walls, that the portrait of Brother Bronson started aghast with surprise), and bad feelings took root that hour, which were never eradicated.

There was a full attendance at the December meeting, and a serious struggle. The debate was unmasonically warm. Every one of the original members braced himself up against the project. There were present no less than fifty-one of those who had received the degrees in Stone-Squarer's—and, as these were, for the most part, undecided concerning the matter, they afforded an ample field for persuasion. A most ill-favored omen had met the eyes of the brethren as they rode up—old deacon Mowthphoole sitting on the horse-block, and looking happy as a bridegroom! Could the old vulture have scented the carion thus afar off!

The arguments of brother Moran and his party were, that Stone-Squarer's Lodge was now so popular that it was due to herself and the order to treat herself to a good house; that by laying out the funds in hand, and incurring a debt of only about one thousand dollars, a magnificent edifice could be erected, sufficiently large for a store-house, and offices below, superior to any other in the country; that this enterprise would still further increase the popularity of the lodge in the Bend, and probably by means of fees from new members, the whole amount could be raised in three years. Reference was made to the large memberships of the Sons of Temperance, and of the Odd-Fellows, who, by this time, had established themselves in the vicinity; and comparisons, depreciatory to Masonry were made upon this head.

In reply, it was contended by the old members, that their present hall was comfortable, sizeable, and best of all, *paid for*; that there was no other building spot within two miles, it would occasion much inconvenience to the members; that going in debt was usually fatal to charitable institutions everywhere; and finally, that the present

scheme had its origin in an uneasy desire for novelty, and not in the genuine spirit of Masonry.

So the debate ran high until long past midnight. Warm words were uttered, verging slowly upon personalities, despite the Worshipful Master's cautious care. The vote was taken—it exhibited a majority of twelve to build a new hall. After a silence of a few minutes, a resolution in regard to place and plan came up, and excited still warmer feelings; when the majority decided to accept a spot on the plank road, three miles south of Swipsey's chapel, and to appropriate sixteen hundred dollars to the building (an expenditure which would involve the lodge more than one thousand dollars in debt, a place far from being central or appropriate). Old Mowthphoole, sitting as he was on the horse-block, and a little hard of hearing into the bargain, distinctly heard the vociferous demand of more than one of the brethren for an immediate dimit.

The hall, of course, was erected, and in speedy time, for the unholy spirit which originated the project is a *working spirit*. It was a beautiful edifice, beyond doubt, and worthy the craft, but at its dedication there was no "God speed you;" no delegations from abroad; no pre-usage of prosperity; its beams were disunion, its foundation unfraternal discords, its capstone disorder. Mowthphoole, as he returned home drunk from the ceremony, imparted this prophetic secret to his venerable wife: "The beer's a-working, old woman—the thing will run 'bout right, jiss as I told you;"—comparisons drawn between the calling of a distiller and an antimason, which portended small good to the Order.

A permanent debt was henceforth entailed on the lodge, the first consequence of which was a slackening in the mode of investigating the character of applicants. Large expectations had been predicted upon the fees of new members to liquidate the debt, and for the first time in the history of Stone Squarer's Lodge, No. 91, these fees were made a paramount object.

The blocks soon began to come in from the quarry, neither hewn, squared, nor numbered in a masonic sense. Rough ashlar were inartistically laid in the wall, the Master Masons endeavoring, by their trowels, to smooth over the imperfections of shape, and want of polish, by means of much mortar. Instead of well-concealed joinings, so close that the eye could not detect them; instead of a general surface of wall, that should seem more like the workmanship of the Almighty than man, large cracks were left, so glaring and unscientific, that even the abundance of mortar could not hide them. This showed a want of affinity among the members, and that the applicants were not in a state of heart preparation so essentially necessary in speculative Masonry.

Heretofore, Stone-Squarer's Lodge had held a proud pre-eminence in the Grand Lodge, for punctuality in sending up annual dues; now for the first time and to the keen mortification of the brother Moses, the representative, a petition went up instead of money, humbly asking a remission on the score of a costly building, and a heavy debt. Of course the venerable mother granted the request, but the financial character of Stone-Squarer's was for ever lost.

Death now stepped in, as death will, when least wanted, and weak

ened the arms of the lodge. He called brother Moses from labor to refreshment, and the faithful brother obediently arose. He called two of the Bells, leaving the third broken-hearted that he could not follow, and they too cheerfully left the quarries, and marched up to the Grand Overseer to render in their accounts.

He called the faithful carpenter, and the faithful carpenter dropped the tools which his sinewy arms had wielded so long and so well, and joined the shadowy host, who approached the Grand Orient, where there is *more* light.

In the lodge Bible the column of Deaths began to exhibit a painful array. The decease of brother Boxtou, recorded in our second part, had only bound the order together, but now there was a real hiatus which could not be filled. The loose methods of business, lawful in the other secret societies around them, the facile *ins* and the easy *outs* were working evil to Masonry in the Bend, and though the order of every month grew larger, it every month grew weaker. "Cases of emergency," as they are facetiously styled, cases in which the applicant about to travel impatiently desires the three degrees in a single month, began to thicken, and now it was but rare that any applicant was more than two months going through. "Suitable proficiency," a subject on which the Grand Lecturer had so well instructed them, was construed to mean a private examination, by some good-natured brother who would easily vouch to the lodge that the candidate was apt.

Will the reader be surprised now to learn, considering that this masonic temple had got so much unmasonic material in it, that a quarrel, an unbrotherly fracas, happened between two of the members, a quarrel, in which horrid words passed on both sides, in which—oh! that our hand should record it—blows, cruel blows, such as felled the gentle Abel to the earth, were interchanged.

A lodge of inquiry met promptly to investigate the case. All the older members, in whom remained the spirit of the craft, suggested the application of the rigid law to both (for blows between Masons come next to the unpardonable sin), but the majority refused to discipline the members, beyond a mere reprimand. This drove the patriarchs from the lodge, for they declared they could now hear the crackling of the temple-walls preparatory to its fall.

There began now to circulate, instead of the legitimate masonic coin, slanders, bickerings, and scandals. To save any sensitiveness of conscience, that might be left among the members on this subject, a change was made in the form of engagement, concerning evil-speaking; so that what was originally a strongly-worded injunction against slander was softened into a weak, ambiguous clause, which, if it meant anything, left doors of escape large and numerous as the gates of Thebes.

The heavy debt hanging over the lodge dried up all the channels of charity. We are not certain but that this was the worst of all. An appeal from the brethren of a neighboring town, destroyed by a tornado, was rejected on this account; the three widows, whose meritorious labors with their needles, had been aided by the lodge to support and educate their children, drew no more from that source. The school, the dying bequest of brother Bronson, was permitted to cease

its operations, and the well-informed instructor to leave the Bend, and seek elsewhere for employment.

And now that the morality of Masonry had degenerated, the code of by-laws must be altered to correspond. There was a general complaint against the old ones, especially against that clause which denounced blasphemy and intemperance, under severe penalties. It was asserted that there were many worthy Masons (?) who practiced these things to some extent, and that as the by-laws could not be put in force, therefore they should be modified; also, that many persons who would make valuable Masons (?) were restrained from petitioning the lodge, on account of these stringent by-laws. There was salt enough among a few to oppose these sentiments in the true spirit, but the majority sustained them, and a committee appointed to revise the by-laws, left the obnoxious clauses out.

Oh, how the anties laughed when they heard this. The old deacon rebuilt his distillery at once, and at the raising of it was largely assisted by Masons' hands. It was rumored the next week that several who got drunk on that occasion *wore the brand*, but the boys couldn't find it though they *searched* faithfully.

When Elder Flint heard this, he sent the lodge a written discourse from the text, "Fear and a snare is come upon you, desolation and destruction;" but the lodge refused to hear it read, and it was hove over among the rubbish. When Grand Lecturor Bruce heard of it he wrote them a long letter which they could not refuse to read, in which he quoted liberally from the first great light of Masonry, in such passages as these: "The work of a man God will render unto him, and cause every man to find according to his ways." "Shall he that hateth right govern?" "I will pay thee my vows, O! God, which my lips have uttered and my mouth hath spoken."

The erection of the distillery, or rather the deterioration of public morals in which it had its origin, led to the establishment of a grog shop on the plank road, under the very nose of the lodge-room. The Sunday-school was, of course, discontinued, and the children resumed their sabbath-breaking, their fishing, and their romping unchecked.

There was yet one good masonic feeling in the Bend worthy of notice. Most of the wives and daughters of the Masons had shown their fixed regard for the Order in its purer days, and their appreciation of its merits, by consenting to receive the various androgynous degrees in vogue among them, and they had met stately, once a quarter, in the lodge-room, for instruction on this subject. But now that men were made Masons, with whom they could not associate *out of the lodge*, they one and all took a stand (was it not a noble one, confess it, brother Masons?) against it. They refused to meet in the lodge-room any more. They refused to acknowledge the signs and token of recognition. They returned their medals, destroyed their regalia, and abandoned *such* Masonry for ever. All honor to female purity for the act!

With this, also fell through the regular lodge of instruction, which had been sustained for several years.

The necessity of raising money to pay interest on the amount of debt, and to meet instalments of the principal, was now the most urgent one in the minds of the fraternity. It led to many other evils

than those referred to. The lodge, dropping the old-fashioned system part by part, began to confer degrees on a credit, in cases where the applicants had not funds convenient, and soon it was understood, that if no other objection appeared against petitioners, the want of cash in hand would be overlooked. Promissory notes were taken for fees. These being indorsed by the lodge were sold at a discount to the lodge creditors. Some of them came back unpaid, which led to bickerings, trials, and in one instance to expulsion.

By this time the Division of Sons of Temperance had died out. The Odd Fellows, too, had discovered that the Bend was not the field for their plough; and the charters of these two organizations being surrendered, their members, who had got a slight taste of secret societies, came one and all, claiming to be made Masons. Very few of them were refused. The absurd plea, that any good Odd Fellow, or good Son of Temperance, is good enough for Masonry, was admitted; and by their accession a large part of the crushing debt was liquidated.

It has been said that the immense national debt of Great Britain binds her heterogeneous materials into one mass, as the heavy rider on our western fences holds the more slender poles firmly down; but this cannot be said of masonic debts. Possibly the remainder might have been paid off in a year or two, but, unfortunately, brother Watch, the treasurer, died, leaving his accounts in such unmasonic confusion, and his estate so insolvent, that the fraternity could never reclaim a dollar of their funds in hand at the time of his death.

As an instance of the loss of lodge-pride, since the first year of its organization, brother Robinson, who went to the Grand Lodge as representative, and advanced his expenses out of his own pocket, could never get the amount refunded! He entered suit against the lodge, and was expelled for it!

About this time there came through the Bend a lecturer from a distant State, a young, finical genius, who, having somewhere picked up a few hundred questions and answers, snarled up like a hank of silk at that, came into the Bend, and offered his services to lecture. They were greedily accepted. His superficial views were so eagerly received that serious changes, serious enough, at least, to call for the attention of the Grand Lodge, were made in the work. The ancient landmarks were shamefully disregarded. Additions—distortions—omissions—how painful to see such unmethodic marks on the old trestle-board. The modern orders of architecture were introduced to the weakening and disfigurement of the whole temple. Oh, for a Solomon, to drive all such unauthorized master builders from the hill!

The memberships had now become so numerous, that even had the original by-laws been continued, it was, perhaps, impracticable to govern them with true masonic discipline. There were many whom the Worshipful Master did not know by sight. More than one hundred Masons, bound by insufficient by-laws, governed by timid officers—what result other than disaster could be anticipated. Instances may possibly be found where as large a number live together for awhile in peace, but the cases are too rare to justify the experiment and the risk of failure.

The very prosperity of the Bend, with its plank-road and other improvements, by making many of the older Masons wealthy, drew their attention from Masonry. Strange ingratitude! how unworthy of the Order!

In our second chapter we pointed to an instance in which the lodge refused to let a member dimit unless he was preparing to remove. This is, doubtless, the ancient mode, but it was long lost in Stone-Squarer's Lodge, No. 91. Since the liabilities incurred for the building, the annual dues were necessarily raised in amount, and this afforded an excuse for more than a score of the members to dimit. At festival occasions, and at funerals, they were out; and they anticipated masonic honors over their own remains; but Masonry henceforward, got nothing out of them.

Oh, that this painful death scene of a lodge were over! Our pen moves unwillingly as it thus records the shadows of Freemasonry.

If it be a subject of distress to survey the ruins of palaces and cities, the piles, shapeless and black, left by the destructive conflagration; if the sight of a battle-field, heaped with the dead, and quivering with the dying, and scarlet with the gore, be terrible to human sensibilities, what, when we behold moral desolation! what, when we stand by the wreck of moral enterprise! what, when we gaze upon the body and the blood of moral death!

Such were our feelings a twelvemonth back, when we crossed the river into the Bend, and through it, up the hills, towards Elgin. At the hospitable mansion of brother N——, one of the last members of Stone-Squarer's Lodge, No. 91, we received that fraternal attention that never blunts by use. From his own mouth we gathered the closing events in the career of the ill-fated lodge.

Remarking that all the moral interests of the Bend had retrograded, he informed me that five places, in which strong drink was retailed, were now to be found along the plank-road; that the various evangelical denominations barely sustained their organization; and that another distillery had been started near Mowthphoole's. He said the antimasons shouted over the destruction of the temple, and sang doggerel songs concerning its fate. He said, with a sigh, that the old fatalist church was daily rising in importance, and that Deacon M. had given up whiskey-making to his sons, and taken to preaching, his text for all sorts of sermons being *the evils of Masonree*.

The immediate downfall of the lodge was thus stated:

A difficulty had occurred about the election of officers—so serious in its nature as to attract the attention of the Grand Lodge. That body appointed a committee of three to settle it. Of this committee brother Bruce, Grand Lecturer, was chairman. The affair seemed to be in a fair way of adjustment, for the committee had taken testimony both in and out of the lodge, and had finally decided that the parties should compromise the quarrel, and resume masonic friendship regardless of the past.

The injured party, an old Mason, declared that he understood it to be a masonic duty to submit to the lodge, so he walked clear across the room, and offered his hand, with the kindest feeling, to the offending brother. Would you think it? can you believe it of a Mason? The other party, one of the new batch, one who knew nothing more

binding in Masonry than in those societies where men *receive* privileges, but *yield* none, utterly refused the hand (the symbol of fidelity, in all ages recognized and acknowledged), and declared the compromise unsatisfactory! The adjustment was not pursued farther. The committee returned home in disgust. The Grand Lecturer, reporting to the Grand Lodge, said there was no remedy for Stone-Squarer's Lodge, No. 91, *but death*; that it was an incurable consumption, and the patient must speedily sink under it.

His prediction was soon fulfilled.

For several months a quorum would not sit to organize the lodge. At last a few came by common consent, sold the house to the creditors, sold the jewels and regalia, divided the library out by lot among the members, and retired to return no more.

That very night the building caught fire, and when the sun arose (that great luminary, whose life-giving and light-giving rays had been so misrepresented there), he beheld but a heap of coals and ashes, where once stood the boast and pride of the Order.

So perished Stone-Squarer's Lodge, No. 91, an institution organized for usefulness to man, and honor to God. It will be a generation before Masonry can again rear its head in that quarter. In the meantime, all the interests of religion, morality education and progress are neglected. Who is responsible for this? To whose charge will irreligion, vice, ignorance and lethargy be laid in the final settlement? God knoweth. May he be very merciful to the sons of men.

THE UNDER DOG IN THE FIGHT.

I know that the world, that the great, big world,
From the peasant up to the king,
Has a different tale from the tale I tell,
And a different song to sing.

But for *me*—and I care not a single fig
If they say I am wrong, or am right—
I shall always go for the *weaker* dog,
For the *under* god in the fight.

I know that the world, that the great, big world,
Will never a moment stop
To see which dog may be in the fault,
But will shout for the dog on top.

But for *me*, I never shall pause to ask
Which dog may be in the right,
For my heart *will* beat, while it beats at all,
For the *under* dog in the fight.

Perchance what I've said I had better not said,
Or 't were better I had said it incog;
But, with heart and with glass filled chock to the brim,
Here 's a health to the *bottom* dog.

MODEST.—A young man, a member of an evangelical church, advertises in a local paper for board in a pious family, where his Christian example would be considered a compensation.

O C E O L A :

A Romance of the History of Florida and the Seminole War.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER XII.—A SEVERE SENTENCE.

SUCH a series of violent incidents of course created excitement beyond our own boundaries. There was a group of plantations upon the river lying side by side, and all having a frontage upon the water; they formed the "settlement." Through these ran the report, spreading like wildfire; and within the hour white men could be seen coming from every direction. Some were on foot—poor hunters who dwelt on the skirts of the large plantations; others—the planters themselves, or their overseers—on horseback. All carried weapons—rifles and pistols. A stranger might have supposed it the rendezvous of a militia "muster," but the serious looks of those who assembled gave it a different aspect; it more resembled the gathering of the frontier upon the report of some Indian invasion.

In one hour more than fifty white men were upon the ground—nearly all who belonged to the settlement.

A jury was quickly formed, and Yellow Jake put upon his trial. There was no law in the proceedings, though legal formality was followed in a certain rude way. These jurors were themselves sovereign—they were the lords of the land, and, in cases like this, could easily *improvise* a judge. They soon found one in planter Ringgold, our adjoining neighbor. My father declined to take part in the proceedings.

The trial was rapidly gone through with. The facts were fresh and clear; I was before their eyes with my arm in a sling, badly cut. The other circumstances which led to this result were all detailed. The chain of guilt was complete. The mulatto had attempted the lives of white people. Of course, death was the decree.

What mode of death? Some voted for hanging; but by most of these men hanging was deemed too mild. *Burning* met the approbation of the majority. The judge himself cast his vote for the severer sentence.

My father pled mercy—as least so far as to spare the torture—but the stern jurors would not listen to him. They had all lost slaves of late—many runaways had been reported—the proximity of the Indians gave encouragement to defection. They charged my father with too much leniency—the settlement needed an example—they would make one of Yellow Jake, that would deter all who were disposed to imitate him. His sentence was, that he should be *burnt alive!*

Thus did they reason, and thus did they pronounce.

It is a grand error to suppose that the Indians of North America have been peculiar in the habit of torturing their captive foes. In most well-authenticated cases, where cruelty has been practised by them, there has been a provocative deed of anterior date—some grievous wrong—and the torture was but a retaliation. Human na-

ture has yielded to the temptings of revenge in all ages—and ferocity can be charged with as much justice against white skin as against red skin. Had the Indians written the story of border warfare, the world might have modified its belief in their so-called cruelty.

It is doubtful if, in all their history, instances of ferocity can be found that will parallel those often perpetrated by white men upon blacks—many of whom have suffered mutilation—torture—death—for the mere offence of a word! certainly often for a blow, since such is a written law!

Where the Indians have practised cruelty it has almost always been in retaliation; but civilized tyrants have put men to the torture without even the palliating apology of vengeance. If there was revenge, it was not of that natural kind to which the human heart gives way, when it conceives deep wrong has been done; but rather a mean spite, such as is often exhibited by the dastard despot towards some weak individual within his power.

No doubt, Yellow Jake deserved death. His crimes were capital ones; but to torture him was the will of his judges.

My father opposed it, and a few others. They were outvoted and overruled. The awful sentence was passed; and they who had decreed it at once set about carrying it into execution.

It was not a fit scene to be enacted upon a gentleman's premises; and a spot was selected at some distance from the house, further down the lake-edge. To this place the criminal was conducted—the crowd, of course, following.

Some two hundred yards from the bank a tree was chosen as the place of execution. To this tree the condemned was to be bound, and a log-fire kindled around him.

My father would not witness the execution; I alone of our family followed to the scene. The mulatto saw me, and accosted me with words of rage. He even taunted me about the wound he had given, glorying in the deed. He was no doubt under the belief that I was one of his greatest foes. I had certainly been the innocent witness of his crime, and chiefly through my testimony he had been condemned; but I was not revengeful. I would have spared him the terrible fate he was about to undergo—at least its tortures.

We arrived upon the ground. Men were already before us, collecting the logs, and piling them up around the trunk of the tree; others were striking a fire. Some joked and laughed; a few were heard giving utterance to expressions of hate for the whole colored race.

Young Ringgold was especially active. This was a wild youth—on the eve of manhood, of somewhat fierce harsh temper—a family characteristic.

I knew that the young fellow affected my sister Virginia; I had often noticed his partiality for her; and he could scarcely conceal his jealousy of others who came near her. His father was the richest planter in the settlement; and the son, proud of his superiority, believed himself welcome everywhere. I did not think he was very welcome with Virginia, though I could not tell. It was too delicate a point upon which to question her, for the little dame already esteemed herself a woman.

Ringgold was neither handsome nor graceful. He was sufficiently

intelligent, but overbearing to those beneath him in station—not an uncommon fault among the sons of rich men. He had already gained the character of being resentful. In addition to all, he was dissipated—too often found with low company in the forest cock-pit.

For my part, I did not like him. I never cared to be with him as a companion; he was older than myself, but it was not that—I did not like his disposition. Not so my father and mother. By both was he encouraged to frequent our house. Both probably desired him for a future son-in-law. They saw no faults in him. The glitter of gold has a binding influence upon the moral eye.

This young man, then, was one of the most eager for the punishment of the mulatto, and active in the preparations. His activity arose partly from a natural disposition to be cruel. Both he and his father were noted as hard task-masters, and to be “sold to Mass’ Ringgold” was a fate dreaded by every slave in the settlement.

But young Ringgold had another motive for his conspicuous behaviour; he fancied he was playing the knight-errant by this show of friendship for our family—for Virginia. He was mistaken. Such unnecessary cruelty to the criminal met the approbation of none of us. It was not likely to purchase a smile from my good sister.

The young half-blood, Powell, was also present. On hearing the hue and cry he had returned, and now stood in the crowd looking on, but taking no part in the proceedings.

Just then the eye of Ringgold rested upon the Indian boy, and I could perceive that it was instantly lit up by a strange expression. He was already in possession of all the details. He saw in the dark-skinned youth the gallant preserver of Virginia’s life, but it was not with gratitude that he viewed him. Another feeling was working in his breast, as could plainly be perceived by the scornful curl that played upon his lips.

More plainly still by the rude speech that followed:

“Hilloa! redskin!” he cried out, addressing himself to the young Indian, “you’re sure *you* had no hand in this business? eh, redskin.”

“Redskin!” exclaimed the half-blood in a tone of indignation, at the same time fronting proudly to his insulter—“Redskin you call me? My skin is of better color than yours, you white-livered lout!”

Ringgold was rather of a sallow complexion. The blow hit home. Not quicker is the flash of powder than was its effect; but his astonishment at being thus accosted by an Indian, combined with his rage, hindered him for some moments from making a reply.

Others were before him, and cried out:

“O! Lordy! such talk from an Injun!”

“Say that again!” cried Ringgold, as soon as he had recovered himself.

“Again if you wish—white-livered lout!” cried the half-blood, giving full emphasis to the phrase.

The words were scarcely out before Ringgold’s pistol cracked; but the bullet missed its aim; and next moment the two clinched, seizing each other by the throat.

Both came to the ground, but the half-blood had the advantage. He was uppermost, and no doubt would quickly have despatched his

white antagonist—for the ready blade was gleaming in his grasp—but the knife was struck out of his hand; and a crowd of men, rushing to the spot, pulled the combatants apart.

Some were loud against the Indian lad, and called for his life; but there were others with finer ideas of fair play, who had witnessed the provocation, and, despite the power of the Ringgolds, would not suffer him to be sacrificed. I had resolved to protect him as far as I was able.

What would have been the result it is difficult to guess; but at that crisis a sudden diversion was produced by the cry—that *Yellow Jake had escaped!*

CHAPTER XIII.—THE CHASE.

I LOOKED around. Sure enough, the mulatto was making off.

The rencontre between Ringgold and the Indian monopolized attention, and the criminal was for the moment forgotten. The knife knocked out of Powell's hands had fallen at the feet of Yellow Jake. Unobserved in the confusion, he had snatched it up, cut the fastenings from his limbs, and glided off before any one could intercept him. Several clutched at him as he passed through the straggled groups; but, being naked, he was able to glide out of their grasp, and in a dozen bounds he had cleared the crowd, and was running towards the shore of the lake.

It seemed a mad attempt—he would be shot down or overtaken. Even so; it was not madness to fly from certain death—and such a death.

Shots were ringing; at first they were the reports of pistols. The guns had been laid aside, and were leaning against trees and the adjacent fence.

Their owners now ran to seize them. One after another was leveled; and then followed a sharp rapid cracking, like file-firing from a corps of riflemen.

There may have been good marksmen among the party—there were some of the best—but a man running for his life, and bounding from side to side, to avoid the stumps and bushes, offers but a very uncertain aim; and the best shot may miss.

So it appeared on this occasion. After the last rifle rang, the runaway was still seen keeping his onward course, apparently unscathed.

The moment after, he plunged into the water, and swam boldly out from the shore.

Some set to reloading their guns; others, despairing of the time, flung them away; and hastily pulling off hats, coats, and boots, rushed down to the lake, and plunged in after the fugitive.

In less than three minutes from the time that the mulatto started off, a new tableau was formed. The spot that was to have been the scene of execution was completely deserted. One half the crowd was down by the shore, shouting and gesticulating; the other half—full twenty in all—had taken to the water, and were swimming in perfect silence—their heads shewing above the surface. Away beyond—full fifty paces in advance of the foremost—appeared that solitary swimmer—the object of pursuit; his head of black tangled curls conspicu-

ous above the water, and now and then the yellow neck and shoulders, as he forged forward in the desperate struggle for life.

A strange tableau it was, and bore strong resemblance to a deer-hunt—when the stag, close pressed, takes to the water, and the hounds, in full cry, plunge boldly after—but in this chase were the elements of a still grander excitement; both the quarry and the pack were human.

Not all human—there were dogs as well—hounds and mastiffs mingled among the men, side by side with their masters in the eager purpose of pursuit. A strange tableau indeed!

Stray shots were still fired from the shore. Rifles had been reloaded by those who remained; and now and then the plash of the tiny pellet could be seen, where it struck the water far short of the distant swimmer. He needed no longer to have a dread of danger from that source; he was beyond the range of the rifles.

The whole scene had the semblance of a dream. So sudden had been the change of events, I could scarcely give credit to my senses, and believe it a reality. But the moment before, the criminal lay bound and helpless, beside him the pile upon which he was to be burnt—now was he swimming far and free, his executioners a hopeless distance behind him. Rapid had been the transformation—it hardly appeared real. Nevertheless, it *was* real—it was before the eyes.

A long time, too, before our eyes. A chase in the water is a very different affair from a pursuit on dry land; and, notwithstanding there was life and death on the issue, slow was the progress both of pursuers and pursued. For nearly half an hour we who remained upon the shore continued spectators of this singular contest.

The frenzy of the first moments had passed away; but there was sufficient interest to sustain a strong excitement to the last; and some continued to shout and gesticulate, though neither their cries nor actions could in anywise influence the result. No words of encouragement could have increased the speed of the pursuers; no threats were needed to urge forward the fugitive.

We who remained inactive had time enough to reflect; and upon reflection, it became apparent why the runaway had taken to the water. Had he attempted to escape by the fields, he would have been pulled down by the dogs, or else overtaken by swift runners, for there were many swifter than he. There were few better swimmers, however, and he knew it. For this reason, then, had he preferred the water to the woods, and certainly his chances of escape seemed altogether better.

After all, he could *not* escape. The island for which he was making was about half a mile from the shore; but beyond was a stretch of clear water of more than a mile in width. He would arrive at the island before any of his pursuers; but what then? Did he purpose to remain there, in hopes of concealing himself among the bushes? Its surface of several acres was covered with a thick growth of large trees. Some stood close by the shore, their branches draped with silvery tillandsia, overhanging the water. But what of this? There might have been cover enough to have given shelter to a bear or to a hunted wolf, but not to a hunted man—not to a slave who had drawn

the knife upon his master. No, no. Every inch of the thicket would be searched: to escape by concealing himself he might not.

Perhaps he only meant to use the island as a resting-place; and, after breathing himself, take once more to the water, and swim on for the opposite shore. It was possible for a strong swimmer to reach it; but it would not be possible for *him*. There were skiffs and pirogues upon the river, both up and down. Men had already gone after them; and, long before he could work his way across that wide reach, half a dozen keels would be cutting after him. No, no—he could not escape; either upon the island, or in the water beyond, he would be captured.

Thus reasoned the spectators, as they stood anxiously watching the pursuit.

The excitement rose higher as the swimmers neared the island. It is always so at the approach of a crisis; and a crisis was near, though not such a one as the spectators anticipated. They looked to see the runaway reach the island, mount up the bank, and disappear among the trees. They looked to see his pursuers climb out close upon his heels, and perhaps hear of his capture before he could cross through the timber, and take to the water on the other side.

Some such crisis were they expecting; and it could not be distant, for the mulatto was now close into the edge of the island; a few strokes would bring him to the shore; he was swimming under the black shadows of the trees—it seemed as if the branches were over his head—as if he might have thrown up his hands and clutched them.

The main body of his pursuers was still fifty yards in his rear; but some, who had forged ahead of the rest, were within half that distance. From where we viewed them, they seemed far nearer; in fact, it was easy to fancy that they were swimming alongside, and could have laid hands on him at any moment.

The crisis was approaching, but not that which was looked for. The pursuit was destined to a far different ending from that anticipated either by spectators or pursuers. The pursued himself little dreamed of the doom that was so near—a doom awfully appropriate.

The swimmer was cleaving his way across the belt of black shadow; we expected next moment to see him enter among the trees, when all at once he was seen to turn aside towards us, and direct his course along the edge of the island.

We observed this manœuvre with some astonishment—we could not account for it; it was clearly to the advantage of his pursuers, who now swam in a diagonal line to intercept him.

What could be his motive? Had he failed to find a landing-place? Even so, he might have clutched the branches, and by that means have drawn himself ashore.

Ha! our conjectures are answered; yonder is the answer; yonder brown log that floats on the black water is *not* the trunk of a dead tree. It is not dead; it has life and motion. See! it assumes a form—the form of the great saurian, the hideous alligator!

Its gaunt jaws are thrown up, its scolloped tail is erect, its breast alone rests upon the water. On this as a pivot it spins round and round, brandishing its tail in the air, and at intervals lashing the spray

aloft. Its bellowing is echoed back from the distant shores; the lake vibrates under the hoarse barytone, the wood-birds flutter and cry, and the white crane mounts screaming into the air.

The spectators stand aghast; the pursuers have poised themselves in the water, and advance no further. One solitary swimmer is seen struggling on—it is he who swims for his life.

It is upon him the eyes of the alligator are fixed. Why upon him more than the others? They are all equally near. Is it the hand of God who takes vengeance?

Another revolution, another sweep of its strong tail, and the huge reptile rushes upon its victim.

I have forgotten his crimes—I almost sympathise with him. Is there no hope of his escape?

See! he has grasped the branch of a live-oak; he is endeavoring to lift himself up—above the water—above the danger. Heaven strengthen his arms!

Ah, he will be too late; already the jaws—— That crash! The branch has broken!

He sinks back to the surface—below it. He is out of sight—he has gone to the bottom! and after him, open-mouthed and eager, darts the gigantic lizard.

Both have disappeared from our view.

The froth floats like a blanket upon the waves, clouting the leaves on the broken branch.

We watch with eager eyes. Not a ripple escapes unnoted; but no new movement stirs the surface, no motion is observed, no form comes up; and the waves soon flatten over the spot.

Beyond a doubt, the reptile has finished its work.

Whose work? Was it the hand of God who took unerring vengeance?

So they are saying around me.

The pursuers have faced back, and are swimming towards us. None cares to trust himself under the black shadows of these island oaks. They will have a long swim before they can reach the shore, and some of them will scarcely accomplish it. They are in danger—but no, yonder come the skiffs and pirogues, that will soon pick them up.

They have seen the boats, and swim slowly, or float upon the water, waiting their approach.

They are taken in, one after another; and all—both dogs and men—are now carried to the island.

They go to continue the search—for there is still some doubt as to the fate of the runaway.

They land—the dogs are sent through the bushes, while the men glide round the edge to the scene of the struggle. They find no track or trace upon the shore.

But there is one upon the water. Some froth still floats—there is a tinge of carmine upon it—beyond a doubt it is the blood of the mulatto.

“All right, boys!” cries a rough fellow; “that’s blueskin’s blood, I’ll sartify. He’s gone under an’ no mistake. Durn the varmint! it’s clean spoil our sport.”

The jest is received with shouts of boisterous laughter.

In such a spirit talked the man-hunters, as they returned from the chase.

CHAP. XIV. — RINGGOLD'S REVENGE.

ONLY the ruder spirits indulged in this ill-timed levity; others of more refined nature regarded the incident with due solemnity—some even with a feeling of awe.

Certainly it seemed as if the hand of God had interposed, so appropriate had been the punishment—almost as if the criminal had perished by his own contrivance.

It was an awful death, but far less hard to endure than that which had been decreed by man. The Almighty had been more merciful; and in thus mitigating the punishment of the guilty wretch, had rebuked his human judges.

I looked around for the young Indian; I was gratified to find he was no longer among the crowd. His quarrel with Ringgold had been broken off abruptly. I had fears that it was not yet ended. His words had irritated some of the white men, and it was through his being there, the criminal had found the opportunity to get off. No doubt, had the latter finally escaped, there would have been more of it; and even as matters stood, I was not without apprehensions about the safety of the bold half-blood. He was not upon his own ground—the other side of the river was the Indian territory; and therefore he might be deemed an intruder. True, we were at peace with the Indians; but for all that, there was enough of hostile feeling between the two races. Old wounds received in the war of 1818 still rankled in the breast.

I knew Ringgold's resentful character—he had been humiliated in the eyes of his companions; for, during the short scuffle, the half-blood had had the best of it. Ringgold would not be content to let it drop—he would seek revenge.

I was glad, therefore, on perceiving that the Indian had gone away from the ground. Perhaps he had himself become apprehensive of danger, and retreated the river. There he would be safe from pursuit. Even Ringgold dared not follow him to the other side, for the treaty laws could not have been outraged with impunity. The most reckless of the squatters knew this. An Indian war would have been provoked, and the supreme government, though not over scrupulous, had other views at the time.

I was turning to proceed homeward, when it occurred to me that I would accost Ringgold, and signify to him my disapproval of his conduct. I was indignant at the manner in which he had acted—just angry enough to speak my mind. Ringgold was older than myself, and bigger; but I was not afraid of him. On the contrary, I knew that he rather feared me. The insult he had offered to one who, but the hour before, had risked life for us, had sufficiently roused my blood, and I was determined to reproach him for it. With this intention, I turned back to the crowd to look for him. He was not to be found.

"Have you seen Arens Ringgold?" I inquired of old Hickman.

"Yes—jest gone," was the reply.

"In what direction?"

"Up river. See 'im gallop off wi' Bill Williams an' Ned Spence—desp'it keen upon somethin' they 'peared."

A painful suspicion flashed across my mind.

"Hickman," I asked, "will you lend me your horse for an hour or more?"

"My old critter? Sartint sure will I; a day, if you wants him. But Geordy, boy, you can't ride wi' your arm that way? I'm sure you can't."

"O yes; only help me into the saddle."

The old hunter did as desired; and after exchanging another word or two, I rode off in the up-river direction.

Up the river was a ferry; and at its landing it was most likely the young Indian had left his canoe. In that direction, therefore, he should go to get back to his home, and in that direction Ringgold should not go to return to his, for the path to the Ringgold plantation led in a course altogether opposite. Hence the suspicion that occurred to me on hearing that the latter had gone up the river. At such a time it did not look well, and in such company, still worse; for I recognized in the names that Hickman had mentioned, two of the most worthless boys in the settlement. I knew them to be associates, or rather creatures, of Ringgold.

My suspicion was that they had gone after the Indian, and of course with an ill intent. It was hardly a conjecture; I was almost sure of it; and as I advanced along the river-road, I became confirmed in the belief. I saw the tracks of their horses along the path that led to the ferry, and now and again I could make out the print of the Indian moccasin where it left its wet mark in the dust. I knew that his dress had not yet dried upon him, and the moccasin would still be saturated with water.

I put the old horse to his speed. As I approached the landing, I could see no one, for there were trees all around it; but the conflict of angry voices proved that I had conjectured aright.

I did not stop to listen; but, urging my horse afresh, I rode on. At a bend of the road, I saw three horses tied to the trees. I knew they were those of Ringgold and his companions, but I could not tell why they had left them.

I stayed not to speculate, but galloped forward upon the ground. Just as I had anticipated, the three were there—the half-blood was in their hands.

They had crept upon him unawares—that was why their horses had been left behind—and caught him just as he was about stepping into his canoe. He was unarmed—for the rifle I had given him was still wet, and the mulatto had made away with his knife—he could offer no resistance, and was therefore secured at once.

They had been quick about it, for they had already stripped off his hunting-shirt, and tied him to a tree. They were just about to vent their spite upon him—by flogging him on the bare back with cow-hides which they carried in their hands. No doubt they would have laid them on heavily had I not arrived in time.

"Shame, Arens Ringgold! shame!" I cried as I rode up. "This is cowardly, and I shall report it to the whole settlement."

Ringgold stammered out some excuse, but was evidently staggered at my sudden appearance.

"The durned Injun deserves it," growled Williams.

"For what, Master Williams?" I inquired.

"For waggin' his jaw so imperent to wite men."

"He's got no business over here," chimed in Spence; "he has no right to come this side the river."

"And you have no right to flog him, whether on this side or the other—no more than you have to flog me."

"Ho, ho! That might be done too," said Spence in a sneering tone, that set my blood in a boil.

"Not so easily," I cried, leaping from the old horse, and running forward upon the ground.

My right arm was still sound. Apprehensive of an awkward affair, I had borrowed old Hickman's pistol, and I held it in my hand.

"Now, gentlemen," said I, taking my stand beside the captive, "go on with the flogging; but take my word for it, I shall send a bullet through the first who strikes!"

Though they were but boys, all three were armed with knife and pistol, as was the custom of the time. Of the three, Spence seemed most inclined to carry out his threat; but he and Williams saw that Ringgold, their leader, had already backed out, for the latter had something to lose, which his companions had not. Besides, he had other thoughts, as well as fears for his personal safety.

The result was that all three, after remonstrating with me for my uncalled-for interference in a quarrel that did not concern me, made an angry and somewhat awkward exit from the scene.

The young Indian was soon released from his unpleasant situation. He uttered few words, but his looks amply expressed his gratitude. As he pressed my hand at parting, he said:

"Come to the other side to hunt whenever you please—no Indian will harm you—in the land of the red men you will be welcome."

CHAPTER XV. — MAOOME.

AN acquaintance thus acquired could not be lightly dropped. Should it end otherwise than in friendship? This half-blood was a noble youth, the germ of a gentleman. I resolved to accept his invitation, and visit him in his forest home.

His mother's cabin, he said, was on the other side of the lake, not far off. I should find it on the bank of a little stream that emptied into the main river, above where the latter expands itself.

I felt a secret gratification as I listened to these directions. I knew the stream of which he was speaking; lately I had sailed up it in my skiff. It was upon its banks I had seen that fair vision—the wood-nymph whose beauty haunted my imagination. Was it Maoomée?

I longed to be satisfied. I waited only for the healing of my wound—till my arm should be strong enough for the oar. I chafed at the delay; but time passed, and I was well.

I chose a beautiful morning for the promised visit, and was prepared to start forth. I had no companion—only my dogs and gun.

I had reached the skiff, and was about stepping in, when a voice accosted me; on turning, I beheld my sister.

Poor little Virgine! she had lost somewhat of her habitual gaiety, and appeared much changed of late. She was not yet over the terrible fright—its consequences were apparent in her more thoughtful demeanor.

"Whither goest thou, Georgy?" she inquired as she came near to me.

"Must I tell, Virgine?"

"Either that or take me with you."

"What! to the woods?"

"And why not? I long for a ramble in the woods. Wicked brother! you never indulge me."

"Why, sister, you never asked me before?"

"Even so, you might know that I desired it. Who would not wish to go wandering in the woods? Oh! I wish I were a wild bird, or a butterfly, or some other creature with wings; I should wander all over those beautiful woods, without asking you to guide me, selfish brother."

"Any other day, Virgine, but, to-day——"

"Why but? Why not this very day? Surely it is fine—it is lovely!"

"The truth, then, sister—I am not exactly bound for the woods to-day."

"And whither bound? whither bound, Georgy? that's what they say in ships."

"I am going to visit young Powell at his mother's cabin. I promised him I should."

"Ha!" exclaimed my sister, suddenly changing color, and remaining for a moment in a reflective attitude.

The name had recalled that horrid scene. I was sorry I had mentioned it.

"Now, brother," continued she after a pause, "there is nothing I more desire to see than an Indian cabin—you know I have never seen one. Good Georgy! good Georgy! pray take me along with you likewise."

There was an earnestness in the appeal I could not resist, though I would rather have gone alone. I had a secret that I would not have trusted even to my fond sister. I had an indefinite feeling, besides, that I ought not to take her with me, so far from home, into a part of the country with which I was so little acquainted.

She appealed a second time.

"If mother will give her consent——"

"Nonsense, Georgy—mamma will not be angry. Why return to the house? You see I am prepared; I have my sun-bonnet. We can be back before we are missed—you've told me it was not far."

"Step in, siss! Sit down in the stern. There—yo-ho! we are off!"

There was not much strength in the current, and half an hour's rowing brought the skiff to the mouth of the creek. We entered it

and continued upward. It was a narrow stream, but sufficiently deep to float either skiff or canoe. The sun was hot, but his beams could not reach us; they were intercepted by the tupelo-trees that grew on the banks—their leafy branches almost meeting across the water.

Half a mile from the mouth of the creek, we approached a clearing. We saw fields under cultivation. We noticed crops of maize, and sweet potatoes, with capsicums, melons, and calabashes. There was a dwelling-house of considerable size near the bank, surrounded by an enclosure, with smaller houses in the rear. It was a log structure—somewhat antique in its appearance, with a portico, the pillars of which exhibited a rude carving. There were slaves at work in the field—that is, there were black men, and some red men too—Indians!

It could not be the plantation of a white man—there were none on that side the river. Some wealthy Indian, we conjectured, who is the owner of land and slaves. We were not surprised at this—we knew there were not many such.

But where was the cabin of our friend? He had told me it stood upon the bank of the stream not more than half a mile from its mouth. Had we passed without seeing it, or was it still higher up the stream?

"Shall we stop, and inquire, Virgine?"

"Who is it standing in the porch?"

"Ha! your eyes are better than mine, siss—it is the young Indian himself. Surely he does not live *there*? That is not a cabin. Perhaps he is on a visit? But see! he is coming this way.

As I spoke, the Indian stepped out from the house, and walked rapidly towards us. In a few seconds he stood upon the bank, and beckoned us to a landing. As when seen before, he was gaily dressed, with plumed "toque" upon his head, and garments richly embroidered. As he stood upon the bank above us, his fine form outlined against the sky, he presented the appearance of a miniature warrior. Though but a boy, he looked splendid and picturesque. I almost envied him his wild attire.

My sister seemed to look on him with admiration, though I thought I could trace some terror in her glance. From the manner in which her color came and went, I fancied that his presence recalled that scene, and again I regretted that she had accompanied me.

He appeared unembarrassed by our arrival. I have known it otherwise among whites; and those too making pretensions to *haut ton*. This young Indian was as cool and collected as though he had been expecting us, which he was not. He could not have expected both of us.

There was no show of coldness in our reception. As soon as we approached near enough, he caught the stem of the skiff, drew her close up to the landing, and with the politeness of an accomplished gentleman, assisted us to debark.

"You are welcome," said he—"welcome!" and then turning to Virginia with an inquiring look, he added:

"I hope the health of the senorita is quite restored. As for yours, sir, I need not inquire: that you have rowed your skiff so far against the current, is a proof you have got over your mishap."

The word "senorita" betrayed a trace of the Spaniard—a remnant of those relations that had erewhile existed between the Seminole Indians and the Iberian race. Even in the costume of our new acquaintance could be observed objects of Andalusian origin—the silver cross hanging from his neck, the sash of scarlet silk around his waist, and the long triangular blade that was sheathed behind it. The scene, too, had Spanish touches. There were exotic plants, the china orange, the splendid papaya, the capsicums, and love-apples (tomatoes;) almost characteristics of the home of the Spanish colonist. The house itself exhibited traces of Castilian workmanship. The carving was not Indian.

"Is this your home?" I inquired with a slight feeling of embarrassment.

He had bid us welcome, but I saw not the cabin he spoke of; I might be wrong.

His answer set me at rest. It was his home—his mother's house—his father was long since dead—there were but the three: his mother, his sister, himself.

"And these?" I inquired, pointing to the laborers.

"Our slaves," he replied with a smile. "You perceive we Indians are getting into the customs of civilization."

"But these are not all negroes. There are red men; are *they* slaves?"

"Slaves like the others. I see you are astonished. They are not of our tribe: they are Yamassees. Our people conquered them long ago; and many of them still remain slaves."

We had arrived at the house. His mother met us by the door—a woman of pure Indian race—who had evidently once possessed beauty. She was still agreeable to look upon—well dressed, though in Indian costume—maternal—intelligent.

We entered—furniture—trophies of the chase—horse accoutrements in the Spanish style—a guitar—ha! books!

My sister and I were not a little surprised to find, under an Indian roof, these symbols of civilization.

"Ah!" cried the youth, as if suddenly recollecting himself, "I am glad you are come. Your moccasins are finished. Where are they, mother? Where is she? Where is Maoomée?"

He had given words to my thoughts—their very echo.

"Who is Maoomée?" whispered Virgine.

"An Indian girl—his sister, I believe."

"Yonder—she comes!"

A foot scarce a span in length; an ankle that, from the brodered flap of the moccasin, exhibits two lines widely diverging upward; a waist of that pleasing flexure that sweeps abruptly inward and out again; a bosom whose prominence could be detected under the coarsest draping; a face of rich golden brown; skin diaphanous; cheeks coral red; lips of like hue; dark eyes and brows; long crescent lashes; hair of deepest black, in wantonness of profusion.

Fancy such a form—fancy it robed in all the picturesque finery that Indian ingenuity can devise—fancy it approaching you with a step that rivals the Arab's steed, and you may fancy—no, you may not fancy Maoomée.

My poor heart—it was she, my wood-nymph!

I could have tarried long under the roof of that hospitable home; but my sister seemed ill at ease—as if there came always recurring to her the memory of that unhappy adventure.

We stayed but an hour; it seemed not half so long—but short as was the time, it transformed me into a man. As I rowed back home, I felt that my boy's heart had been left behind me.

CHAPTER XVI. — THE ISLAND.

I LONGED to revisit the Indian home, and was not slow to gratify my wish. There was no restraint upon my actions. Neither father nor mother interfered with my daily wanderings; I came and went at will, and was rarely questioned as to the direction I had taken. Hunting was supposed to be the purpose of my absence. My dogs and gun, which I always took with me, and the game I usually brought back, answered all curiosity.

My hunting excursions were always in one direction—I need hardly have said so—always across the river. Again and again did the keel of my skiff cleave the waters of the creek—again and again, until I knew every tree upon its bank.

My acquaintance with young Powell soon ripened into a firm friendship. Almost daily were we together—either upon the lake or in the woods, companions in the chase; and many a deer and wild turkey did we slaughter in concert. The Indian boy was already a skilled hunter; and I learned many a secret of wood-craft in his company.

I remember well that hunting less delighted me than before. I preferred that hour when the chase was over, and I halted at the Indian house on my way home—when I drank the honey-sweetened *conté* out of the carved calabash—far sweeter from the hands out of which I received the cup—far sweeter from the smiles of her who gave it—Maoomée.

For weeks—short weeks they seemed—I revelled in this young dream of love. Ah! it is true there is no joy in after life that equals this. Glory and power are but gratifications—love alone is bliss—purest and sweetest in its virgin bloom.

Often was Virginia my companion in these wild wood excursions. She had grown fond of the forest—she said so—and willingly went along. There were times when I should have preferred going alone; but I could not gainsay her. She had become attached to Maoomée. I did not wonder.

Maoomée, too, liked my sister—not from any resemblance in character between them. Physically, they were unlike as two young girls could well be. Virginia was all blonde and gold; Maoomée damask and bronze. Intellectually they approached no nearer. The former was timid as the dove; the latter possessed a spirit bold as the falcon. Perhaps the contrast drew closer the ties of friendship that had sprung up between them. It is not an anomaly.

Far more like an anomaly was my feeling in relation to the two—I

loved my sister for the very softness of her nature. I loved Maoomée for the opposite; but, true, these loves were very distinct in kind—unlike as the objects that called them forth.

While young Powell and I hunted, our sisters stayed at home. They strolled about the fields, the groves, the garden. They played and sang and *read*, for Maoomée—despite her costume—was no savage. She had books, a guitar, or rather a bandolin—a Spanish relic—and had been instructed in both. So far as mental cultivation went, she was fit society even for the daughter of a proud Randolph. Young Powell, too, was well, or better educated than myself. Their father had not neglected his duty.

Neither Virginia nor I ever dreamed of an inequality. The association was by us desired and sought. We were both too young to know aught of *caste*. In our friendships we followed only the prompting of innocent nature; and it never occurred to us that we were going astray.

The girls frequently accompanied us into the forest; and to this we, the hunters, made no objection. We did not always go in quest of the wide-ranging stag. Squirrels and other small game were oftener the objects of our pursuit; and in following these we needed not to stray far from our delicate companions.

As for Maoomée, she was a huntress—a bold equestrian, and could have ridden in the “drive.” As yet, my sister had scarcely been on horseback.

I grew to like the squirrel-shooting best; my dogs were often left behind; and it became a rare thing for me to bring home venison.

Our excursions were not confined to the woods. The water-fowl upon the lake, the ibises, egrets, and white cranes were often the victims of our hunting ardour.

In the lake there was a beautiful island—not that which had been the scene of the tragedy, but one higher up—near the widening of the river. Its surface was of large extent, and rose to a summit in the centre. For the most part it was clad with timber, nearly all evergreen—as the live-oak, magnolia, illicium, and wild orange—indigenous to Florida. There were *zanthoxylon* trees, with their conspicuous yellow blossoms; the perfumed flowering dogwood, and many sweet-scented plants and shrubs—the princely palm towering high over all, and forming, with its wide-spread umbels, a double canopy of verdure.

The timber, though standing thickly, did not form a thicket. Here and there the path was tangled with epiphytes or parasites—with enormous gnarled vines of the fox-grape—with bignonias—with china and sarsaparilla briers—with bromelias and sweet-scented orchids; but the larger trees stood well apart; and at intervals there were openings—pretty glades, carpeted with grass, and enamelled with flowers.

The fair island lay about half-way between the two homes; and often young Powell and I met upon it, and made it the scene of our sport. There were squirrels among the trees, and turkeys—sometimes deer were found in the glades—and from its covered shores we could do execution upon the water-fowl that sported upon the lake.

Several times had we met on this neutral ground, and always accompanied by our sisters. Both delighted in the lovely spot. They used to ascend the slope, and seat themselves under the shade of some

tall palms that grew on the summit; while we, the hunters, remained in the game-frequented ground below, causing the woods to ring with the reports of our rifles. Then it was our custom, when satiated with the sport, also to ascend the hill, and deliver up our spoils, particularly when we had been fortunate enough to procure some rare and richly plumed bird—an object of curiosity or admiration.

For my part, whether successful or not, I always left off sooner than my companion. I was not so keen a hunter as he; I far more delighted to recline along the grass where the two maidens were seated: far sweeter than the sound of the rifle was it to listen to the tones of Maoomée's voice; far fairer than the sight of game was it to gaze into the eyes of Maoomée.

And beyond this, beyond listening and looking, my love had never gone. No love-words had ever passed between us; I even knew not whether I was beloved.

My hours were not all blissful; the sky was not always of rose-colour. The doubts that my youthful passion was returned were its clouds; and these often arose to trouble me.

About this time I became unhappy from another cause. I perceived, or fancied, that Virginia took a deep interest in the brother of Maoomée, and that this was reciprocated. The thought gave me surprise and pain. Yet why I should have experienced either I could not tell. I have said that my sister and I were too young to know ought of the prejudices of rank or caste; but this was not strictly true. I must have had some instinct, that in this free association with our dark-skinned neighbours we were doing wrong, else how could it have made me unhappy? I fancied that Virginia shared this feeling with me. We were both ill at ease, and yet we were not confidants of each other. I dreaded to make known my thoughts even to my sister, and she no doubt felt a like reluctance to the disclosing of her secret.

What would be the result of these young loves if left to themselves? Would they in due time die out? Would there arrive an hour of satiety and change? or, without interruption, would they become perpetual? Who knows what might be their fate, if permitted to advance to perfect development. But it is never so—they are always interrupted.

So were ours—the crisis came—and the sweet companionship in which we had been indulging was brought to a sudden close. We had never disclosed it to our father or mother, though we had used no craft to conceal it. We had not been questioned, else should we certainly have avowed it; for we had been taught strictly to regard truth. But no questions had been asked—no surprise had been expressed at our frequent absences. Mine, as a hunter, were but natural; the only wonderment was that Virginia had grown so fond of the forest, and so often borne me company; but this slight surprise on the part of my mother soon wore off, and we went freely forth, and as freely returned without challenge of our motives.

I have said that we used no art to conceal who were our associates in these wild wanderings. That again is not strictly true. Our very silence was craft. We must both have had some secret perception that we were acting wrongly—that our conduct would not meet the

approval of our parents—else why should we have cared for concealment?

It was destined that this repose should not be of long continuance. It ended abruptly—somewhat harshly.

One day we were upon the island, all four as usual. The hunt was over, and Powell and I had rejoined our sisters upon the hill. We had stretched ourselves under the shade, and were indulging in trivial conversation, but I far more in the mute language of love. My eyes rested upon the object of my thoughts, too happy that my glances were returned. I saw little besides: I did not notice that there was a similar exchange of ardent looks between the young Indian and my sister. At that moment I cared not; I was indifferent to everything but the smiles of Maoommee.

There were those who did observe this exchange of glances, who saw all that was passing. Anxious eyes were bent upon the tableau formed by the four of us, and our words, looks and gestures were noted.

The dogs rose with a growl, and ran outward among the trees. The rustling of branches, and garments shining through the foliage, warned us that there were people there. The dogs had ceased to give tongue, and were wagging their tails. They were friends, then, who were near.

The leaves sheltered them no longer from our view: behold my father—my mother!

Virginia and I were startled by their appearance. We felt some apprehension of evil—arising, no doubt, from our own convictions that we had not been acting aright. We observed that the brows of both were clouded. They appeared vexed and angry.

My mother approached first. There was scorn upon her lips. She was proud of her ancestry, even more than the descendant of the Randolphs.

“What!” exclaimed she—“what, my children! these your companions! Indians!”

Young Powell rose to his feet, but said nothing in reply. His looks betrayed what he felt; and that he perfectly understood the slight.

With a haughty glance towards my father and mother, he beckoned to his sister to follow him, and walked proudly away.

Virginia and I were alarmed and speechless. We dared not say adieu.

We were hurried from the spot; and homeward Virginia went with my father and mother. There were others in the boat that had brought them to the island. There were blacks who rowed, but I saw white men too. The Ringgolds—both father and son—were of the party.

I returned alone in the skiff. While crossing the lake I looked up. The canoe was just entering the creek. I could see that the faces of the half-blood and his sister were turned towards us. I was watched. I dared not wave an adieu, although there was a sad feeling upon my heart—a presentiment that we were parting for long—perhaps for ever!

Alas! the presentiment proved a just one. In three days from that

time I was on my way to the far north, where I was entered as a cadet in the military academy of West Point. My sister, too, was sent to one of those seminaries in which the cities of the Puritan people abound. It was long, very long, before either of us again set eyes upon the flowery land.

CHAPTER XVII. — WEST POINT.

THE military college of West Point is the finest school in the world. Princes and priests have there no power; true knowledge is taught, and must be learned, under penalty of banishment from the place. The graduate comes forth a scholar, not, as from Oxford and Cambridge, the pert parrot of a dead language, smooth prosodian, mechanist rhymster of *Idyllic* verse; but a linguist of living tongues—one who has studied science, and not neglected art—a botanist, draughtsman, geologist, astronomer, engineer, soldier—all; in short, a man fitted for the higher duties of social life—capable of supervision and command—equally so of obedience and execution.

Had I been ever so much disinclined to books, in this institution I could not have indulged in idleness. There is no “dunce” in West Point. There is no favor to family and fortune; the son of the President would be ejected, if not able to dress up with the rank; and under the dread of disgrace, I became, perforce, a diligent student—in time, a creditable scholar.

The details of a cadet's experience possess but little interest—a routine of monotonous duties—only at West Point a little harder than elsewhere—at times but slightly differing from the slave-life of a common soldier. I bore them bravely—not that I was inspired by any great military ambition, but simply from a feeling of rivalry: I scorned to be laggard of my class.

There were times, however, when I felt weariness from so much restraint. It contrasted unfavorably with the free life I had been accustomed to; and often did I feel a longing for home—for the forest and the savanna—and far more for the associates I had left behind.

Long lingered in my heart the love of Maoomée—long time unaffected by absence. I thought the void caused by that sad parting would never be filled up. No other object could replace in my mind, or banish from my memory, the sweet souvenirs of my youthful love. Morning, noon, and night, was that image of picturesque beauty outlined upon the retina of my mental eye—by day in thoughts, by night in dreams.

Thus was it for a long while—I thought it would never be otherwise! No other could ever interest me as she had done. No new joy could win me to wander—no *Lethe* could bring oblivion. Had I been told so by an angel, I would not, I could not, have believed it.

Ah! it was a misconception of human nature. I was but sharing it in common with others—for most mortals have, at some period of life, labored under a similar mistake. Alas! it is too true—love is affected by time and absence. It will not live upon memory alone. The capricious soul, however delighting in the ideal, prefers the real and positive. Though there are but few lovely women in the world, there is no one lovelier than all the rest—no man handsomer than all

his fellows. Of two pictures equally beautiful, that is the more beautiful upon which the eye is gazing. It is not without reason that lovers dread the parting hour.

Was it books that spoke of lines and angles, of bastions and embrasures—was it drill, drill, by day, or the hard couch and harder guard *tour* by night—was it any or all of these that began to infringe upon the exclusivism of that one idea, and at intervals drive it from my thoughts? Or was it the pretty faces that now and then made their appearance at the "Point"—the excursionary belles from Saratoga and the Balston, who came to visit us—or the blonde daughters of the patroons, our nearer neighbors, who came more frequently, and who saw in each coarse-clad cadet the chrysalis of a hero—the embryo of a general?

Which of all these was driving Maoomée from my mind?

It imports little what cause—such was the effect. The impression of my young love became less vivid on the page of memory. Each day it grew fainter and fainter, until it was attenuated to a slim retrospect.

Ah! Maoomée! in truth it was long before this came to pass. Those bright smiling faces danced long before my eyes ere thine became eclipsed. Long while withstood I the flattery of those siren tongues; but my nature was human, and my heart yielded too easily to the seduction of sweet blandishments.

It would not be true to say that my first love was altogether gone; it was cold, but not dead. Despite the fashionable flirtations of the hour, it had its seasons of remembrance and return. Oft upon the still night's guard, home scenes came fitting before me; and then the brightest object in the vision-picture was Maoomée. My love for her was cold, not dead. Her presence would have rekindled it—I am sure it would. Even to have heard from her—of her—would have produced a certain effect. To have heard that she had forgotten me, and given her heart to another, would have restored my boyish passion in its full vigor and entirety; I am sure it would.

I could not have been indifferent then. I must still have been in love with Maoomée.

One key pushes out the other; but the fair daughters of the north had not yet obliterated from my heart this dark-skinned damsel of the south.

During all my cadetship I never saw her—never even heard of her. For five years I was an exile from home—and so was my sister. At intervals during that time we were visited by our father and mother, who made an annual trip to the fashionable resorts of the north—Ballston Spa, Saratoga, and Newport. There, during our holidays, we joined them; and though I longed to spend a vacation at home—I believe so did Virginia—the "mother was steel and the father was stone," and our desires were not gratified.

I suspected the cause of this stern denial. Our proud parents dreaded the danger of a *mésalliance*. They had not forgotten the tableau on the island.

The Ringolds met us at the watering-places; and Arens was still assiduous in his attentions to Virginia. He had become a fashionable exquisite, and spent his gold freely—not to be outdone by the *cidevan*.

tailors and stock-brokers, who constitute the "upper-ten" of New York. I liked him no better than ever, though my mother was still his backer.

How he sped with Virginia I could not tell. My sister was now quite a woman—a fashionable dame, a belle—and had learnt much of the world—among other things, how to conceal her emotions—one of the distinguished accomplishments of the day. She was at times merry to an extreme degree, though her mirth appeared to me a little artificial, and often ended abruptly. Sometimes she was thoughtful—not unfrequently cold and disdainful. I fancied that in gaining so many graces, she had lost much of what was in my eyes more valuable than all, her gentleness of heart. Perhaps I was wronging her.

There were many questions I would have asked her, but our childish confidence was at an end, and delicacy forbade me to probe her heart. Of the past we never spoke: I mean of *that* past—those wild wanderings in the woods, the sailings over the lake, the scenes on the palm-shaded island.

I often wondered whether she had cause to remember them, whether her souvenirs bore any resemblance to mine.

On these points I had never felt a definite conviction. Though suspicious—at one time even apprehensive—I had been but a blind watcher, a too careless guardian.

Surely my conjectures had been just, else why was she now silent upon themes and scenes that had so delighted us both? Was her tongue tied by the after-knowledge that we had been doing wrong—only known to us by the disapproval of our parents? Or, was it that in her present sphere of fashion, she disdained to remember the humble associates of earlier days?

Often did I conjecture whether there had ever existed such a sentiment in her bosom; and, if so, whether it still lingered there? These were points about which I might never be satisfied. The time for such confidences had gone past.

"It is not likely," reasoned I; "or if there ever was a feeling of tender regard for the young Indian, it is now forgotten—obliterated from her heart, perhaps from her memory. It is not likely it should survive in the midst of her present associations—in the midst of that *entourage* of perfumed beaus who are hourly pouring into her ears the incense of flattery. Far less probable *she* should remember than *I*; and have not I forgotten?"

Strange, that of the four hearts I knew only my own. Whether young Powell had ever looked upon my sister with admiring eyes, or she on him, I was still ignorant, or rather unconvinced. All I knew was by mere conjecture—suspicion—apprehension. What may appear stranger, I never knew the sentiment of that other heart, the one which interested me more than all. It is true, I had chosen to fancy it in my favor. Trusting to glances, to gestures, to slight actions, never to words, I had fondly hoped; but often, too, had I been the victim of doubt. Perhaps, after all, Maoomée had never loved me!

Many a sore heart had I suffered from this reflection. I could now bear it with more complacency; and yet, singular to say, it was this very reflection that often awakened the memory of Maoomée; and,

whenever I dwelt upon it, produced the strongest revulsions of my now spasmodic love!

Wounded vanity! powerful as passion itself! thy throes are strong as love. Under their influence the chandeliers grow dim, and the fair forms flitting beneath lose half their brilliant beauty. My thoughts go back to happier days—to the flowery land—to the lake—to the island—to Maoomée.

Five years soon flitted past, and the period of my cadetship was fulfilled. With some credit, I went through the ordeal of the final examination. A high number rewarded my application, and gave me the choice of whatever arm of the service was most to my liking. I had a penchant for the rifles, though I might have pitched higher, into the artillery, the cavalry, or engineers. I chose the first, however, and was gazetted brevet-lieutenant, and appointed to a rifle regiment, with leave of absence to revisit my native home.

At this time, my sister had also "graduated" at the Ladies' Academy, and carried off her "diploma" with credit; and together we journeyed home.

There was no father to greet us on our return—a weeping and widowed mother alone spoke the melancholy welcome.

TO BE CONTINUED.

M O S S .

CALM sleeper 'long the mould'ring wall
Whereon the robin rests his feet,
And warbles out his love-notes sweet,
While golden elm-leaves round him fall.

Fair circle of the woodland well,
Where water-jewels softly gleam,
Like glowworm lamps by haunted stream,
Or pearls in Beauty's coronal.

Lone hermit—such to me thou art—
That on the old oak's root reclines,
And thy warm arms around him twines,
As if thou'dst clasp his folded heart.

Companion of lone churchyard stones,
Where oft thy velvet hand is seen
Hiding the quaint words from our ken
That sweetly speak of absent ones.

High dweller on the hoary tower,
Screener, yet emblem of decay—
Where Ruin's fingers pick away,
Thou lovest best to build thy bower.

But there's a Queen of fragrant breath,
And fresh as floral child can be,
Thou seem'st to love most tenderly,
And dower with thy brightest wreath.

So I will cull a sweet moss-rose,
And twine it in my lady's hair;
And thus contrast, and prove more fair
My love than fairest flower that blows.

M O T H E R S - I N - L A W .

IN a recent discussion on the subject, it was suggested as an argument in favor of a man's marrying his deceased wife's sister, that in such a case he would have but one mother-in-law. The general laugh which greeted this remark proved how strong is the prejudice against that luckless relationship, upon which has been immemorially expended all the sarcasm of the keen-witted, all the pointless abuse of the dull.

Dare any bold writer, taking the injured and unpopular side, venture a few words in defence of the mother-in-law?

Unfortunate individual! the very name presents her, in her received character, to the mental eye. A lady, stout, loud-voiced, domineering; or thin, snappish, small, but fierce; prone to worrying and lamenting. Either so overpoweringly genteel and grand, that "my son's wife," poor little body, shrinks into a trembling nobody by her own fireside; or so vulgar, that "my daughter's 'usband" finds it necessary politely to ignore her, as she does her h's and her grammar.

These two characters, slightly varied, constitute the prominent idea current of a mother-in-law. How it originated is difficult to account for; and why a lady, regarded as harmless enough until her children marry, should immediately after that event be at once elevated to such a painful pedestal of disagreeableness.

Books, perhaps, may be a little to blame for this, as in the matter of step-mothers; and surely that author is to blame, who, by inventing an unpleasant generalised portrait, brings under opprobrium a whole class. Thus Thackeray may have done more harm than he was aware of to many a young couple who find "the old people" rather trying, as old folks will be, by his admirably painted, horrible, but happily exceptional character of *Mrs Mackenzie*. He does not reflect that his sweet little silly *Rosie*, as well as the much injured wives among these indignant young couples, might in time have grown up to be themselves mothers-in-law.

But that is quite another affair. Mrs Henry, weeping angry tears over her little Harry, because the feeding and nurturing of that charming child has been impertinently interfered with by Henry's mother, never looks forward to a day when she herself might naturally feel some anxiety over the bringing up of Harry's eldest son. Mr Jones, beginning to fear that Mrs Jones's maternal parent haunts his house a good deal, and has far too strong an influence over dear Cecilia, never considers how highly indignant he should feel if Mrs Jones and himself were to be grudging hospitality by missy's future spouse—little, laughing, fondling missy, whom he somehow cannot bear to think of parting with, at any time, to any husband whatsoever; nay, is conscious that should the hour and the man ever arrive, papa's first impulse towards the hapless young gentleman would be a strong desire to kick him down stairs.

Thus, as the very foundation of a right judgment in this, as in most other questions, it is necessary to put one's self mentally on the obnoxious side.

Few will deny that the crisis in parenthood when its immediate duties are ceasing, and however sufficient its pleasures are to the elders,

they are no longer so to the youngsters, already beginning to find the nest too small to plume their wings and desire to fly—must be a very trying time for all parents. Bitter exceedingly to the many whose wedlock has turned out less happy than it promised, and between whom the chief bond that remains is the children. Nor without its pain even to the most united couple, who, through all the full years of family cares and delights, have had resolution enough to anticipate the quiet empty years, when, all the young ones having gone away, they two must once more be content solely with one another. Happy indeed that father and mother whose conjugal love has so kept its prior place that they are not afraid even of this—the peaceful, shadowy time before they both pass away into the deeper peace of eternity.

Nevertheless, the first assumption of their new position is difficult. Young wives do not sufficiently consider how very hard it must be for a fond mother to lose, at once and for ever, her office as primary agent in her son's welfare, if not his happiness; to give him over to a young lady, whom perhaps she has seen very little of, and that little is not too satisfactory. For young people in love will be selfish and foolish, and neglectful of old ties in favor of the new; and almost every young man, prior to his marriage, contrives, without meaning it, to wound his own relations in a thousand insignificant things, every one of which is reflected back upon his unlucky betrothed, producing an involuntary jealousy, a tenaciousness about small slights, a cruel quick-sightedness over petty faults. All this is bitterly hard for the poor young stranger in the family; unless, having strength and self-control enough to remember that "a good son makes a good husband," she uses all her influence, even in courting-days, to keep him firm to his affection and duty. Also, her own claim being, although the higher and closer, the newer, the more dearly she loves him, the more careful she will be, by no over-intrusion of rights sufficiently obvious, to jar against the rights or wound the feelings of others who love him—especially his mother, who has loved him all her life.

Surely this fact alone ought to make any young woman, generously and faithfully attached to her husband, feel a peculiar tenderness towards the woman who bore him, nursed him, cherished him—if a woman in any way tolerable or worthy of love. Even if not, her disagreeableness ought to be viewed more leniently than those of other people. She must have had so much to bear with—as the younger generation will find out when the third generation arrives. Nay, the common cares and sufferings of mere maternity might well be sufficient, in another mother's eyes, to constitute an unalienable claim of respect, due from herself towards "grandmamma."

"But," says the incredulous reader, "this is a purely ideal view of the subject. Practically, what can you do with the old lady who comes worrying you in your domestic affairs, criticising your house-keeping, dictating to you about the management of your nursery, finally cutting you to the heart by hinting that you don't take half care enough of that poor dear fellow, who never looks so well as he did before he was married."

Yes, poor dear girl! it must be owned you have a good deal to bear on your side also.

Daughters and sons-in-law being always expected to be perfect—the daughter or son by blood being of course naturally so in the parental eyes—causes of necessity a few painful disenchantments on the part of the mother-in-law. She forgets that she must take her share of the difficulties which are sure to arise, so long as human beings are a little less than angels, and earth is not a domestic paradise. She had best early reconcile herself to the truth—painful, yet just and natural—that she has no longer the first right to her child. When once a young pair are married, parents, as well as relatives and friends, *must* leave them to make the best of one another. They two are bound together indissolubly, and no interference of a third party can ever mend what is irremediable; while even in things remediable, any strong external influence is quite as likely to do harm as good.

A wife, be she ever so young, ignorant, or foolish, *must* be sole mistress in her husband's house, and not even her own parents or his have any business to interfere with her, more than by an occasional opinion, or a bit of affectionate counsel, which is often better not given till asked for.

And in the strangeness, the frequent solitude, the countless difficulties of newly married life, no doubt this advice would be eagerly sought for, had it not been over much intruded at first. A girl, taken out of her large, merry family, to spend long, lonely days in an unfamiliar house, be it ever so dear; or entering, inexperienced, upon all sorts of family cares, would frequently be thankful to her very heart for the wisdom and kindness of a new mother, if only the mother had early taken pains to win that confidence which, to be given, requires winning. For neither love nor trust comes by instinct; and in most of these connections by marriage, where the very fact of strangers being suddenly brought together, and desired to like one another, obstinately inclines them the other way—this love and trust, if long in coming, frequently never comes at all. Very civil may be the outward relations of the parties, but heart-warmth is not there. It is always “my husband's family”—not “*my* family;” “my daughter's husband,” or “my son's wife”—never “*my* son” and “*my* daughter.” The loving patriarchal union, which both sides, elder and younger, ought at least to strive to attain, becomes first doubtful, then hopeless, then impossible.

One secret, original cause of this is, the faculty most people have of seeing their rights a great deal clearer than their duties. About these rights there are always clouds rising; and one of the prominent causes of disunion is often that which ought to be the very bond of union—the grandchildren.

Now, if a woman has a right on earth, it certainly is to the management of her own children. She would not be half a woman if in that matter she submitted to anybody's advice or opinion contrary to her own; or if in all things concerning that undoubted possession, “*my* baby,” she were not as fierce as a tigress, and as hard as a rock. One could forgive her any rebellion or indignation at unwarrantable interference from her mother-in-law, or even her own mother. And with justice; for if she have any common sense at all, she may, with less experience, have as clear practical judgment as grandmamma, whose wisdom belongs to a past generation, and whose memory may not be

quite accurate as to the times when she was young. Yet if the daughter-in-law has any right feeling, she will always listen patiently, and be grateful and yielding to the utmost of her power. Nay, there will spring up a new sympathy between her and the old lady, to whom every new baby-face may bring back a whole tide of long-slumbering recollections—children grown up and gone away, children undutiful or estranged—or, lastly, little children's graves. The most irritable and trying of mothers-in-law is a sight venerable and touching, as she sits with the baby across her knees, gossiping about "our children" of forty years ago.

But, speaking of rights, the wife has limits even to hers. Surely the "primal elder curse" must rest upon the woman who voluntarily or thoughtlessly tries to sow division between her husband and his own flesh and blood—above all, between him and his mother. And putting aside the sin of it, what a poor, jealous coward must she be—how weak in her own love, how distrustful of him, who fears lest any influence under heaven—least of all those holy, natural ties which are formed by heaven—should come between her and the man who has chosen her for his wife—his very other self—and whom, if he be at all a good man, he never will think of comparing or making a rival with any other; because she is not another—she is himself.

On the other hand, a man who, however low in station or personally distasteful may be his wife's relations, tries to wean her from them, exacting for himself her sole and particular devotion, to the breaking of the secondary bonds, of which the higher bond ought to make both husband and wife only more tenacious and more tender—such an one is grievously to blame. People may laugh at, and sympathize with, the unfortunate victim of "Mother-in-law Spike;" but he is certainly a more respectable personage than the "gentleman" who, driving in his carriage with his wife and son, passes an old woman—the boy's grandmother, crawling wearily along the hot dusty road—passes her without recognition. Or the other gentleman—living respectably, even handsomely—who takes a deal of benevolent pains to solicit among his friends and acquaintance votes for admission to an almshouse for—though he does not exactly call her so—"my wife's mother."

It is a curious fact, subversive of the theories of novelists, that mothers-in-law of sons generally "get on" with them far better than with their daughters-in-law. While it is no unfrequent thing to see instances of a man's being kindly, even affectionately attached to his wife's mother, and she to him—almost any of us could count on our fingers the cases we know where a daughter-in-law is really a daughter to her parents by marriage. Some cause for this is the difference of sex: no man and woman in any relation of life, except the conjugal one, being ever thrown together so wholly and so intimately as to discover one another's weak points in the manner women do. Consequently, one rarely hears of a lady being at daggers-drawing with her father-in-law. She is usually on the civillest, friendliest terms with him; and he often takes in her a pride and pleasure truly paternal. For truly, women who are charming to men are common enough: a far safer test of true beauty of character is it that a woman should be admired and loved *by women*. It would save half the family squabbles of a gene-

ration, if the young wives would bestow a modicum of the pains they once took to please their lovers, in trying to be attractive to their mothers-in-law.

But the husband himself has often much to answer for. When with the blindness and selfish pride of possession natural to a man—and a man in love—he brings his new idol into his old home, and expects all the family to fall down and worship her, why, they naturally object to so doing. They cannot be expected to see her with his eyes. They may think her a very nice girl, a very likeable girl, and if left alone would probably become extremely fond of her in time, in a rational way; but every instinctive obstinacy of human nature revolts from compelled adoration. Heaven forbid that a man should not love, honor, and cherish his own wife, and take her part against all assaulters, if needful, be they of his own flesh and blood; but one of the greatest injuries a man can possibly do his wife is to be always exacting for her more love than she has had time to win—always showing her forth as a picture of perfection, while common eyes see her only as an ordinary woman, blest with the virtues and faults that women can so quickly detect in one another. The kindest, wisest, and most dignified course for any young husband on bringing his wife home is to leave her there, trusting her to make her way, and take her own rightful position, by her own honorable deserts.

A man has ordinarily little time or inclination to quarrel with his mother-in-law. The thousand little irritations constantly occurring between women who do not suit one another, are ridiculous trifles that he cannot understand at all. Better he should not. Better the wife should keep her troubles to herself, and be thankful that on his side he is well disposed to be tolerant towards grandmamma. Grandmamma, on her part, not unfrequently likes her son-in-law extremely, asks his advice, is proud of his success in life; and though thinking, of course, that he is not quite good enough for her darling child—as indeed the Angel Gabriel and the Admirable Crichton rolled into one scarcely would have been—still she has a very considerable amount of respect for him, and kindly feeling towards him.

If she has not, and shows her want of it, she is the unkindest, most dangerous mother that any married woman can be afflicted with. If, by word or insinuation she tries to divide those whom God has joined together, if she is so mad as to believe she shall benefit her daughter by degrading her daughter's husband—truly this mother-in-law, cherishing a dislike upon unjust grounds, deserves any retribution that may reach her. Even for just cause, such an antipathy is a fatal thing.

And here we come to one of the most painful phases of this subject, one of the sharpest agonies that woman's nature can endure—that is, when a mother-in-law has to see her child, son or daughter, unworthily mated, forced to wear out life, to die a slow daily death, in the despair of the greatest curse upon earth—an ill-assorted marriage.

One can conceive, in such a case, the motherly heart being stung into direct hatred for the cause of such misery—nay, bursting at times into the rage of a wild beast compelled to witness the torture of its young. This mother passion, as helpless as hopeless, must be, of its kind, distinct from any other human wretchedness; and under its goading almost any outbreak of indignation or abhorrence would be

comprehensible—nay, pardonable. To have to sit still, and see a heartless woman tormenting the life out of one's own beloved son, for whom nothing was too noble and precious; or a brutal husband breaking the heart of a tender daughter, to whom, ere her marriage, no living creature ever said a harsh or unkind word—this must be terrible indeed to bear. And yet it has to be borne, again and again. God comfort these unhappy mothers-in-law! Their sufferings are sharp enough to make amends for the wickedness of a hundred *Mrs Mackenzies*.

Yet until the last limit, the only safe course for them is to endure, and help their children to endure. Cases do arise, and a wise legislature has lately provided for them, when righteousness itself demands the dissolution of an unrighteous marriage; when a man is justified before heaven and earth in putting away his wife; and the counsel, "Let not the wife depart from her husband," is rendered nugatory by circumstances which entail sacrifices greater than any woman has a right to make, even to her husband. Every one must have known such instances, where the law of divorce becomes as sacred and necessary as that of marriage. But such melancholy unions are, thank God, the exception, not the rule, in this our land, and form no justification for the machinations of bad mothers-in-law. Therefore let them, in all minor troubles, practise patience, courage, hope. If, according to the apostle, who wrote on the subject with that wide calm observation which sometimes seizes on a truth more clearly than does one-sided experience—the unbelieving husband may be converted by the believing wife, and *vice versa*, who knows but that a harsh husband, a neglected wife, may sometimes be won over to better things, by the quiet dignity, the forbearance, the unceasing loving-kindness, of a good, generous mother-in-law?

Let us take her in one last phase in her long life—it must have been a sufficiently long one—and these few remarks concerning her are ended.

There arrives oft-times a season when the sharpest, most intolerable mother-in-law becomes harmless; when a chair by the fireside, or a bed-ridden station in some far-away room, constitutes the sole dominion from which she can exercise even the show of rule or interference. Thence, the only change probable or desirable will be to a narrower pillow, where the grey head is laid down in peace, and all the acerbities, infirmities, or fatuities of old age are buried tenderly out of sight, under the green turf that covers "dear grandmamma."

Then, and afterwards, blessed are those sons and daughters, by blood or marriage, who, during her lifetime, so acted towards her that her death lays upon them no burden of bitter remembrance. And blessed is she who, living, lived so that her memory is hallowed by all her children alike, and who is remembered by them only as "mother"—never, even in name, as "mother-in-law."

WOMEN that are the least bashful are not unfrequently the most modest; and we are never more deceived than when we would infer a laxity of principle from that freedom of demeanor which often arises from a total ignorance of vice.

O U R N E W O R G A N I S T .

THE old man who for upwards of thirty years had been organist of Waldon cathedral, was not forthcoming one spring morning; being sought for, he was found dead in his bed.

When at Waldon—this was never for very long at a time, though not exactly young, I was still in my *Wanderjahr*; I had often officiated for old Jackson; and now, at the bishop's desire, I took upon myself the trouble and responsibility of appointing a new organist.

Waldon—for reasons of my own, I do not speak of my native town by its right name—is a very behind-the-time, out-of-the-world place; my gazetteer says that it is "chiefly noted for its cathedral, a magnificent, cruciform structure; and its palace, the residence of the lord-bishop of the diocese;" but I do not think that it is "noted" at all. Nevertheless, though I have travelled much, I have never seen any building that appeared to me so imposing and gradually suggestive as Waldon cathedral; but then I have that familiarity with it which breeds, not contempt, but truest reverence for what is truly admirable. I own a house in the cathedral yard, in which I was born, in which I hope to die.

For some months after the death of our old organist, I was a reluctant occupant of this house of mine. As spring gave place to summer, my impatience to escape from the drowsy heat that settled down on Waldon was great. The two or three ignorant and self-complacent young men who alone applied for the vacant situation received questionably courteous dismissal.

One sultry midsummer evening my thoughts turned with especial longing to Norwegian fields and fiords. I rose from my organ practice abruptly, and left the cathedral by a small, low side-door, of which I always made use. The bishop was absent. I went to stroll in the palace-grounds, and, remembering that in the morning I had needed a work of reference, which I knew to be among the ancient volumes in the library above the cloisters, I obtained the key of the library from the bishop's housekeeper. Afterwards I sauntered beneath the trees on the close-shaven lawns, the while denouncing the stifling heat, a good time; then I paced the wall above the moat dividing the palace grounds from the cathedral precincts. Presently I fancied that I heard the tones of the organ. I had left the door ajar, the organ and my music-book open. Rather indignant that any one should intrude into my domain, the organ-loft, I left the palace grounds immediately. As I passed into the cathedral yard by the heavy arched-way, from which an avenue of glorious old limes leads to the principal entrance, I was startled by a full burst of rich harmony; it died away as I reached my little door. Just within it, I paused and listened: I was not disappointed; the organ again sounded. Open upon my desk I had left a collection of intricate fugues; these the unknown musician began to play. I detected signs of diffidence, and of ignorance of the resources of the instrument in the style of the player; but I also detected the presence of feeling, refinement, enthusiasm.

"This man will do," I thought, as I listened. "He needs confidence and practice, but he has genius. Ah, ye Waldonites, ye shall slumber

through your services no longer! The power of music shall stir ye."

Twilight was gathering; fine full chords melted into silence; the instrument was not touched again. I proceeded to mount the stairs of the organ-loft. It chanced that I still had in my hand the key of the library; unfortunately, I dropped it, and the consequent noise, echoing from arch to arch, no doubt alarmed the musician. Having reached the organ, I drew back the curtain, prepared to address the unknown. I found there—no one. Of course, the player had descended one stair as I mounted the other. I leaned over the loft, gazed down into the dimness of the vast building, and listened intently for the sound of a footfall. I heard no sound, and was inclined to doubt if human fingers had pressed the keys that night. But there was my book of fugues, not open where I had left it—a spirit-musician would hardly have made use of letters.

I peremptorily called upon the unknown to come forth, unless he desired to be locked in for the night: only the echoing of my own voice replied to me. I shook up the clownish boy who had blown the bellows for me, and still slumbered in his niche. He could give me no information; had "drowsed" from the time I left off playing till the playing began again, and had seen "naught nor nobody."

No one was now lingering in the building, I felt convinced; so I departed, locking the door behind me; but I sauntered a long time beneath the limes before I could persuade myself to go home.

Next evening I practised again, playing with revived enthusiasm, perhaps in unconscious emulation of the unknown, who might probably be listening. From time to time I peered between the curtains; I saw no one save an old man hobbling about examining the monuments, and a child or young girl whom I had, as it were, noticed, without remarking, for several afternoons, occupying a dim corner during the service. Both had disappeared when I next looked.

I left Mozart's *Twelfth Service* open on the desk and departed. I took up my station behind a tree, and watched the temptingly open door unflinchingly. I had bidden the boy remain in his niche, ready to blow for any performer. No one passed in at that door; yet by and by the playing commenced. It drew me on into the building. The choicest passages of the service were exquisitely played by more assured fingers than those of yesterday; this was evidently familiar music. When daylight entirely faded, the performer began to extemporise, trying the full powers of the instrument, of which I was justly proud. Strains of what seemed to me unearthly sweetness, and weird strangeness, rooted me to the spot. Sometimes I gazed into the mysteriously stirred duskiess of the building, sometimes fixed my eyes upon a star glimmering above the piney top of one of the solemn phalanx of ancient trees, so unwaveringly still, so perfectly defined against the delicious clear tone of the summer night sky. I guarded the only exit; the musician could not escape me, unless indeed— But I did not consider myself to be superstitious, yet I vividly recalled an unexplained mystery of bygone years.

I and my chum of that period lived for some time up among the queer gables of a quaint German town, in the house of a professor of music. At that period I was studying musical science. One day I

sat at the piano in an inner room, pouring over a blotted manuscript score, while my chum smoked and read metaphysics in the outer chamber! My brain was perplexed, and the difficulties at which I stuck seemed insurmountable. In desperation, I ran down to the professor's library, and rummaged among musty tomes for any passages that might throw light upon my perplexity. I found what I needed in a mass of Alessandro Scarlatti's. I mounted the steep stair slowly, reading as I went. Suddenly I heard my instrument struck, and paused, rather surprised. My chum was ignorant of the first rule of my art.

"The old professor," I thought, as I listened to a passage which was a perfect and exquisite illustration of the point which I had needed to have illustrated.

I waited till the music ceased, that I might not lose a note, then rushed up stairs, and burst in upon my hazy friend. He removed his pipe from his lips, and opened his dreamy eyes widely.

"Hollo! I thought you were in the other room," he exclaimed.

"Who is there? the old professor, or—the old ——?"

My chum rose; we entered the inner room together, and found no one. Everything was as I had left it. Dusky sunshine from the begrimed lattice checkered my music-paper. We looked round, then at each other. My chum shrugged his shoulders. My many eager questions produced this answer: "I don't understand it, any more than I understand this—" tapping his book with his pipe. "I saw you leave that door," pointing to that of the outer room: "soon after heard a grand strike-up; thought you had perhaps returned while I dozed; saw you appear, looking as if you were slightly demented. That's all; don't pretend to explain. If it were a ghost who played, I fear I have been mighty disrespectful, for I cried out, 'Well done, old boy.'"

We knocked about the furniture, rattled a securely-fastened up door, which evidently had not been opened for ages, and led only to an unsafe wing of the mouldering habitation, till it threatened to come to pieces under our treatment; but we obtained no clue to the mystery, and again looked blankly into each other's faces. We never did obtain the slightest clue to the mystery. As I leaned in the porch of the cathedral that night, I twisted the incident I have recorded all ways, striving to account for it in what we call a rational manner. In vain.

Something passed by me, stirring the air, making no noise. I started up, stood erect; the last vibrations of sound were dying out. *What had passed me? Was I thwarted? Had the musician escaped me?* I looked the door behind me, locking in the unfortunate boy, and hurried after a something that flitted along, close to the wall of the building. Obligated to leave that shelter, it kept close to the trees in the avenue, and proceeded very rapidly. I ran.

An oil-lamp flared under the arched way; just there I overtook the form I had pursued. Bah! it was only the child I had noticed lingering while I practised. Then my musician was, I flattered myself, safely looked up. But the child must have seen him, as she had lingered ever since the service. The musician must, too, have lingered, no one having passed in since I had kept watch.

When I overtook the young girl, I found she was not quite a child; she paused, and turned upon me a small sickly face. I felt foolish before the mild questioning of her eyes, and the meek dignity of her manner. I muttered some excuse for frightening her.

"You did not frighten me," she answered.

"You have just left the cathedral—you have heard the playing. Do you know who the musician is? Did any one pass you as you came away?"

"You were in the porch. I passed you. I have seen no one else."

"No one else? Yet you must have been in the cathedral ever since service, or I should have seen you later. I want to speak to the person who played. Surely you can help me to find him."

Her eyes fell, and she seemed to me to hold debate within herself. Just then, an elderly woman slipped under the arch from the street without; she put the girl's arm under her own, and led her away, scolding her for not having come home earlier.

As I returned to the cathedral, my mind misgave me; I reproached myself for having let the girl escape me, feeling convinced that she might have aided to solve the mystery. She had not said she could not help me, but had evidently hesitated. I had now little hope of securing the unknown musician to-night; but I opened the door cautiously, and called the boy. He came whimpering; he had believed himself a prisoner till morning. Regardless of his distress, I demanded if he had seen the organist.

"She gave me this (showing a shilling,) and went away the very minute she'd adone playing.

"*She!*" it flashed upon me.

I had spoken to the musician then! that slight, plain young girl. She would surely come again—I *would* secure her. That night I had strange dreams of musical mysteries, and of a wonderful child-organist, whose playing made the solemn limes perform a stately minuet in the cathedral yard.

Next evening I set my trap—the open door and instrument—and watched. She had not been at the service; I had searched every hiding-place; I watched in vain—in vain for many successive evenings. Yet I felt sure that it was but a question of time and patience; that the attractions of the place would prove irresistible.

I was very observant of the Sunday congregation, and of the few persons who collected to listen to the afternoon services. Once I believed that I saw the wished-for face; but a beflowered bonnet, lifted up determinately after having been bowed down in drowsiness, interposed. I gave up lingering about in the yard of an evening, and ensconced myself instead behind the screening jasmine at my window. An evening came on which my patience was rewarded. I had left upon the organ-desk the *Stabat Mater* of Pergolesi, that Domenichino of music. Well, just after the cathedral bell had tolled seven, a slight figure flitted through the arched way, and passed swiftly up the avenue, then took the path branching off to the small door; here it hesitated a moment, then disappeared within the building.

I sprang up and clapped my hands, crying: "There is no mercy, no hope of escape for you." I leaped from my window, and crossed the yard bare-headed; before a note had sounded, I had stealthily as-

ended the organ-loft. I did not mean to show myself at once; I would assure myself that this was my very miracle.

I peered through the curtain: the young girl was eagerly pulling off her gloves—from such slight, childlike hands! She looked at the music before her discontentedly; evidently she did not know it. She turned the leaves, softly trying one passage and another; her face brightened with intelligence and interest.

The girl-musician was not pretty; till she played, her face wore a dejected expression; when you did not see her eyes it was lustreless and insignificant. By instinct she seemed to select the finest passages of the music before her; and as she proceeded, joy irradiated her mien; scintillations of light shot from beneath the lashes of the absorbed eyes; lines of thought and power appeared on the young brow, and a smile of satisfaction made the mouth very sweet. She had forgotten all but the music. I could have sworn then that the sickly girl was perfectly beautiful—no mere girl either, but a woman with an angel's face. By and by she paused, and covered that face with her hands.

When she removed the hands, and looked up, I stood beside her. She did not start; she rose and stood before me, steadily meeting my eyes, varying expressions gathering into hers; at last she slightly smiled. I had meant to be peremptory, to reprove her for the trouble she had given me, and to *command* her to become our organist. I found myself speaking with the utmost gentleness; there was nothing of pride or triumph in her smile, it was infinitely sad—a smile of resignation.

"If you wish, this shall always be your place. Nobody but you and myself"—I would not abnegate my own right—"shall touch these keys."

A shy, startled joy came into her face.

"Our organist died in the spring. We have been without one since; you must fill his place in this cathedral."

"Are you not the organist?"

"No; I only play for the love of it, and when no one else is here to do it."

"Are you the bishop, then?"

"No." I laughed. "But I am a friend of his. I appoint you the organist of Waldon cathedral."

She looked at me to ascertain if I were mocking her, if I were to be trusted; her face grew very bright, but she shook her head.

"I am too young; I should get frightened. I should not play such music as ought to be played here."

"I am the best judge of that: I will try you. I will call at your home, and arrange with your relations."

"I have not any relations; but I have a friend whom I must consult. I will send her to you with her answer to-morrow."

"Your answer must be 'Yes;' and I will do all in my power to make your duty easy and pleasant. Will you play no more to-night?"

She shook her head; so, as it was getting dusk, I closed the organ.

"Promise me that, in any case, I shall hear you play again," I said.

"O yes, if you wish it."

"You have not asked my name, or where I live." I gave her my card, having followed her to the door. She paused there, looked back into the building, and then out at the noble lines.

"It would be beautiful to live here always. Good-night, you have made me happy; I was afraid you would tell me I might not come here again."

I said "Good-night," but followed her still; it looked such a spirit-like little form gliding before me in the twilight, that I felt reluctant to lose sight of it. I hinted as much; but under the arched way she paused to dismiss me. If she were a child in years, she had a woman's impressive, because meek, dignity. I was impatient for the morrow.

As I sat at breakfast, a book open before me, but my eyes watching the sunlight slanting on the grotesquely carved figures and rich tracery of the facade of the cathedral immediately opposite me (sometimes my idle days were almost wholly passed in this intent watching, till I could have believed my life to have passed into the shadow I saw stealing more and more of the building from the open sunlight)—as I sat thus, Margaret, my housekeeper, informed me that a "middle-aged female" wished to see me. I desired she should be introduced directly, and recognized the woman who had joined the young musician under the gateway the night that she had tarried in the cathedral so late.

"I've agreed that the young lady shall play; it's a pleasure to her, and we are but poor," was the answer to my eager inquiry.

The business part of the matter was soon arranged. Our good bishop caused the organist of Waldon cathedral to receive a handsome salary, and the woman became eager that the child's duties should begin at once.

"I have yet to learn the young lady's name," I reminded her.

"Alice Hall. She's an orphan. I was a housekeeper in her mother's family. They're all gone, and left Alice nothing; and her father was only a music-teacher. We're but lately come from Jersey, and know no one in this town."

"Miss Hall has friends in Jersey, then?"

"She has no friend in the world but me."

Mrs Smith—that was her name she told me—turned back from the door to inquire of me if I knew of any small house out of the town and near the cathedral likely to suit her young lady. I was glad to be able to point out to her a pretty cottage on a slight elevation in a meadow behind the cathedral, which was at that time to let. I despatched Margaret with Mrs Smith to look over the Mead cottage, and to introduce the stranger to its landlord.

I had appointed to meet my little friend in the cathedral at eleven—she was punctual to a minute. Her guardian accompanied her, and settled herself with her knitting on a wooden bench just at the foot of the organ-loft stairs.

This morning, I was teacher. I shewed Miss Hall all the peculiarities of the instrument, and heard her play through some of the last organist's favorite services, telling her that, by and by, when she was at home here, she should play anything she chose.

"It is a misfortune for a musician to have such hands as yours," I remarked.

"I try all I can to stretch them," was answered apologetically.

I should have liked to take the tiny, supple things into my own, to feel if they had any bone at all. Of course, I did no such thing; their accidental contact affected me strangely. I did not yet feel so very certain that our little organist was made of merely ordinary flesh and blood.

I made her pay me for my trifling assistance by playing for me Scarleth's *Requiem*. She knew it well, and rendered it exquisitely. Exquisite is the word for her playing; it was so finished and perfect, though not wanting in power and passion.

When her guardian summoned her, several hours had elapsed, yet I was reluctant to let her go.

I did not praise her; but she pleased me greatly—she was different from any woman I had ever known—in a high degree grateful and intelligent. Already I wondered that I could ever have thought her plain.

For a few days yet I was to play the services. Each afternoon she sat beside me. One would have thought that I was some great master, and she a simple ignorant, so closely and admiringly she watched me. She had the unconsciousness and modesty of genius in an eminent degree. She always looked pained, as if she thought I mocked her, if I descended from the eminence on which she had placed me, and hinted that my gift was less perfect than hers. She had also, as I soon found, the inexhaustible industry and patience of genius—morning and evening found her practising in the cathedral.

"You have had a thorough musical education," I observed to her one day.

"My father lived for music, and devoted himself to teaching me. It is two years since he died, and I have been starved for music, and his love since." There was a thrill of passion in her voice, and the tears started to her eyes. "Here I shall be happy," she added, calmly. "I felt sure of it the first time I entered the cathedral."

"You must have been very young when —"

"When papa died? I was nineteen; now I am twenty-one. I am often taken for a mere child."

"Alice, Alice! It is time to go home," Mrs Smith cried.

Miss Hall was to officiate first on a Sunday, because I planned it so. On the Saturday evening I found her nervous, tearful, and deadly pale. I repented my tyranny, offered to play for her, that she might, as she had wished, accustom herself to her duty by first playing the afternoon services to a small audience."

"No. You are very kind, but I ought to play to-morrow—it is my duty. Shall you be very vexed if I make some great mistake?" She looked at me wistfully.

"I will take care that you do not do that."

"Will you be near me?"

"Where I am now—ready to turn the pages."

"That makes it all different," said the child. "I thought you would be down among the people, and that I should be quite alone. I do not mind now."

Her words touched me—my eyes grew moist. "God bless thee, dear child," I murmured, as I looked after her retreating form that evening.

Next morning I went early to the cathedral to arrange things as I thought Miss Hall would best like. She, too, came early, looking pale, but quite composed.

I watched her throughout the service. She played perfectly. Yes; she was quite to be relied upon, this child; yet how she loved to rely upon others. When all was over—the cathedral empty, and her beautiful voluntary finished—she lifted her eyes to my face as I bent down, removing her books.

"How good you are to me! I could not have borne it all if you had not been by me!" she said.

"I think you could. I think any way you would have managed to do your duty well. Never mind that, however; it is time you went home to rest."

In the evening, she was no longer pale; her eyes did not seek courage from mine; she had no thought but for her music, and played with intense fervor. I did not tell her how the congregation lingered in the building after the service, how many glances were upturned to the curtained gallery where she sat, nor did I afterwards repeat to her the admiration I heard expressed of her performance. Why not? I hardly knew; certainly not, because I feared to make her vain—she was far too pure and simple. I fancy I was jealous that she should hear from others warmer praise than I had ever conceded, and chose to believe her quite content with my content.

Our new organist continued to practice with untiring diligence. I saw her at least once, often twice each day. Each day she looked brighter and happier—music was healing her of inward sorrow, removing the sad sense of desolation. Truly she had been starved: now she could satisfy her soul with music. As for love—was I as a father to her?

There came an evening when I was allowed to walk home with Mrs Smith and Miss Hall. Before passing through the arched way out of the cathedral yard, Alice looked back lovingly and languishingly.

"Would it be possible for me ever, anywhere, to forget this place," she said musingly. "It seems so holy. I am so happy. It is like a dream. When I die, aunt (so she called Mrs Smith,) I should like to be buried very near the cathedral."

"No need to speak to me of such things, Alice; please God, you'll live many a year after I am under-ground."

"I do not wish to die," she answered.

Pressing her hand, which lay upon my arm, against my heart, I longed to gather her dear self to my bosom—the gifted, heavenly-minded child!

That night I was invited to sup at the Mead cottage. I had opportunity of observing the elegant neatness—sign of dainty household ways—which pervaded Alice's home. I perceived how the same refinement that characterised her as an artist, informed the humble details of her daily life. When I went home, many things in the arrangement of my grander home displeased me—there were faults of com-

mission, yet more of omission; evidently a central something was wanting.

The bishop returned to Waldon. I introduced our young organist to him, and he soon began to make a pet of her; fruit and flowers from the palace gardens frequently found their way to the Mead cottage. Every thing was satisfactory; there was nothing to detain me in Waldon; still I delayed to start upon my long-planned tour.

Charmed weeks flew by. A cathedral quiet and sacredness was over my whole life. A longer stay than usual in Waldon had often before intolerably irritated me; the ceaseless, silent preaching of the solemn cathedral seeming to tempt me, in some way, to desecrate its holiness; its unvarying, unregarding calm makes me doubly conscious of the turbulent passionateness so successfully concealed under my old-fashioned aspect. Now, all was different. My being seemed in harmony with all things lovely, calm, and pure.

I was invited to spend a musical evening at the palace; our young organist was to be there. On her account, the ancient and handsomely inlaid piano, which had long stood in the mullioned window of the episcopal drawing-room, had given way to a splendid instrument of modern construction. By the by, I had long seen that the Waldon young ladies were jealous of Miss Hall. They treated her contemptuously; and it was beautiful to see how to their haughty reserve she opposed a perfectly simple and self-respecting humility. After a primitively early tea—the cathedral chimes told five as we sat down to the table—we all strolled among the brilliant flower-beds upon the close-shaven lawns. The good old bishop kept Alice by his side, because she was friendless—no one else noticing her. I contented myself with looking at her.

Alice had now been three months at Waldon, and by this time I did not doubt her perfect moral and physical loveliness. She certainly had altered since she first came; the sickly hue of her skin had changed to a clear, pure pallor; the look of dejection had given place to one of deep-seated content; her large gray eyes shone lustrous, and seemed to well over with feeling and genius. I was familiar with each subtle charm—each droop and natural wave of her soft brown hair; the course of each vein meandering beneath the snowy skin on her fair temples; the graceful line of her bending neck; the rarely beautiful outline—— But, O Heaven! I must stop myself.

On this evening, Alice was dressed as simply as usual; her gown was of lilac muslin, to the hue of which the evening sunlight gave a lovely bloom. She glided along by the bishop's side, now and then lifting glad artless glances to his kindly face. Sweet child! she was happy; he loved her. She was always happy with those who loved her.

I had lived in a dream so long, that it was difficult for me to throw off its influence. I did not join myself to any of the groups around me; by and by, I stood quite alone on a little mound, a screen of shrubs between me and the strollers. I stood still to watch the sunset light glide up the sculptured cathedral stones—higher and higher, touching face, flower, foliage; up and up till it failed from off the pinnacle.

I heard my own name uttered by a voice behind me—a voice I

knew, a hateful, parring, treacherous voice—then I heard these words:

“She is shockingly; a dreadful flirt! It is disgusting to see how she has got on the old bishop’s blind side. I wonder if the chit fancies she might be a bishop’s lady!”

“She flies rather lower than that,” said a kindred voice. “She and Mr——(never mind my name) go on in a way that is quite shocking—in the cathedral too. Of course, they call it practising—a very pretty kind of practice!”

Of course the tabbies spoke of Alice. My blood tingled.

I pushed through the drooping branches and confronted the creatures.

“A charming time for sweet and charitable discourse, fair ladies,” I remarked; then passed on towards the house.

A pair of soft eyes questioned me wistfully when I entered the drawing-room; they met a new expression in my answering look, perhaps; they drooped, and a rosy flush crept up to the veiling lashes.

My cathedral calm was desecrated; her eyes had never before so drooped before mine. When I went home, I found a letter awaiting me. It summoned me north, to the death-bed of the only relative I had in the world. Alice and I were alike in our friendlessness. I immediately went to the coach-office to secure a place by the morning mail. Even now there is no railway within many miles of Waldon. I occupied the night in packing, and in selecting music, and writing most minute directions for the organist. This done, I hesitated. Should I write to Alice anything beyond these instructions—anything personal, private? I decided that to do so would be to deprive myself of somewhat of my measure of pure delight: I did not wish to lose one glance, blush, smile, or tear. I did not expect that my absence would be a long one. In the hurry of departure, I forgot to tell Margaret to send the parcel I had prepared for Miss Hall; but as it was addressed to her, she would surely receive it, I thought. My relative lingered. Each day might be his last, they said; yet he lingered a month. Then business detained me; then, perhaps, owing to my anxiety to return to Waldon, I was attacked by a nervous fever, a complaint I had suffered from before.

It was on a grim December night that I at last re-entered Waldon. Leaving my luggage at the coach-office, I proceeded homewards. I was so cramped by cold, and exhausted by fasting, that I could hardly drag my limbs along, and my brain was in a state of feverish excitement. Alice had been present in most of my sick visions—her face always of deathly pallor and reproachful expression. It haunted me; and, as I had re-entered Waldon, vague apprehension stole over me drearily.

Midnight began to strike as I passed through the arched way into the cathedral yard. The wind became very high, sobbing and sighing about eerily; it parted the clouds, and let through a half gleam of moonlight to make luminous the moving low-hanging mists. At the further end of the lime-avenue I believed that I descried a human figure; it branched off towards my little door of the cathedral. I endeavored to overtake it; it vanished, passing in at the low porch.

The clanging of the clock had ceased, and I imagined that I detected the sound of the organ. I paused. Yes; low wailing notes deepened to a full gush of minor harmony; then melancholy cadences sobbed away into silence. Chilled to the heart—conscious of icy fingers among the roots of my hair—I opened that door, which I found fast locked. I groped my way into the cathedral, believing nothing so little as that it was earthly music to which I had listened. In the building, all was now silent. I crept on, with a tremulous voice calling on Alice's name. My open arms embraced a cold form; my senses left me.

When the ghastly wintry dawn crept down upon me, I found myself lying at the foot of a sculptured female form. "Alice is dead," was my firm conviction. I managed to rise and creep to my house. I did not understand how I came to be in the cathedral.

My aspect frightened Margaret. The first thing my eyes fell upon on entering my room, was the packet I had prepared for Alice. "Returned after her death," I inwardly commented. I was too miserable to be fully conscious of my misery. I brooded stupidly over a newly kindled fire, while Margaret bustled in and out on hospitable thoughts intent.

"When did she die?" I asked stolidly, by and by.

"Nigh a month since, sir."

A long pause.

"Who plays the organ now?"

"Please sir, take your hot coffee, and get to bed. Time enough to bother about organs when you look less like a corpse," was added *sotto voce*.

I repeated my question doggedly.

"Well, she does it all the same," was the weird-sounding reply. I had swallowed one cup of Margaret's hot, strong coffee, and life was rekindling within me.

"Are you mocking me, woman?" I cried.

She stared at me, and then gave some soothing answer. Evidently she feared I was deranged. I made a mighty effort to appear composed.

"Margaret, tell me immediately the name of the person who now plays the cathedral organ."

"Alice Hall, sir; the same who has played for six months now. She went off sudden, and it made no difference to Miss Hall, as it might have done to some, sir: she has not missed a service."

Again Margaret appeared to find cause for alarm in my face, not without some just grounds, perhaps.

"Do you mean to say that for the last month, since her death, the cathedral organ has been played as it used to be in her life?"

"Yes, sir; it has, sir." Margaret backed towards the door as I rose.

"Played by a departed, a disembodied spirit; and you take it all as a matter of course."

"Law! Good gracious, sir, I never said anything of the kind. Some say Miss Hall looks like a ghost; but she isn't one yet."

"Margaret! who then died a month since?" I put the question solemnly.

"Mrs Smith, sir, who used to live with Miss Hall, went off in a fit quite sudden, as I told you plainly, sir."

"Leave the room," I commanded.

I cannot say what I did or how I felt when left alone.

By and by, I rang for Margaret. I explained to her my recent illness, and as much as I could remember of the incidents of the night. Having taken some trouble to convince her of my sanity, I again dismissed her. Poor, poor Alice! dear, desolate child! I reproached myself bitterly for having selfishly thought of my own delight, not of her peace; and I tormented myself by imagining what she could possibly think of me—of my having left her without one word of leave-taking, or one sign of remembrance. The parcel she had not received.

I went to the cathedral early. I found that Alice was already there. Unseen, I watched her a while. She looked faded and worn, and was dressed in mourning; she had lost her only friend—for I had no right to hope she still considered me as such—and must feel herself indeed alone. Yet angelic peace and steadfast faith stole over her weary aspect as she played. Oh, well I remember the sweet upturned face, the droop of the soft hair down the thin cheek. My darling!

By and by, she paused, and took her hands from the keys to draw her shawl closer, with a pale shudder. I stepped near her. Because I hardly dared speak to her at all, I spoke as if we had parted but yesterday: "You should not be here on such a morning."

"And you are come home at last?" She held out to me the hand I had not offered to take. On seeing me, she had grown paler than ever; but when I spoke, gladness beamed from her eyes, to be soon quenched in tears as she saw me look at her mourning dress.

There was a silence of some moments.

"You have missed me?" I asked humbly.

"Yes, yes."

"And can you ever forgive me?"

"Forgive you!" she echoed.

I held her hand firmly, and over mine came trembling her free hand, thrilling me by its voluntary, undeserved caress.

"You have been ill—I fear you have been very ill," she said, gazing at me compassionately.

I was glad to make the worst of my case.

"I have been very ill. I have much to plead in excuse of my silence and neglect; but not enough, not half enough, if it has given you pain. You tremble. I frightened you by my sudden return."

"No, no; you never frighten me; you never pain me. I have been sad and lonely; but I knew you would return, if you could—if you ought. You have always been good to me; it would have been very wrong of me to think of you unkindly."

"Why did you shudder but now?"

"I remembered a dream, a dreadful dream I had last night."

"Tell it me."

"I had rather not."

"I have a reason for wishing to know it."

"I dreamed that you were dead—that I sat at the organ at midnight and played your requiem."

Again she turned very pale. I think I must have done so too. A

queer thrill went through me, as, for the first time, I fully recalled the events of the past night.

"You must let me take you home," I said. I released her hands, and folded her shawl closely round her.

Looking straight into my face with her dear, innocent eyes, she said:

"You must not spoil me so; if you had not, I should not have found it so hard to do without you."

This was just too much for me. I gathered the little thing into my arms, kissed her sweet brow again and again, and cried:

"Alice, you must let me keep you always—you must be my wife!"

She disengaged herself; she drew a little away from me.

"I know that you are very good. Is this because my aunt is dead, and I am alone?" she asked earnestly.

"It is because I love you."

My eyes confirmed my words; hers drooped, and her face looked as if the sun were faintly shining on it through a ruby pane in the window.

The Mead cottage was so desolate that I soon took Alice — (not Hall) home to my house in the cathedral yard. It was on New Year's Day that the good old bishop married us; and ever since my happy home has been perfectly ordered, and, so she tells me, my perfect wife has been entirely happy.

New Year's Day—the tenth anniversary of my marriage. To-day I have been looking over my papers, and have read through this, written five years since. O Alice, Alice! my wife, my wife! Why couldst thou not visibly tarry with me unto the end?

I never leave Waldon now. No fingers but mine must ever touch those keys hers used lovingly to press. She was to me as child, wife, all of kin, my only darling! I am having built a new organ, a glorious one; it is to be my gift to Waldon cathedral, on condition that the old one is taken down five-and-twenty hours after my death, and destroyed; and that during those five-and-twenty hours no mortal fingers touch its keys. I say five-and-twenty hours, because on the midnight after my death—and I might die just after midnight—Alice will play my requiem, as I heard her so long ago. The organ must never sound again. There is a rumor in Waldon that the organist has been mad since his wife's death. I am not mad, because, for my comfort I know that my love was selfish, my guardianship careless, my tenderness ungentle, my sympathy imperfect, compared with that my darling experiences in thy keeping, O Lord my God and her God.

Such is the paper that lately came into our hands. We have learned that at the cathedral, here called Waldon, the congregation, of about half-a-dozen person, assembled one grim December afternoon, were detained after service by the powerful beauty of the voluntary performed by their long feeble organist. It came to an abrupt conclusion—the organist was found with his arms folded on the keys, his cheek rested on them—dead. His wishes with respect to the old organ had long been known: they were strictly regarded.

VIEW OF SPECULATIVE MASONRY AS A SYSTEM OF CHARITY.

BY REV. GEORGE OLIVER.

Each other gift which God on man bestows,
 Its proper bound and due restriction knows ;
 To one fixed purpose dedicates its power,
 And, finishing its act, exists no more.
 Thus, in obedience to what heaven decrees,
 Knowledge shall fall and prophecy shall cease ;
 But lasting Charity's more ample sway,
 Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,
 In happy triumph shall for ever live,
 And endless good diffuse, and endless praise receive.

—Prior.

In all public Institutions some form of admission has ever been adopted, with an approach to sublimity, proportioned to the rank and importance which each society may sustain in public estimation. In most cases the ceremony is preceded by a ballot, to ascertain whether the proposed candidate may be acceptable to the community at large ; that harmony may not be interrupted, nor discord fomented by the introduction of improper persons. This being satisfactorily arranged, admission is accompanied with various degrees of solemnity, from the simple signature of a name, to the imposing rite of initiation into Masonry, or the solemn ceremony of appropriating a candidate for the ministry to God's service, by episcopal ordination.

Such have been the usage of society from the earliest times ; and I am persuaded that the pure Freemasonry of our antediluvian brethren was accompanied by a characteristic rite of initiation, which forcibly impressed upon the candidate's enquiring mind an historical legend or tradition, which it was of the utmost consequence should be preserved ; and was hence transmitted through those ages when letters or alphabetical characters were unknown, and oral communication could alone be adopted as a method of recording past events. The length to which human life was extended rendered such a course equally simple and effective ; nor do any doubts exist that this Freemasonry (so to call it) was deteriorated in the slightest degree, either in its facts or ceremonies, while it remained in the custody of the pure and holy race who erected their superstructure on the firm and solid basis of Charity, or the love of God and man. I am restricted by obligations, the most sacred, from attempting to describe this ceremonial, or to name the legend on which it was founded ; yet every brother, who is in the habit of investigating the true nature and tendency of the science into which he has been initiated, will be at no loss to discover, in the brief account which Moses has given of these early times, sufficient data for the foundation of a theory on this subject, which will approximate very nearly to the truth.

That the legend was varied and the points of morality extended by the Noachidae, there cannot exist the slightest question ; for to record the course of events, and to justify the ways of God to man, historical recollections would be augmented ; and additional incitements to virtuous actions, springing from the love of God, would be embodied in the patriarchal lecture : thus would the holy science hold onward

its progressive course till the grand union of Speculative and Operative Masonry at the building of king Solomon's Temple; the most remarkable epochs being the Creation, the Deluge, the offering of Isaac, the Deliverance from Egyptian Bondage, and the erection of the Temple;—and the most striking events which were deemed worthy of being incorporated into the science, were the appearance of the Cherubic forms at the gate of Eden, the translation of Enoch, the mechanical excellence of Jubal and Tubal Cain, the grand Festival given by Abraham at the weaning of his son Isaac, the Vision of Jacob, the mission of Moses at Horeb, the building of the Tabernacle, the slaughter of the Ephraimites, the Offering of David on the threshing floor of Araunah the Jebusite, and the Dedication of the Temple.

This pure and primitive system was founded on Brotherly Love or Charity. I am aware that there exists in the world, and I am afraid also amongst the brethren, a mistaken opinion respecting this great principle of Freemasonry. The error arises from a superficial consideration of the true meaning of the word Charity. Taken in its literal and more obvious sense, it is supposed to be embodied in our benevolent institutions. We have, however, a different name from the sensible and material virtue which operates so beneficially for the advantage of our widows, orphans, and brethren in distress. And that is *Relief*, which constitutes one division of the principal Point of Freemasonry. Thus, if a person give profusely that his name may appear to advantage on a subscription list;—if self-love incite him to acts of liberality that he may receive the homage of those amongst whom he lives—would it be correct to attribute to such a man the practice of true Masonic or Christian Charity? Far from it. His benevolence is laudable, because it is beneficial. But it is not Charity—it is Relief. To speak masonically, it may be Faith, it may be Hope, but it cannot be Charity. These are distinct things. An inspired writer has enumerated them, and informed us which is the greatest.

Again, the same quality may be exercised to establish a name, or to acquire a reputation. And I confess the applause of the world is one of its greatest comforts. That man's heart must be cold indeed which is insensible to it. The blessing of the poor—the glistening eye of the widow as she pours forth her gratitude for benefits received—the cheerful greeting of the orphan, are amongst the gratifications which it may be right to covet. But if our benevolence have only this end we shall fall short of that beautiful—that masonic charity which believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. And why? Because the principle of doing good, merely to enjoy the pleasure of being thanked for it, is selfish and unprofitable; because the praise of men is at best but an uncertain support—a broken reed. It will assuredly give way. And when this shall happen, all our imaginary honors, if they base their existence on this hope only, will be prostrated and scattered to the winds of heaven.

And if we fall—we fall like Lucifer,
Never to rise again.

But let bright-eyed Charity be practised in its pure disinterested-

ness;—let there be no alloy—no unworthy motives when you exercise liberality;—no secret wish for an equivalent, or covet desire to establish a reputation for benevolence; and you will never be disappointed of your reward—the unsullied pleasure of doing good. You will have chosen for your support the pillars of Wisdom, Strength, and beauty, and they are based upon the eternal Rock of ages. Calumny, with envenomed tooth, may attack—reproach may vilify—envy may exercise its cankerous cravings to afflict and wound—still, in the midst of all these pelting storms, you are at peace; conscious rectitude is your sheet-anchor; your foundation is Freemasonry, which cannot be shaken; and all attempts to impeach your integrity will be impotent and unsuccessful.

In order to form a clear idea of this supereminent principle, it will be necessary to define the three Theological Virtues, and compare their respective merits and excellencies. By this process we shall, perhaps, discover what Freemasonry, under its designation of Charity, really is. Faith and hope are essentially necessary to our happiness both here and hereafter. Without the former it will be impossible to perform our duty to God with satisfaction to our own consciences; and the latter is the sure and steadfast anchor of the soul. Thus Faith and Hope are essentials both of Masonry and religion; and indispensably necessary to a successful progress, not merely through our masonic career, but what is of greater importance, through the vicissitudes of a life of trial, if we wish to finish our course with joy. But greater than this is Charity. Faith in God, and Hope in futurity, are not enough; they must be animated by, Charity, or the universal love of God and man; else they will be ineffectual to draw aside the veil which conceals the Holy of Holies from profane inspection; they will fail to exalt us to that superb Temple above, where the Great I AM eternally dwells amidst pure Light and undivided Charity.

This is the Charity which animates the system of Freemasonry; and reveals the Theological ladder, by virtue of which we hope to ascend from earth to heaven. This Ladder dates its origin from the following historical fact:—Jacob was the beloved son of Rebecca, the wife of Isaac; and she knowing that a blessing of a peculiar nature was vested in her husband, was resolved at any risk to obtain it for her favorite child, though it was the legitimate property of her first-born Esau. She succeeded, though by an unworthy stratagem, in her design; but Jacob was no sooner in possession of his aged father's blessing than he was obliged to flee from the wrath of his brother, who threatened his life for having supplanted him alike in his birth-right and his father's blessing. By the advice of his mother he went down to Pandanaram, a distant country in the land of Mesopotamia, to seek refuge in the hospitality of her brother Laban. Being weary and benighted at the close of his first day's travel, he laid himself down to rest, with the cold earth for his bed, a stone for his pillow, and the cloudy canopy of heaven for his covering. Here he was favored with a divine communication. In a vision of the night he saw a ladder resting on the earth, its summit extending to the heavens, and angels ascending to the throne of grace for divine commissions, and returning to disseminate them over the face of the earth for the use and benefit of mankind. It was from his throne in heaven, at the summit

of this ladder, that Jehovah was pleased to make a solemn league and covenant with Jacob, that, if he walked in his ways and kept his statutes, he would not only bring him back in peace and plenty to his father's house, but would exalt his posterity to great temporal honor and pre-eminence. This promise was remarkably fulfilled. Jacob's favorite son became lord of all Egypt; and the children of Israel, in the days of Solomon, were the mightiest and the most powerful people under the sun. In our lodges this ladder contains three principal staves. It rests on the Holy Bible, and extends to the cloudy canopy. By the doctrines contained in that sacred volume, we are induced to believe in the dispensations of Providence; which Faith enables us to ascend the first step of the ladder. A firm and well-grounded hope of being sharers in the promises therein recorded being thus created, enables us to ascend the second step. The third and sublime step is Charity; and the Mason who possesses this virtue in its most extended sense, may justly be said to have arrived at the summit of the science;—figuratively speaking, to an ethereal mansion veiled from mortal eye by the starry firmament; which is emblematically depicted in the Masons' Lodge by Seven Stars; without which number of regular Masons no Lodge can be perfect, neither can any candidate be legally initiated therein.

Let us, then, consider the distinctive properties of these three virtues. Faith is a firm and sincere assent to the fundamental truths of religion, viz., the being and attributes of God; the true nature of the worship which is most acceptable to him; the doctrine of universal redemption, and a future state of reward and punishments. It includes also a free reception of the means which have been provided for avoiding the one and obtaining the other. This definition which makes Faith the imperishable rock on which pure religion is founded, is perfectly consistent with revelation; for St. Paul expressly says: "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen; and it is, therefore, the first incentive to obedience; the *first step* towards Hope and Charity. Nothing can cast clouds and darkness over the prospect of eternity but a consciousness of guilt, and a consequent apprehension of punishment. But Faith becomes our surety, and presents itself to calm our desponding fears. The doctrine of human redemption dispels the threatening cloud, and admits a glimmering of divine light, that the dread of God's offended majesty may not completely overwhelm his creatures with darkness and despair. Thus, the *second step* becomes attainable by the admission of Hope, which lends its assisting hand to cheer the faithful brother amidst all his troubles, sorrows, and adversities, with the prospect of everlasting peace and the mansion of glory.

Hope is an earnest desire, and a well-assured expectation of escaping the dangers which threaten, and of obtaining the rewards which have been promised, by the means prescribed in the pages of divine revelation. The belief of future rewards and punishments, united with perfect ignorance of the means by which happiness may be attained and misery avoided, would be a state of suspense the most distressing that could be conceived. Hence arise the consolations of Hope. A firm reliance on the divine promises will enable us to circumscribe our wishes and desires within the limits of that most gra-

cious covenant which God has established with us. An all-sufficient atonement has been made for sin; by the efficacy of which, Hope points the way to an inheritance amongst the blessed saints in light.

Charity is the *third step* of the masonic ladder; its foot based on revelation, and its summit concealed amidst the brilliant clouds of heaven. It consists of an ardent love of God, united with an unfeigned affection for all his creatures. Possessed of Charity, the heart expands—the bosom warms—and a sensation of ineffable and unmixed kindness engrosses the whole man. Nor is this sublime virtue capable of a more restricted sense. If we exclude the divine love, and understand it simply of affection for our species, it becomes earthly; and we should find it difficult to assign a satisfactory reason why it should take the precedence of Faith and Hope. But if we consider Charity in its most extended sense, for the unfeigned love of God and man, the beauty of the principle immediately displays itself. The Mason who possesses a lively faith in God will endeavor to imitate the divine perfections on which the Hope of salvation is founded; and will be jealous to fulfill that precept which tests the purity of his Charity—“he who loveth shall love his brother also.”

Here, then, we find the joint and separate excellency of these three theological virtues clearly exemplified. Faith is the foundation and pedestal of the system. It points to duty, and displays the means of obtaining its reward. Hope is a polished *shaft* raised on the pedestal of Faith in the existence of a God, and of his superintending care over his creatures. This bright assurance adds vigor to our energies by the consoling promise of happiness, if sought in the ways of virtue and holiness. Charity is the beautiful *capital* which crowns and completes the system. It constitutes the sublimity of Faith and Hope: because we have authority for saying that “Charity *believeth* all things; *hopeth* all things.” Faith imprints a strong sense of responsibility on the mind, and opens to our view the prospect of a glorious recompense. Hope perseveres in a faithful discharge of its duty, apprehending the reward to be attainable. But Charity surmounts all difficulties; turns duty to delight, and yields a tranquility of mind which the world cannot bestow. This is the consideration which elevates Charity above all other graces and perfections.

Would you trace this sublime principle to its source? You must look beyond the bounds of time, you must penetrate the empyrean to the heaven of heavens; and there you will find it existing amongst the happy society of angels, before that black apostacy was introduced, which ended in the expulsion of the rebel spirits, and the restoration of this branch of Freemasonry, the bond of peace and of all virtues. And when the existence of this globe shall terminate; when the Great Architect of the Universe “shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the Archangel, and with the trump of God,” masonic Charity will continue to illuminate those blessed abodes where the just exist to all eternity. This splendid branch of the Masonic science is the distinguishing characteristic of the Deity. All other virtues, whether cardinal or theological, are mortal—Charity alone is immortal. Like the central blazing star in the firmament of heaven, Charity shall shed its resplendent beams through ages of eternal glory.

St. Paul, in language purely masonic, speaking of this virtue, says: "Charity never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall pass away." What were the reasons which induced the Apostle to make this assertion? It was because these gifts are transient, and adapted to an imperfect state, because they would be useless in a state of beatitude and Light. Even Faith and Hope, though essential to every one during his mortal pilgrimage, will have no place in the realms of bliss. There we shall see the things which are now unseen, and consequently we shall not want the evidence of Faith. The first step of the masonic ladder being triumphantly passed will be for ever done away. There we shall possess the things we now long for, therefore we shall not need the support of Hope. Thus the second step will finally vanish. But when Faith and Hope shall have had their perfect consummation, Charity will still remain. The third step of the ladder penetrates the highest heavens, and can never be destroyed. And when the darkness of death is past, and we are admitted into the Grand Lodge above, the region of eternal light, the bright beams of Charity will be fully infused into our souls; and we shall make our glorious company with the angels and archangels and all the host of heaven. One mind and one voice will animate this heavenly society; and that mind and that voice will celebrate the praises of masonic charity. All will unite in the most perfect harmony to adore the Most High. Mutually rejoicing in each other's happiness, as there will be no wants to relieve, no distress to commiserate, all in that blessed lodge will be filled with the pure essence of Freemasonry.

This, then, is the system of Charity which is taught in a Freemason's lodge. Is it necessary to enquire whether you feel proud of a science from which such purity flows—from which such blessings are conveyed? Do you feel happy in the prospect of sharing with the holy angels in the bliss which celestial charity confers on the just? Deprived of Charity, pleasure with all its allurements—learning with all its privileges—wealth with all its splendor of enjoyment—authority with all its painted pomp—are but a solemn mockery. Though we may possess the gift of prophecy; though we may understand all mysteries and all knowledge; though by Faith we could remove mountains; though we bestow all our goods to feed the poor, and give our bodies to be burned; yet if our hearts be not impressed with this supernal charity, all these possessions, brilliant and imposing though they may appear, will not help us one step on our road to heaven.

If, in the mansions of bliss, there is a graduated scale of rewards, adapted to the different degrees of approval, vouchsafed to individuals at the day of judgment—which is extremely probable, as there are many heavens mentioned in scripture—each will be illuminated with a portion of that light which streams from the throne of God, in the highest heaven; as the most holy place in the Temple was enlightened by the sacred Shekinah. And though the degree of light and illumination will be, doubtless, proportioned to the class on which it is bestowed, yet whether they be made rulers over ten cities, or over five or over two, whether theirs be the glory of the sun, the

moon, or the stars, the very lowest grade of happiness will be favored with the lucid presence of God, as well as that which may approach the nearest to his celestial throne, though not perhaps to the same extent; and the brotherhood, even of that comparative state of happiness, will receive a vast accession of knowledge and spirituality, and will enjoy, as in a supreme Grand Lodge, a portion of that ineffable Light and Charity, which has constituted, while on earth, the glorious object of their Faith and Hope. The true Freemason, if he have performed his work faithfully, and practised with freedom, fervency, and zeal, the incumbent duties of his profession, shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and if he have turned many to righteousness, as the stars for ever.

Let us, then, cultivate, not only in tyled Lodges, but in our general commerce with the world, this most excellent quality. Let us, from a genuine principle of refined charity, practise mutual forbearance; and reciprocate a constant interchange of kindness and affection. If Freemasonry be a beneficial institution, let its fruits appear, in the virtuous discharge of the social duties of life; for the Third Degree points to a day of responsibility, when the transient concerns of time shall have passed away—when the world and all its allurements shall have vanished like a morning dream—and purity of heart, induced by the presence of universal Charity, will alone enable us to endure the presence of the glorious Shekinah of God. As Masons, let us use the present world, without abusing our fraternal privileges; for if all our time be expended in the acquirement of worldly knowledge, or in the gaiety of worldly pleasure, and we neglect to enlighten our minds with this celestial virtue, we shall be fatally convinced at that awful period when the everblessed Lodge above shall be opened never to be closed; when the last arrow of the mighty conqueror Death shall have been expended, and his bow broken by the iron hand of time, that St. Paul uttered the words of eternal truth when he said: “though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.”

F A C T I Æ .

“JOHN,” quoth the gentle Julia, to her sleepy lord one morning, at a late hour, “I wish you’d take pattern by the thermometer.” “As how?” muttered he, opening his optics. “Why, by rising.” “H’m; I wish you’d imitate that other fizmagig that hangs up by it—the barometer.” “Why so?” “’Cause then you’d let me know when a storm is coming.” Well matched, that.

“You’ll kill yourself smoking so much, husband.” “Indeed, wife, I must use the weed.” “Oh, very well, I guess I shall have occasion for weeds myself, pretty soon.”

WHY is a man eating soup with a fork like another kissing his sweetheart? Do you give it up? Because it takes so long to get enough of it.

“WHY don’t you ask your sweetheart to marry you?” “I have asked her.” “What did she say?” “Oh, I’ve the *refusal* of her.”

History of the Crusades.



WILLIAM LONGESWORD.

At this crisis aid arrived from England, commanded by Richard Earl of Cornwall, the namesake of Cœur de Lion, and inheritor of his valor. His army was strong and full of hope. They had confidence in themselves and in their leader, and looked like men accustomed to victory. Their coming changed the aspect of affairs. The new Sultan of Egypt was at war with the Sultan of Damascus, and had not forces to oppose two enemies so powerful. He therefore sent messengers to meet the English Earl, offering an exchange of prisoners and the complete cession of the Holy Land. Richard, who had not come to fight for the mere sake of fighting, agreed at once to terms so advantageous, and became the deliverer of Palestine without striking a blow. The Sultan of Egypt then turned his whole force against his Moslem enemies, and the Earl of Cornwall returned to Europe. Thus ended the eighth Crusade, the most beneficial of all. Christendom

had no further pretence for sending her fierce levies to the East. To all appearances the holy wars were at an end; the Christians had entire possession of Jerusalem, Tripoli, Antioch, Edessa, Acre, Jaffa, and, in fact, of nearly all Judea; and, could they have been at peace among themselves, they might have overcome, without difficulty, the jealousy and hostility of their neighbors. A circumstance, as unforeseen as it was disastrous, blasted this fair prospect, and reilluminated, for the last time, the fervor and fury of the Crusades.

Gengis Khan and his successors had swept over Asia like a tropical storm, overturning, in their progress, the landmarks of ages. Kingdom after kingdom was cast down as they issued, innumerable, from the far recesses of the North and East, and, among others, the empire of Korasmin was overrun by these all-conquering hordes. The Korasmins, a fierce, uncivilized race, thus driven from their homes, spread themselves, in their turn, over the south of Asia with fire and sword, in search of a resting-place. In their impetuous course they directed themselves towards Egypt, whose sultan, unable to withstand the swarm that had cast their longing eyes on the fertile valleys of the Nile, endeavoured to turn them from their course. For this purpose he sent emissaries to Barbaquan, their leader, inviting them to settle in Palestine; and the offer being accepted by the wild horde, they entered the country before the Christians received the slightest intimation of their coming. It was as sudden as it was overwhelming. Onwards, like the simoom, they came, burning and slaying, and were at the walls of Jerusalem before the inhabitants had time to look round them. They spared neither life nor property; they slew women and

children, and priests at the altar, and profaned even the graves of those who had slept for ages. They tore down every vestige of the Christian faith, and committed horrors unparalleled in the history of warfare. About seven thousand of the inhabitants of Jerusalem sought safety in retreat; but before they were out of sight, the banner of the cross was hoisted upon the walls by the savage foe to decoy them back. The artifice was but too successful. The poor fugitives imagined that help had arrived from another direction, and turned back to regain their homes. Nearly the whole of them were massacred, and the streets of Jerusalem ran with blood.

The Templars, Hospitallers, and Teutonic knights forgot their long and bitter animosities, and joined hand in hand to rout out this desolating foe. They entrenched themselves in Jaffa, with all the chivalry of Palestine that yet remained, and endeavored to engage the Sultans of Emissa and Damascus to assist them against the common enemy. The aid obtained from the Moslems amounted at first to only four thousand men, but with these reinforcements Walter of Brienne, the lord of Jaffa, resolved to give battle to the Korasmins. The conflict was as deadly as despair on the one side, and unmitigated ferocity on the other, could make it. It lasted with varying fortune for two days, when the sultan of Emissa fled to his fortifications, and Walter of Brienne fell into the enemy's hands. The brave knight was suspended by the arms to a cross in sight of the walls of Jaffa, and the Korasminian leader declared that he should remain in that position until the city surrendered. Walter raised his feeble voice, not to advise surrender, but to command his soldiers to hold out to the last. But his gallantry was unavailing. So great had been the slaughter, that out of the grand array of knights, there now remained but sixteen Hospitallers, thirty-three Templars, and three Teutonic cavaliers. These, with the sad remnant of an army, fled to Acre, and the Korasmins were masters of Palestine.

The sultans of Syria preferred the Christians to this fierce horde for their neighbours. Even the sultan of Egypt began to regret the aid he had given to such barbarous foes, and united with those of Emissa and Damascus to root them from the land. The Korasmins amounted to but twenty thousand men, and were unable to resist the determined hostility which encompassed them on every side. The sultans defeated them in several engagements, and the peasantry rose up in masses to take vengeance upon them. Gradually their numbers were diminished. No mercy was shown them in defeat. Barbaquan their leader was slain; and after five years of desperate struggles, they were finally extirpated, and Palestine became once more the territory of the Mussulmans.

A short time previous to this devastating eruption, Louis IX fell sick in Paris, and dreamed in the delirium of his fever that he saw the Christian and Moslem host fighting before Jerusalem, and the Christians defeated with great slaughter. The dream made a great impression on his superstitious mind, and he made a solemn vow, that if ever he recovered his health, he would take a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. When the news of the misfortunes of Palestine, and the awful massacre of Jerusalem and Jaffa, arrived in Europe, St. Louis remembered him of his dream. More persuaded than ever that

it was an intimation direct from heaven, he prepared to take the cross at the head of his armies, and march to the deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre. From that moment he doffed the royal mantle of purple and ermine, and dressed in the sober serge becoming a pilgrim. All his thoughts were directed to the fulfilment of his design, and although his kingdom could but ill spare him, he made every preparation to leave it. Pope Innocent IV applauded his zeal and afforded him every assistance. He wrote to Henry III of England to forward the cause in his dominions, and called upon the clergy and laity all over Europe to contribute towards it. William Longsword, the celebrated Earl of Salisbury, took the cross at the head of a great number of valiant knights and soldiers. But the fanaticism of the people was not to be awakened either in France or England. Great armies were raised, but the masses no longer sympathized. Taxation had been the great cooler of zeal. It was no longer a disgrace even to a knight if he refused to take the cross. Rutebenf, a French minstrel, who flourished about this time (1250), composed a dialogue between a Crusader and a non-Crusader, which the reader will find translated in Way's *Fabliaux*. The Crusader uses every argument to persuade the non-Crusader to take up arms, and forsake every thing in the holy cause; but it is evident, from the greater force of the arguments used by the non-Crusader, that he was the favorite of the minstrel. To a most urgent solicitation of his friend the Crusader, he replies:

"I read thee right, thou holdest good
 To this same land I straight should hie,
 And win it back with mickle blood,
 Nor gaine one foot of soil thereby;
 While her dejected and forlorn
 My wife and babes are left to mourn;
 My goodly mansion rudely marred,
 All trusted to my dogs to guard.
 But I, fair comrade, well I wot
 An ancient saw of pregnant wit
 Doth bid us keep what we have got;
 And troth I mean to follow it."

This being the general feeling, it is not to be wondered at that Louis IX was occupied three years in organising his forces, and in making the necessary preparations for his departure. When all was ready he set sail for Cyprus, accompanied by his queen, his two brothers, the Counts d'Anjou and d'Artois, and a long train of the noblest chivalry of France. His third brother, the Count de Poitiers, remained behind to collect another corps of Crusaders, and followed him in a few months afterwards. The army united at Cyprus, and amounted to fifty thousand men, exclusive of the English Crusaders under William Longsword. Again, a pestilential disease made its appearance, to which many hundreds fell victims. It was in consequence found necessary to remain in Cyprus until the spring. Louis then embarked for Egypt with his whole host; but a violent tempest separated his fleet, and he arrived before Damietta with only a few thousand men. They were, however, impetuous and full of hope; and although the sultan Melick Shah was drawn up on the shore with a force infinitely superior, it was resolved to attempt a landing without waiting the arrival of the rest of the army. Louis himself, in wild impatience,

sprang from his boat, and waded on shore; while his army, inspired by his enthusiastic bravery, followed, shouting the old war-cry of the first Crusaders, *Dieu le veut! Dieu le veut!* A panic seized the Turks. A body of their cavalry attempted to bear down upon the Crusaders, but the knights fixed their large shields deep in the sands of the shore, and rested their lances upon them, so that they projected above, and formed a barrier so imposing, that the Turks, afraid to breast it, turned round and fairly took to flight. At the moment of this panic, a false report was spread in the Saracen host that the sultan had been slain. The confusion immediately became general—the *déroute* was complete: Damietta itself was abandoned, and the same night the victorious Crusaders fixed their head-quarters in that city. The soldiers who had been separated from their chief by the tempest arrived shortly afterwards; and Louis was in a position to justify the hope, not only of the conquest of Palestine, but of Egypt itself.

But too much confidence proved the bane of his army. They thought, as they had accomplished so much, that nothing more remained to be done, and gave themselves up to ease and luxury. When, by the command of Louis, they marched towards Cairo, they were no longer the same men; success, instead of inspiring, unnerved them; debauchery had brought on disease, and disease was aggravated by the heat of a climate to which none of them were accustomed. Their progress towards Massoura, on the road to Cairo, was checked by the Thanisian canal, on the banks of which the Saracens were drawn up to dispute the passage. Louis gave orders that a bridge should be thrown across; and the operations commenced under two cat-castles, or high moveable towers. The Saracens soon destroyed them by throwing quantities of Greek fire, the artillery of that day, upon them, and Louis was forced to think of some other means of effecting his design. A peasant agreed, for a considerable bribe, to point out a ford where the army might wade across, and the Count d'Artois was despatched with fourteen hundred men to attempt it, while Louis remained to face the Saracens with the main body of the army. The Count d'Artois got safely over, and defeated the detachment that had been sent to oppose his landing. Flushed with the victor, the brave Count forgot the inferiority of his numbers, and pursued the panic-stricken enemy into Massoura. He was now completely cut off from the aid of his brother Crusaders, which the Moslems perceiving, took courage and returned upon him, with a force swollen by the garrison of Massoura, and by reinforcements from the surrounding districts. The battle now became hand to hand. The Christians fought with the energy of desperate men, but the continually increasing numbers of the foe surrounded them completely, and cut off all hope either of victory or escape. The Count d'Artois was among the foremost of the slain; and when Louis arrived to the rescue the brave advanced guard was nearly cut to pieces. Of the fourteen hundred, but three hundred remained. The fury of the battle was now increased threefold. The French king and his troops performed prodigies of valor, and the Saracens, under the command of the Emir Oeccidun, fought as if they were determined to exterminate, in one last decisive effort, the new European swarm that had settled upon their coast. At the fall of the evening dews, the Chris-

tians were masters of the field of Massoura, and flattered themselves that they were the victors. Self-love would not suffer them to confess that the Saracens had withdrawn, and not retreated; but their leaders were too wofully convinced that the fatal field had completed the disorganization of the Christian army, and that all hopes of future conquest were at an end.

Impressed with this truth, the Crusaders sued for peace. The sultan insisted upon the immediate evacuation of Damietta, and that Louis himself should be delivered as hostage for the fulfilment of the condition. His army at once refused, and the negotiations were broken off. It was now resolved to attempt a retreat; but the agile Saracens, now in the front and now in the rear, rendered it a matter of extreme difficulty, and cut off the stragglers in great numbers. Hundreds of them were drowned in the Nile; and sickness and famine worked sad ravages upon those who escaped all other casualties. Louis himself was so weakened by disease, fatigue and discouragement, that he was hardly able to sit upon his horse. In the confusion of the flight he was separated from his attendants, and left a total stranger upon the sands of Egypt, sick, weary, and almost friendless. One knight, Geoffrey de Sergines, alone attended him, and led him to a miserable hut in a small village, where for several days he lay in the hourly expectation of death. He was at last discovered and taken prisoner by the Saracens, who treated him with all the honor due to his rank and all the pity due to his misfortunes. Under their care his health rapidly improved, and the next consideration was that of his ransom.

The Saracens demanded, besides money, the cession of Acre, Tripoli, and other cities of Palestine. Louis unhesitatingly refused, and conducted himself with so much pride and courage that the sultan declared he was the proudest infidel he had ever beheld. After a good deal of haggling, the sultan agreed to waive these conditions, and a treaty was finally concluded. The city of Damietta was restored, a truce of ten years agreed upon, and ten thousand golden bezants paid for the release of Louis and the liberation of all the captives. Louis then withdrew to Jaffa, and spent two years in putting that city, and Cesarea, with the other possessions of the Christians in Palestine, into a proper state of defence. He then returned to his own country, with great reputation as a saint, but very little as a soldier.

Matthew Paris informs us that, in the year 1250, while Louis was in Egypt, "thousands of the English were resolved to go to the holy war, had not the king strictly guarded his ports and kept his people from running out of doors." When the news arrived of the reverses and captivity of the French king, their ardour cooled; and the Crusade was sung of only, but not spoken of.

FALSE happiness renders men stern and proud, and that happiness is never communicated. True happiness renders them kind and sensible, and that happiness is always shared. . . . STRONG passions work wonders, when there is a greater strength of reason to curb them.

MAN'S DEGENERACY.

'T is not that Nature changes, nor the clime
 Its vigorous influence loses, nor the place
 That fostered once a haught and hardy race,
 Its temper casts, the sweet and the sublime
 Shedding for the decrepitude of time.
 But 't's the men degenerate, and disgrace
 Their nobler fathers, their great deeds deface,
 And crouch and grovel where their sires would climb
 Athens and Rome have still the self-same sky
 That on Themistocles and Scipio shined;
 But their posterity have lost the eye
 Of power, the daring hand, the aspiring mind.
 The eagle's nest, the eaglets thence expelled,
 Is by the craven and the kestrel held.

THE OPENING OF THE PIANO.

IN the little southern parlor of the house you may have seen
 With the gambrel-roof and the gable looking westward to the green,
 At the side toward the sunset, with the window on its right,
 Stood the Chickering piano I am dreaming of to-night.

Ah me! how I remember the evening when it came!
 What a cry of eager voices, what a group of cheeks in flame,
 When the wondrous box was opened that had come from over seas,
 With its smell of mastic-varnish and its flash of ivory keys!

Then the children all grew fretful in the restlessness of joy,
 For the boy would push his sister, and the sister crowd the boy,
 Till the father asked for quiet in his grave paternal way,
 But the mother hushed the tumult with the words, "Now, Mary, play."

For the dear soul knew that music was a very sovereign balm;
 She had sprinkled it over Sorrow and seen its brow grow calm,
 In the days of slender harpsichords with tapping tinkling quills,
 Or carolling to her spinet with its thin metallic thrills.

So Mary, the household minstrel, who always loved to please,
 Sat down to the new "Clementi," and struck the glittering keys.
 Hushed were the children's voices, and every eye grew dim,
 As, floating from lip and finger, arose the "Vesper Hymn."

—Catharine, child of a neighbor, curly and rosy-red,
 (Wedded since, and a widow,—something like ten years dead,)
 Hearing a gush of music such as never heard before,
 Steals from her mother's chamber and peeps at the open door.

Just as the "Jubilate" in threaded whisper dies,
 —"Open it! open it, lady!" the little maiden cries,
 (For she thought 't was a singing creature caged in a box she heard,)
 "Open it! open, lady! and let me see the bird!"

AN OLD MAID'S MUSINGS.

SITTING in the twilight,
Looking out into the rain,
Through the blurred and dripping dimness
Of my window-pane;
Waiting in the chilly twilight
For the supper bell to ring,
Float a flood of fancies o'er me—
Thoughts of the spring.

Oh, the early spring-time !
In the woodlands, even now,
Life is rising, tightly swelling
Twig and bulb and bough
Through the clods the moss is pushing
Homeward birds are on the wing ;
Earth is quick with coming glory—
Oh, for the spring !

Spring has something sweeter ;
Leaves enfolded, thick and brown,
Bursting soon, will drop their shadows,
Softly trembling down.
Buds will bloom and skies will deepen ;
Waters flash and woodlands ring ;
Through long grass the brooks will rustle—
Oh, for the spring !

Life has something sweeter ;
Strange, to feel old fancies start,
Violet-sweet of youth and passion,
From my wrinkled heart !
May agone, where flowers were kisses—
May, whose songs but one could sing ;
Heart abloom, so sudden blighted—
Ah, my lost spring !

Still something sweeter ;
There's a home-love underlies
Passion, as the fruit that greatens,
When the blossom dies.
Plans of homestead, long forgotten !
Plans that fancy used to bring
Round me in the fragrant twilight
Of my lost spring.

Still something sweeter ;
Other loves about me stand ;
Thrills a round cheek on my bosom—
Feels a little hand.
Baby eyes in mine are smiling ;
Baby fingers round me cling ;
Baby lips are lisping, "Mother"—
God ! my lost spring.

"NOTHING TO DO"

"Nothing to do?" O, pause and look around
 At those oppressed with want and sorrow, too!
 Look at the wrongs, the sufferings that abound,
 Ere yet thou say'st there's naught for thee to do.

"Nothing to do?" Are there no hearts that ache—
 No care-worn breasts that heave an anguished sigh—
 No burthens that thy hands may lighter make—
 No bitter tears thy sympathy might dry?

Are there no hungry that thy hand may feed—
 No sick to aid, no naked to be clad?
 Are there no blind whose footsteps thou mayst lead—
 No mourning heart that thou couldst make less sad?

"Nothing to do?" Hast thou no store of gold—
 No wealth of time that thou shouldst well employ?
 No hidden talent that thou shouldst unfold—
 No gift that thou shouldst use for others' joy?

"Nothing to do?" O, look without, within!
 Be to thyself and to thy duties true:
 Look on the world, its troubles, and its sin,
 And own that thou hast *much* indeed to do!

GOD BLESS YOU.

"God bless you!"—kind, familiar words!
 Before my eyes the letters swim:
 For—thrilling nature's holiest chords—
 My sight with fond regret grows dim.
 God bless you! closes up each page
 Traced by the well-beloved of yore:
 Whose letters still, from youth to age,
 That fondly-anxious legend bore.

I heeded not, in early days,
 The import of that yearning prayer:
 To me 't was but a kindly phrase,
 Which household love might freely spare;
 But now that grief strange power affords,
 In these love-hallowed scrolls I find
 Those earnest, pleading, sacred words,
 With all life's tenderness entwined!

Now thou art gone (ah! dark above
 Thy gravestone floods the winter rain),
 And all the old, sweet household love
 Fades into memory's silent pain.
 On earth for me no human heart
 Again will breathe those words divine:
 But, sainted soul! where'er thou art,
 Thy angel-pleading still is mine.

Monthly Masonic Miscellany.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE AMERICAN FREEMASONS NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, BY ITS CHIEF EDITOR,
BRO. ALBERT G. MACKEY, M. D.

THE GENERAL GRAND CHAPTER.

On the 13th of this month, the General Grand Chapter of the United States will hold its triennial Convocation in the city of Chicago. A large amount of business of great importance will be brought before it, and there is every indication that the meeting will be attended by a fuller representation than has heretofore been present. Certain amendments to the Constitution, of vital interest, are to be discussed and adopted, or rejected; and the character of a grave controversy between the presiding officer of the General Grand body and one of its constituents is to be investigated. But the most interesting question that will be presented for consideration is that which refers to the continuation or the extinction of the General Grand body itself.

It must be confessed that for some years past the General Grand Chapter has been losing favor among a certain portion of the craft. In 1853, at Lexington, the idea of its abolition was openly discussed, although no actual measure was taken for the consummation of so suicidal a plan. In 1856, the feeling of opposition was again shown by some of the members; and, soon after the close of the session, the effects of this spirit of opposition were openly demonstrated in the withdrawal of two respectable Grand Chapters from the confederation.

If we attempt to trace the causes of this unpopularity we shall be surprised to find that they are based, not upon any charge of assumptions of unlawful power or the exercise of oppressive rule, but on the supposition that the body is powerless to do good or harm. It is imbecility, not despotism, with which it is charged. It has proved, its opponents think, not a King Stork, but a King Log. It has done too little, not too much.

Now this is contrary to the spirit of all revolutions. The frogs in the fable, it is true, complained of the passive nature of their first sovereign, and Jupiter, as a punishment for their folly, for that is the moral of the apologue, sent them a devourer in his place. But patriots, outside of fabulous times, have been awakened to rebellion and revolution by the despotism only of their tyrants. When irresponsible power could no longer be endured, it was cured by the overthrow of a dynasty or a change of government. But where the only fault that can be charged upon a ruler is that he has no delegated power at all, it would really seem better and wiser to give him the power which he needs than to cut off his head.

But is it true that the General Grand Chapter is thus imbecile? Let us view the merits of the question with rigid impartiality. The most prominent specification in the charge of imbecility—indeed, we believe, the only one—is that it has failed to establish a uniform mode of work. Well, this is true. In 1850 an attempt was made to accomplish this great and necessary labor. But the foundation stone was not laid in the proper way. An eminently sectional system was offered to the General Grand Chapter, and, with little or no discussion, it was in part adopted. The Grand Chapter, from 1816 to that year, if not exactly in a sound sleep, was engaged in a very comfortable doze. It was hardly wide awake when it undertook, in a half dreamy condition, to select from one quarter of the Union, and that masonically a very exclusive one, a system of work which should be forced upon the whole confederacy. The representation in 1850 was not large enough to authorize this act. The General Grand Chapter, since its almost nominal meeting in 1847, had not sufficiently grown with the progress of Masonry to attempt so important a task. And accordingly, just such a result as was to be expected occurred. The work conditionally adopted, because incompletely exemplified in 1850, was wholly

rejected in 1853, for the action of that year was equivalent to a rejection. In the three years which had passed since it was taught at Boston, it had hardly been disseminated beyond the personal influence of the companion who taught it; and at Lexington it was presented to a majority of the delegates for the first time. Parrot Masonry is now, thanks to the progressive spirit of inquiry, dying out. Men will not take ceremonies and lectures upon the *ipse dixit* of any one. They want a reason for the faith that is in them; and *Wm* himself could not have forced an absurdity down the throats of the intelligent companions who were assembled in the spacious hall of Lexington, in September, 1853. The work was therefore discussed—we are afraid at some points intemperately—and some of the best and most skillful Masons, then and there met, were convinced either that the work offered to them was erroneous—eminently erroneous—or that Royal Arch Masonry was a failure. And hence, as we have before said, the proposed work was rejected.

But in 1856, at Hartford, an admirable step was taken. The General Grand Chapter admitted that it had failed to establish a system of work, and it advised the officers of every Grand Chapter to go home and institute diligent enquiry for themselves; it suggested that they should make Masonry a subject of study, and by the labor of their own hands discover the hidden truth.

Now surely this was good and wholesome advice. If it has been followed, the good effects will be seen in the approaching convention. The want of some such preparation was perhaps the cause of the preceding failure. If men would make themselves masters of the symbolism of Masonry, of the whole scope and design of its institution as a speculative science, there would be but little danger of disputes on the matter of merely subordinate ceremonies. We do not hesitate to believe that the sole cause of the controversies which took place in 1853 was the ignorance of some, who should have known better, of the true meaning of the symbolism of the lost word and the recovered word. The latter, especially, was considered simply as a sign of recognition, a password or countersign, which was to secure admission to its possessor, and to serve as a test of his having been accepted, and not, what it really is, as the expression of a profound idea, the symbol of a great truth on which the whole system of Speculative Masonry depends, and for the preservation of which alone Royal Arch Masonry was constructed.

The General Grand Chapter saw that all its members were not prepared to discuss these points, and therefore it advised them to make that preparation; and, as we have already said, we do not see how it could have done better or more wisely.

But this resolution of the General Grand Chapter has, we think, been greatly misunderstood. That body did not say, or mean to say, that it would never express any opinion on subjects of ritual observance. It only declared, that at that time, in 1856, when the preliminary question of the nature and design of all masonic work was not yet settled, it was not prepared to express such opinion, but would advise its members to examine the whole subject more minutely.

And this leads us to the remark, that there has been a very great misapprehension of the powers of the General Grand Chapter on this subject of masonic work. It never can rightfully establish any system of work. It was never intended to engage in any such labor. It proved in 1850 that it was not competent to accomplish successfully and beneficially any such labor. It may legislate for its own government, and within its constitutional limits for the government of its constituents. But when it comes to deal with the ritual of Masonry, it cannot legislate there; it can only express an opinion. That opinion, unless utterly absurd, will, of course, have its due weight. The opinion of a large and dignified body, whose members, elevated by their companions to important posts in the Order, come from all quarters of the Union, must have their influence. But, after all, they are only opinions. The true work of Masonry was established long ago, and can never be established again. To give to any body of men the prerogative of establishing a ritual, is to invest them with the power of changing whatever *is*, for something which they

think *ought to be*, and in the infirmity of human judgment that something may chance to be an innovation. But it is the well known and universally received axiom of masonic law, that "no man nor body of men can make innovations in the body of Masonry." If, then, any Chapter or Grand Chapter, which is the constituent of the General Grand Chapter, should conscientiously believe that any part of such newly established work was an innovation, the decree of the latter body could not be enforced. We cannot conceive of a more dangerous assumption or exercise of power than that which would give to any supreme body in Masonry the prerogative of ordaining work, for such prerogative carries with it the monstrous privilege of making new work.

But it will be asked, if the General Grand Chapter cannot dogmatically establish a uniformity of work in the United States, what is the necessity or benefit of its further continuance?

We answer, if it cannot do this dogmatically, it may accomplish the same object incidentally. Is no good to be expected from the personal communion of the most intelligent Masons of the country once at least in every three years? Will no fire spring forth from the collision of able intellects when engaged at stated periods in the discussion of the ritual? Are there no opinions to be compared? No suggestions to be mutually made? Are an hundred men or more, who have made Masonry their study, to meet together for a week or ten days to engage in masonic deliberation, and to part without having received any advantage from their conference? They may make no dogmatic decrees for the establishment of ceremonies, it is true, but each will give and receive some light on what is far more important than mere ceremonial observances—for they will extend and improve their acquaintance with the true nature and construction of Freemasonry as a science of symbolism. Let them understand this well, and correct ceremonies and uniformity of work will come in time as matters of course.

But there is another aspect in which we should view this question of the uses of the General Grand Chapter. The very fact that there is a time and place for the meeting of the representatives of the craft to deliberate at stated periods on the welfare of the institution, to commingle in fraternal intercourse, to take the friendly grip, and by kindly acts of personal courtesy to smooth away the rude prejudices which are unfortunately the result of differences of climate and section in our widely extended country, is in itself so pleasing a thought that we would not willingly see it cease to exist. No man who was present at the session in Hartford three years ago, and beheld the denizens of the north and the south, the east and the west, engaged for nine days in deliberations of deep import, without one angry word, one sectional allusion, one unkind recrimination—no man who beheld all this, could say that such meetings were useless. If they do nothing else, they send men home with better feelings towards each other—they secure the unity of sentiment in our Order, and cement the bonds of fraternal love. And if they do this, and no one yet has denied that they do, then we say let such meetings be perpetuated, and let the body which brings forth such fruits of charity and love be continued, even if it do not succeed at once in accomplishing all else that it may be supposed to have been created for.

THE PRUDENCE BOOK.

BRO. ROB. MORRIS is publishing in six monthly parts, of 64 pages each, a work very properly entitled "The Prudence Book of Freemasonry." It is intended to contain an alphabetical list of all the Masons in every jurisdiction in America, as well as a register of the subordinate lodges, with notices of masonic impostors. At this time, when the popularity of Freemasonry has caused it to be used as an instrument of unworthy mendacity, such a work may materially aid in the detection of impostors.

MASONIC JURISPRUDENCE.

BRO. JOHN L. LEWIS, Grand Master of the Masons of New York, in his late address at the opening of the Grand Lodge, reported forty-two of the decisions which he had made during the year on points of masonic law. Some of these were of a local nature, affecting and depending on Constitutional questions peculiar to the jurisdiction of New York. Others, however, and indeed the greater part, were of a general character, and as such will be interesting to our readers, coming as they do from the judgment of a brother who has long been distinguished for his skill and acumen on all subjects of masonic law. With most of these decisions we cordially concur; but as two different minds can never be expected to agree in every point, it will not, we hope, be deemed presumption, if we express our dissent from the principles enunciated in the decisions marked 17, 27, 32, and 34, for reasons which we must briefly express.

17. A lodge under dispensation is a body whose ephemeral character is too possible to permit it to enter upon so important a matter as the trial of offenders. It may be dissolved by the Grand Master at the very time that it is engaged in the most important portion of the investigation; and if there is a possibility that the charge it prefers against a brother will not be investigated, it should not be permitted to make it. We deny therefore the right of a lodge U. D. to exercise discipline over offenders.

27. Past Masters by degree never can legitimately, and in any way known to Masonry, be recognized as such by the actual Past Masters of a lodge; nor ought they in turn to admit such recognition on the part of the latter. The intervening Mark degree is an insuperable objection to an examination, and the difference of jurisdiction renders such a process equally impossible. A Master Mason simply, who has been installed as the Master of a symbolic lodge, can by no possibility be cognizant, through legal masonic information, of the existence of a chapter or of such a degree in it. We have therefore, in common with, we think, some of the best masonic authorities, evidence that a Past Master by degree, that is to say, a Chapter Past Master, cannot be recognized as such by the actual Past Masters of a lodge, and cannot, therefore, be permitted to be present at the conferring of the degree during an installation.

32. We do not positively deny the correctness of this decision, although we are unwilling at once to subscribe to it. We would prefer at present to leave it as *res non judicata*. The weight of modern usage is, we believe, against the decision of Bro. LEWIS; but modern usage, we admit, is not always authority. We will take up this subject hereafter.

34. As a general rule, we would subscribe to the doctrine here enunciated. But there are cases in which the safety of the institution demands a new trial. One of this kind has recently occurred in Alabama, to which we alluded in our last number. Bro. LEWIS's decision is based upon a principle of the common law, which is, in its place, sound and salutary. But Masonry cannot submit to technicalities, and it is better that a great villain should be made to undergo a second trial, than that, after a discovery of his guilt subsequent to the first, he should be permitted to poison the atmosphere of the lodge, and destroy the character of the institution, by his continuance in the Order under the protection of a mere technicality.

With these qualifications of dissent, we present our readers with the decisions of Bro. LEWIS, as a valuable contribution to the science of masonic jurisprudence.

1. That a majority of commissioners (or of a committee) appointed for a trial are competent to act and come to a conclusion, even although one or more members do not act at all; provided such majority agree in the conclusions. (See section 57.)
2. That witnesses on such trials need not and should not be sworn.
3. That the by-law of a lodge, limiting the number of ballotings for a candidate to two, is repugnant to the landmarks, and void; but that it is advisable that the discretion of the Master should not be exercised beyond a second ballot, and that for the purposes of avoiding mistakes.

4. That where a brother is expelled by resolution, without charges and without trial, it being irregular and void, he is not thereby deprived of membership in his lodge.
6. That where more than one lodge is situated in the same city or village, their jurisdiction is concurrent in all respects in said city or village.
7. That where a brother had been affiliated by an unanimous vote, without the reference of his petition, or its being laid over till the following communication; and had been enrolled and registered as a member, had paid dues regularly, and voted and exercised all the privileges of a member for three years, without objection, although irregular, yet it was too late to question his *bona fide* membership.
8. That where charges had been preferred against a brother for a criminal offence, and served upon him, and commissioners appointed, who attended his trial for the same offence in a court of law, and heard the testimony of the witnesses on both sides; it was unnecessary for them to put him on trial before them, but they might report on the evidence thus heard.
9. That a brother might be tried by a lodge on charges of having embezzled the funds of a Chapter.
12. That it is the right of a Master to determine the validity of objections to a request to visit; he being responsible for the abuse of his discretion.
13. That in masonic trials, the aid of counsel, not being Masons, is contrary to the rules of Masonry.
14. That in such trials, the denial of a charge by the accused, on his masonic word, cannot counterbalance the unimpeached testimony of witnesses who are not Masons.
15. That a lodge has a right to tax its members above their ordinary dues for necessary and strictly masonic purposes.
16. That a brother may be disciplined for refusing to obey a summons to attend a masonic funeral, when he has no excuse for non-attendance; it being the *disobedience*, and not the *non-attendance*, which constitutes the offence.
17. That a lodge U. D. has the same territorial jurisdiction over candidates, and also over offenders, as a warranted lodge.
18. That a lodge may appropriate its funds for benevolent purposes, disconnected from Masonry, if its ability to meet all its obligations is not thereby impaired.
19. That the use of legislative manuals, or systems of parliamentary law, should be discountenanced in masonic lodges.
20. That where a candidate has been rejected on the ballot for his advancement, it is irregular for another lodge to confer the degree upon him, even on request of the lodge where he was thus rejected.
21. That it is highly irregular to postpone a ballot on candidates for an unreasonable or unlimited time, and that a vote to postpone, when the purpose is obviously to prevent the exercise of the right of objection, is void.
22. That challenges to commissioners (or a committee) in masonic trials, must be made before the trial commences; but if for a cause afterward discovered, it is reasonable ground for a new trial.
23. That charges made on political or religious grounds should not be entertained by a lodge.
24. That honorary members have no other rights than non-affiliated members, and are only relieved by their position from certain constitutional disabilities.
25. That a lodge may properly and lawfully hear appropriate literary or scientific lectures, where it does not hinder or embarrass its work.
26. That it is highly censurable for a lodge to "call off" from its work for the purpose of conferring the so-called "female degrees," and then resume its labors.
27. That when the Past Master's degree is conferred upon a newly-elected Master out of a Chapter, it must be by at least three Past Masters by rank; but Past Masters by degree may be present.
28. That a lodge may elect a Master duly qualified, who resides out of the jurisdiction, if he be a member of a lodge within it.
29. That the executive powers of the Grand Master, during recess, do not authorize him to restore an expelled Mason to the rights and privileges of Masonry, when the proceedings have been in all respects regular.
30. That the right of a Master over the record of a lodge does not extend to the erasing or omitting anything actually done and proper to be recorded, but only to the correctness of the record of things done and the omission of matters improper or unnecessary to be recorded.
31. That the deposit fee of a candidate (the by-laws providing for its return, in

case of rejection,) is not money belonging to the lodge before action is had on the petition.

32. That to require a bond from the treasurer of a lodge is unknown to masonic usage.

33. That the Master of a lodge may be suspended from office by the Grand Master, for proper cause, after charges made, and before trial.

34. That a brother cannot be twice tried for the same offence, on the ground of newly discovered or newly produced evidence, or any other ground.

35. That where officers of a lodge were irregularly chosen, through inadvertence, their subsequent regular installation, at a stated communication, without objection, corrects the error.

36. That where a lodge omitted to entertain charges against one of its members, transacting business in a distant county, the nearest lodge to such place of business, and where the alleged offence was committed, might lawfully entertain jurisdiction of the matter, and try the brother.

37. That a non-affiliated Mason may become an adjoining member of any lodge within the jurisdiction; care being taken to consult the lodge whence he dimitted, and nearest his residence.

38. That dimission from membership in a lodge is not the absolute right of the individual Mason, but requires the assent of his lodge, for satisfactory cause shown

39. That the vote on such dimission is but a majority vote, unless otherwise prescribed by the by-laws of the lodge.

40. That all votes in a lodge are but majority or plurality votes (except those on candidates and for affiliation or honorary membership,) unless the by-laws of the lodge otherwise prescribe.

41. That where a member is stricken from the roll for non-payment of dues, no proposition for his affiliation can be entertained till such dues be paid or discharged.

42. That the dues of such members cease to run when stricken from the roll; and if he has paid his dues previous to his proposition for affiliation, he has but discharged an honest obligation, and therefore they need not be returned to him in case his proposition be rejected.

THE ENGLISH ROYAL ARCH.

COMP. T. WILSON, the Presiding Officer of the Grand Chapter of Canada, makes the following remarks on the subject of the Royal Arch degree as conferred in England:

"I would remark, whilst on this subject, that I have been over forty years a Royal Arch Mason, and during that period have seen Masonry in many countries, and in all its phases, and truth compels me to give the preference to the English system of conferring the Royal Arch degree. It is a history of Masonry in itself. Its lectures are highly moral and instructive, and I am sure that no brother will ever go away dissatisfied with his wages who has received this supreme degree in a proper manner, but on the contrary, will be ever ready to return to labor with profit and pleasure at the sound of the Master's gavel."

It may be observed, that the ritual of the English Royal Arch, so far as it relates to the time and circumstances which are commemorated, and the legend on which the degree is founded, does not materially differ from that of this country. Its lecture, however, is much more extensive and scientific. We are compelled to acknowledge with shame, that the lecture founded by WMSM, and attached to the Royal Arch degree in America, is most meagre in its details, and discreditable to the character of the Order. Fortunately, many intelligent presiding officers make a lecture for themselves, founded on the history and symbolism of the degree.

A COFFIN has been appropriately defined "the cradle in which our second childhood is laid asleep—the waking, in eternity."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

1. Is it proper to present a petition for degrees and membership in a lodge after it has once been fairly and intelligibly rejected?
2. If so, how soon? and by whom? and under what circumstances?

The ancient landmarks and the old Constitutions are entirely silent as to the time when and the mode in which a rejected candidate is to present a new petition. Some Grand Lodges have also neglected to incorporate any regulation on the subject in their code of laws; and here we must of course be governed by the general principles of masonic law. Others, however, have enacted specific regulations for the government of their subordinates in respect to this question. Thus, the Grand Lodge of New York requires a probation of six months before a new application can be made, and other Grand Lodges have extended the period to one year. In all such cases, it is scarcely necessary to say that the local regulation will be the governing principle in the jurisdiction for which it has been enacted. But where there is no such local regulation, we are thrown back upon general principles, which lead us to the conclusion that a rejected candidate may apply, at any time after his rejection, to the same lodge which had rejected him, but never to any other. But as his previous rejection has not placed him before the lodge in any more favorable position than he formerly occupied, it is evident that there cannot be the slightest abatement of the pre-requisite formalities which had been necessary in the previous case. There must be a new petition—the old one has been disposed of—to this new petition there must be the usual recommendation and avouchment, which may be made by the same brethren, for the previous rejection has not deprived them of any of their rights; it must be read at a regular or stated communication; must be referred to a committee of investigation, and, after one month, be balloted for in the usual way. The only objection that could be urged to this course is that lodges may be harassed by the repeated applications of unfortunate and importunate candidates. But no law can be framed to meet special occasions. The importunity of an unworthy petitioner must be met by the unflinching firmness of the lodge in renewing its rejection. On the other hand, circumstances may, and often do occur, in which a worthy man may have been rejected through misapprehension on the part of the lodge, or in which the candidate, having abandoned the follies and vices which had caused his original rejection, presents himself in the new phase of a worthy applicant. Now in either of these cases, if there were no opportunity of a renewed application, injustice would be perpetrated against the candidate and possible evil to the lodge. And hence the common law of Masonry wisely provides a remedy, and says that the candidate may renew his petition, which must of course go again through the usual ordeal. And as no specific time can be appointed when, in the first instance referred to in our illustration, the error of the lodge may be discovered, or, in the second, when the petitioner may reform, the date of the received application is left to his own discretion. As soon as he thinks it will be of advantage to him, he may submit to the new ordeal. If it prove favorable, the injustice to him is repaired; if unfavorable, no evil has been done to the lodge, and the candidate is left precisely in the same position that he formerly occupied.

3. Is it according to sound masonic policy to ballot for and elect a candidate to the degrees in Freemasonry, without submitting his petition to a committee of investigation?

As to the policy of the measure, there cannot be a doubt that it is politic to obtain the very best information in relation to the character and conduct of every applicant for initiation into our mysteries, and that the safest and most certain mode of obtaining this information is to refer the subject to a special committee of competent and reliable brethren. But the old law is not so explicit on the subject. The Regulation of 1721 simply requires that the lodge shall make "due inquiry

into the reputation and capacity of the candidate," but does not say one word about the appointment of a committee to make the investigation; and hence the Committee on Jurisprudence of the Grand Lodge of Virginia in 1855 actually recommended that special committees on the characters of applicants should be abolished, and that all the members of the lodge should be considered a general committee of investigation. But, as has been well, although tritely said. "What is every body's business, is nobody's;" and apart from the inconvenience of this method, the probability that each member, neglecting the unpleasant duty himself, would depend on his associates for its performance, renders it highly inexpedient, as well as unsafe, to depend on this mode of inquiry; and, therefore, special committees of inquiry, although not prescribed by any ancient law, have, as a matter of policy, been adopted by all the Grand Lodges of this country.

4. If a man is elected without such formal investigation, and after election, and before initiation, charges are preferred against him, what is the proper course to pursue?

Let the charges be referred to a committee, and on their report let the lodge again proceed to ballot, and if there is a single black-ball, the candidate must be declared rejected. The ballot is always resorted to on a petition for initiation, not for the safety of the candidate, but of the lodge. It is an exercise of the law of self-preservation, and this law must at all times be obeyed. The Regulation of 1721 is explicit, that "no man can be entered a brother in any particular lodge, or admitted to be a member thereof, without the unanimous consent of all the members of that lodge then present when the candidate is proposed." And the reason assigned for the stringency of this law is, that "if a fractious member should be imposed on them, it might spoil their harmony or hinder their freedom, or even break and disperse the lodge." Now the word "entered" is a technical term synonymous with being "initiated into the first degree." But the law is positive that no one can be entered, that is, initiated, without the unanimous consent of all present. His first election is not his entrance. Whenever he proposes to enter, a charge preferred against him is an authoritative statement that he has not obtained at that time, whatever may have previously been the case, the unanimous consent of all the brethren. The safety of the lodge requires that this charge should be investigated; and if the result of that investigation is, that there is a single black-ball on the ballot, made after the report of the committee, then the applicant cannot be "entered;" for if he were, the principle of the law would be violated, and a candidate would be imposed upon the members of the lodge—which act "might spoil their harmony or hinder their freedom, or even break and disperse the lodge."

5. How long may a brother absent himself from the regular communications of his lodge, because of being offended with its officers, before disciplinary proceedings against him become obligatory?

The Charges approved in 1722 inform us that "in ancient times no Master or Fellow could be absent from the lodge, especially when warned to appear at it, without incurring a severe censure, until it appeared to the Master and Wardens that pure necessity hindered him." But the fact that this is stated to have been the law in "*ancient times*," would seem to imply that the law no longer existed. When the operative element predominated in the institution, it is admitted that this compulsory visitation was enforced; and in the MS. of the Lodge of Antiquity it is expressly said that "every Master and Fellow shall come to the Assembly if it be within fifty miles of him, if he have any warning." But now that Freemasonry has become wholly speculative in its character, we doubt whether there is any law—we certainly know of none—which compels a man to attend the communications of his lodge except at his own good pleasure. The first charge in Masonry gives all the latitude that the most indifferent could desire on this subject, for it says to the young Apprentice, "although your frequent appearance at our regular meetings is

earnestly solicited. (*solicited*, let it be noted, not *commanded*.) yet it is not meant that Masonry should interfere with your necessary vocations." Of the amount of interference which would constitute a neglect of business or duty, and which would consequently render it improper to attend the communications of the lodge, every man must be a judge for himself. So long as a Mason continues his affiliation with a lodge, regularly pays his dues, and conforms to all the moral precepts of the Order, I know of no law which permits a lodge to make offensive inquisition into his private affairs, and demand his attendance, except on special occasions as when he is summoned as a party or a witness in a trial, and which special occasions are of course provided for in the Constitutions of every Grand Lodge. Let the darkness and coldness which are the results of continual absence from lodge and from lodge work be the only punishment of the regular and persistent absentee.

6. Does indefinite suspension amount to absolute expulsion?

Certainly not. Suspension is banishment from the realm of Masonry. Expulsion is masonic death. In the first case, the rights and privileges of the suspended party are only placed in abeyance for such time as the lodge may determine, and may at any regular communication be resumed upon the vote of two thirds of the members present. But an expelled Mason is a dead Mason. His masonic status has been obliterated, and in the language of Dr. OLIVER, "he disappears from the scene of Masonry as completely as the reptile of the sea subsides after the stately ship has passed over it." An expelled Mason can only be restored to life, that is, to his masonic condition, by the unanimous vote of the lodge, after due notice. A suspended Mason may be reinstated by a vote of two thirds. A suspended Mason may apply by petition for restoration, but an expelled Mason cannot. He can hold no communication with the lodge—for the dead never speak—and his restoration must be the voluntary act of the lodge.

7. What is the proper course to be pursued by the indefinitely suspended party to again secure membership?

He must apply by petition to the lodge, on which a motion may be predicated for his restoration, or a motion may be made without previous petition, the adoption of which will require a majority of two thirds. This motion must, however, be made at a regular communication; and although it is not essential to the legality of the restoration that there should be previous notice of the intention to move for it, yet courtesy would dictate that such notice should be given one month before. The motion for restoration being adopted by the requisite majority of two thirds, the suspension thereby ceases, and the party is at once placed in his former position in the lodge. We do not here speak of that other mode of restoration by appeal to the Grand Lodge, of which the party can only avail himself within a reasonable time after the infliction of the sentence; because we suppose our correspondent is confining his enquiry to the method of restoration by the spontaneous action of the subordinate lodge which decreed the suspension.

THE INEFFABLE NAME.

As in Masonry, so in all the secret societies of antiquity, much mystery has been attached to the divine name. Among the Bards of Britain, whose rites were Druidical, the three letters I. O. W. constituted the ineffable name of Deity. They were never pronounced, says GERALDUS CAMBRENGIS; but another and less sacred name was substituted for them. Each letter was a name in itself. The first is the Word, at the utterance of which, in the beginning, the world burst into existence; the second is the Word, whose sound still continues, and by which all things remain in existence; the third is that, by the utterance of which all things will be consummated in happiness, for ever approaching to the immediate presence of Deity.

IMPERFECT MASONS.

In looking over the proceedings of some of the Grand Commanderies of the United States, we were struck with the following remarks by Sir L^{ie} ROY FARNHAM, the Grand Commander of the Grand Commandery of New York :

"All that are called by our name are not of us. Many there are who have no knowledge of the higher and more interior sense of Masonry ; with them it is, at best, but a social organization ; good, most excellent, but embodying no deeper principles than appear on its surface, possessing no moral power, no help to purification. On these its lessons fall like seed upon stony ground ; like water on a rock, rebounding by the force of its own impetus, and leaving no impress behind ; jagged stones are these, loosely built together with no cement—a blot and a blemish to our spiritual temple.

"Having no higher aim in Masonry than the mere outward advantages of the system, they purify not their lives, nor beautify their characters. The tools of our craft are not found in their hands ; they are drones in our hives, clogs to our chariot wheels, laggards, impeding the triumphal march of our victorious army."

Unfortunately for the good of the Order, there is too much truth in all this. The great danger of Masonry—the rock which, in the voyage of time, it has most to dread—is not the slander of its enemies, but the ignorance of its own disciples. It is because men do not know what Masonry is—because they are wholly ignorant of its sublime character, and view it simply as an association for commercial or for charitable purposes—that they want zeal to engage in its labors. We never knew a learned Mason who was not a zealous one, and scarcely ever met with an ignorant one who was not or did not become an indifferent one.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, ARKANSAS.

We learn from the report of the Committee that the Masonic College of St. John, under the patronage of the Grand Lodge of Arkansas, is in a thriving condition. The beautiful edifice, which is now nearly completed, is situated on a tract of one hundred acres of land, within a mile of the State Capitol at Little Rock ; the value of which has already increased ten-fold in amount since its original purchase by the trustees. The available funds of the institution are now five thousand dollars beyond the cost of the land and buildings ; and it is expected that the institution will be opened at an early day under auspicious promises. We confess that we never have been in favor of directing any part of the labors of a Grand Lodge to the erection and support of colleges, because we believe that there are other better and more effective modes of enlisting Masonry in the cause of education ; but when a Grand Lodge, like that of Arkansas, has made the experiment, we rejoice to see some prospect of its ultimate success.

LONDON FREEMASON'S MAGAZINE.

The *Freemason's Magazine and Masonic Mirror*, published at London, has been changed in form, in consequence of the heavy postage to which its former issue was subjected, and which could only be reduced by conforming to certain regulations of the Post Office, by which the publication could be registered for transmission abroad and the advantage of newspaper postage be secured. It is still conducted by Bro. WARREN ; and in addition to its previous excellence as a masonic magazine, it is intended to add the advantage of pictorial illustration. The cost of the work to American subscribers will be \$6.25 per annum, which includes the English postage. Address H. G. WARREN, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London, G. B.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE London *Freemasons' Magazine* gives an account of a masonic ball which was given by the Lodge of Perseverance, at Bombay, India, in honor of the centennial anniversary of the birth of BURNS. Some other celebrations took place we think in England and Scotland on the same occasion, either by masonic ball or banquet. It is, however, singular that, on the centenary of the poet's birth, which was very generally celebrated in America, not only did the Masons, as an Order, in no place take any part, but we have not yet heard of a single allusion having been made by any one of the orators to his connection with the fraternity. This, we say, is singular, because we know that some of the speakers on those occasions were Masons, and were well aware of his attachment to the craft, and that that attachment gave birth to one of the most beautiful lyrics that the poetry of Masonry possesses. His masonic character was not treated so cavalierly across the water. His relations to the Order were fully referred to in various addresses; and a lecture on "BURNS as a Mason" was delivered before the Lodge of Journeymen, at Edinburgh, by Bro. WM. HUNTER, the Master of that lodge. We have not as yet obtained a copy of this production, but the London *Freemasons' Magazine* contains a very interesting review of it with a few extracts, of which we gladly avail ourselves.

GILBERT, the brother of the poet, had made the charge that BURNS owed his dissipated habits to his connection with the fraternity, or, to use his own words; that his becoming a Freemason "was his first introduction to the life of a boon companion." Bro. HUNTER investigates this charge with a great deal of ability, and conclusively proves not only that it is false, but that it is in direct opposition to what BURNS himself states in reference to this matter. He shows, by the poet's own confession, that four years previous to his initiation he had "learned to fill his glass and to mix without fear in a drunken squabble," while there is no reason to believe that the members of the Tarbolton Lodge indulged in excessive potations at their meetings, or that they systematically violated the principles of Freemasonry by the intemperate use of spirituous liquors. He concludes by saying:

"It is not, then, to Freemasonry, it is not to the moderate festivities of the Mason's lodge, it is not to the example of his Ayrshire brethren, that we ought to ascribe any deviation from the paths of sobriety of this noble and exalted genius; but to the scenes of dissipation into which he was afterwards led by the wits and choice spirits of Edinburgh, to the unsettled and irregular life into which he was driven by his profession as an exciseman, and to the killing kindness of friends and strangers after he settled at Dumfries, who could see no other way of honoring the bard, enjoying his society, and gratifying their curiosity, than by alluring him into the tavern and urging him on to debasing excess and the prostration of his intellect."

Bro. HUNTER gives an interesting anecdote, of a masonic character, in connection with "Highland Mary." At their last interview, the lover and his mistress exchanged Bibles, and in the one which BURNS presented to MARY was written his name and a verse of scripture, accompanied by a copy of his Mason's mark.

"The use of this mark," says Bro. HUNTER, "appears to indicate that BURNS had been made a Mark Mason previous to his election to the rank of a Royal Arch Companion, and that he attached a peculiar sacredness to the inscription of his mark, regarding it, without doubt, as an additional pledge of truth and fidelity."

The following beautiful remarks of Bro. HUNTER will be read with pleasure by every Mason who is an admirer of BURNS—and where is there one who is not?

"BURNS, above all, had a warm and abiding love to the whole brotherhood of man. He entered keenly into their woes, wants and struggles—no less than into their joys, amusements, and festivities. Nothing connected with humanity was indifferent to him; but the kind sympathies of his nature were especially drawn to the poor, but honest man, maintaining a hard conflict with the world's ill, and needing the helping hand of his fellow mortals. And here he says—

'Affliction's sons are brothers in distress;

A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss?"

A man with a heart so full of love to every object around him, and with a mind elevated and refined by cultivation, and taught to look up with reverence to the Great Creator and Preserver of all, could not fail to be a good and a zealous Mason. He could eagerly enter into an examination of the sublime principles of our Order, and feel a high gratification in practising its beneficent requirements. In the Mason's lodge he would find an extension of the family circle, and a noble field for the display of those kindly and fraternal feelings which the ALMIGHTY had planted in his heart, and which he had been taught to evince and to cherish at his father's fireside. He would enjoy social intercourse with the most generous and intelligent men of the district, and engage in those rational festivities which Masonry sanctions—and which serve to knit the heart of a man more closely to his brother man."

We regret that the "lecture" has not yet passed into this country. Judging of it from the extracts we have seen, and from the remarks of the Editor of the *Freemasons' Magazine*, to which excellent periodical we again express our acknowledgments for the account which we have here transferred to our pages, it is a valuable and interesting contribution to the literature of Freemasonry.

LODGES IN TAVERNS.

THE London *Freemasons' Magazine*, the very valuable organ of the craft in England, is now engaged in a praiseworthy task, that of endeavoring to abolish the custom, too much practised in that country, of holding lodge meetings in taverns—a custom which the editor very justly condemns as "a desecration and a degradation." The prospects of the contemplated reform are encouraging, for the *Magazine* states that there are not less than two hundred and fifty lodges which have already abandoned the profane practice, and "been redeemed from the stain on Masonry incurred by employing funds which should be devoted to sacred uses for purposes of personal indulgence, and of meeting in desecrated temples." This is certainly an improvement upon the condition of things not fifty years ago, when every lodge in England and America met in a tavern, and when, in the former country, the only name by which the lodge was in general recognized was that of the sign which distinguished the public house in which its meetings were held. In this country the custom has long been discontinued, although once it was the reproach of us, as well as of our trans-atlantic brethren, that the sons of HIRAM and the disciples of BACCHUS had but one common temple. Now, the poorest lodge in one of our humblest villages would scorn to build its altar in a room appropriated to any less sacred purpose than its own.

Now, all this is right and proper, and it is most strange that such men as ANDERSON, and DESAIGLIERS, and PRESTON, who so well understood the exalted—we had almost said the divine—purposes of Masonry, could ever have lent the encouragement of their names and their example to a practice so derogatory to the reputation of the institution. For when a lodge is constituted and consecrated, the place in which it meets becomes holy ground, and the orgies of dissipation are as unfitting to its uses, and as great a desecration of its object, as similar revelry would be within the walls of a church.

ATHEISM.—Atheism is an inconceivable idea; for an Atheist must suppose certain effects to be without cause, since it is the cause of all things existing that we designate by the word *God*, which means the unknown cause of known effects.—*Ragon*.

INNOVATIONS.—The law maxim is—"Omnis innovatio plus novitate perturbat quam utilitate prodest," that is, "Every innovation occasions more harm and derangement by its novelty than benefit by its actual utility. This is an excellent maxim for Freemasonry.

ALLEN'S ADDRESS.

EVERY year brings to light a great many masonic addresses, which, like the 4th of July orations and other set tasks of eloquence for stated occasions, partake of the character which the poet MARTIAL bestowed on his own epigrams: "Some are good, some are middling, and a great many are very bad." But if MARTIAL had made a fourth division, and admitted that a small number are *very good*, we should have been disposed to place the address now before us in that category.

An "Address at the Constitution and Installation of Officers of Allegan Lodge No. 111, February 24th, 1859, by J. ADAMS ALLEN, A. M., M. D., Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of F. and A. Masons of Michigan," is the title of a pamphlet that has been laid upon our table, and from the reading of which we have arisen delighted and refreshed. Dr. ALLEN is not a mere address maker—we have plenty of them—but he is an original thinker, and the utterance of his thoughts will set his hearers or readers to thinking for themselves in turn. There are many precious gems in this little brochure, but we have room only for a couple:

THREE CLASSES OF MASONS.

"MACCHIAVELLI reckons three degrees in the capacity of men: 'One understands of himself; another understands what is explained; and a third understands neither by himself nor by any explanation. The first is excellent; the second commendable; the third altogether unprofitable.' And thus in Masonry; there are some who seize upon the true meaning of the ancient ritual, with all its wealth of emblems and richness of symbolic delineation, as if by intuition; another class can only grasp the same ideas by long continued instruction; and another class still fail to appreciate either intuitively or by any teaching.

"The first class never secedes from nor renounces Masonry; neither does the second, if they have been carefully taught the true meaning of what they have passed through; but the third class falls away at the least breath of popular disfavor, or at the first call made upon them for the discharge of the duties so solemnly inculcated by the Order."

THE TRUE SECRETS OF MASONRY.

"The modes of recognition, and the peculiar order and phraseology of the several masonic lectures, although guarded from publicity by strict and imperative cation, are not Masonry itself. As well might you say that the body of a man is the man himself—a view taken, it is true, by some materialists of the grosser sort, but from which every right-minded, *thinking* man reverts with horror and disgust.

"Either of you, Masons, might this day, despite your obligations to secrecy, impart these modes of recognition and lectures in their order to some anxious outsider who seeks to climb up some other way—but you could not thus impart Masonry to him. You could as easily make a St. PAUL out of a JUDAS. All beathendom and Christendom combined, (and I believe the sect of Mormons did attempt it,) could not build another Solomon's temple, though they imitated it in all its parts from foundation to capstone. For why? Because in that old temple the true ark of the covenant was placed, and the visible Shekinah filled the Sanctum Sanctorum with unspeakable glory. He who seeks to destroy Masonry in this manner, can only deliver to the adversary the dried husks and skins of its eternal truths—he presents a corpse, soulless, inexpressive, worthless, vain, and void.

"But the life of the true Mason is a constant disclosure of the true secrets of the craft—they live in his life, they express themselves in his actions, they glow in his written or spoken words—the widow and the orphan, the distressed and the needy, the erring and repentant, can interpret them. Virtue, by its ever-blooming loveliness, discloses to the world the secret of the true Mason better than can any traitor to the solemn obligations of the Order, gifted as he may be with impassible memories.

"It would be strange, indeed, if, in the lapse of thousands of years, some waifs from the ritual forms of the craft should not have floated out upon the sea of popular knowledge, as Indian corpses floated from westward of the unknown ocean to the feet of Columbus, awakening him to sublime ambition, but in the lower intelligences by which he was surrounded exciting only baneful visions of lust and power, of blood and gold and slaves.

"And be assured, my friends, there is life in the lands whence those forms have

floated, of which you can know nothing, except by actual visitation ; there are lovely islands and vast continents, great rivers and capacious harbors, mountains and forests and prairies, whose position and structure you may never know until you have spread your canvases freely to the wind and storm, and yourselves traversed the before untrodden waves."

And thus summarily does he reduce those bugbears of some brethren, the PARR-CHARDS, and MORGANS, and ALLYNS, and BERNARDS, to soulless and putrescent corpses, floating away on the current which has driven them from the shores of Masonry, and serving to show, not what sort of land it is, but simply that there is some land behind them. We know not when we have read the utterance of a finer idea.

In the conclusion of the address, Dr. ALLEN is, we think, in error in making his standard of religious qualification somewhat too exclusive ; but for the sake of the good things that are in the address, we can afford to disagree on a single point.

KING SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

We learn that a model of Solomon's temple has been constructed at San Francisco, Cal., and will in a short time be brought to the eastern States for exhibition. The design was projected about a year ago by Mrs CAROLINE SHADE, and the plan has been carried through under the superintendence of competent architects at an expense of not less than twenty thousand dollars.

The model of the temple is, in size, twenty-four by thirty-five feet, on a scale of fourteen feet to the cubit, or twenty-one feet to one foot. It is built after the most reliable authorities, and contains all the various orders of architecture prevailing when the temple was erected, the Corinthian order predominating. The inner temple is eight by ten feet in size, and fourteen feet high. The sanctuary two by six, and five feet high. In the temple are ninety apartments, thirty on each floor, and the cloisters surrounding the court of Israel and court of the women contain ninety-nine apartments.

We trust that the designers of the model have been more correct in their estimates than the writer in the *San Francisco Herald*, from whom we take this account. If his statement of the general dimensions be correct, the model cannot be on a scale of more than one or two inches to the cubit. This, however, is sufficient to give a very excellent idea of the edifice, an idea which our Masons generally are deplorably in want of ; and we hope, therefore, that when it comes to the Atlantic coast, it will, if at all correct, be generally visited by the craft. An abominable caricature, which has been hanging in our lodge rooms for nearly half a century, has led the fraternity to have very incorrect notions in relation to the magnificent structure which plays so important a part in the history of Masonry.

THE NORTH-EAST CORNER.

In the Institutes of Menu, the sacred book of the Brahmins, it is said : "If any one has an incurable disease, let him advance in a straight path towards the invincible north-east point, feeding on water and air till his mortal frame totally decays, and his soul becomes united with the Supreme."

It is at the same north-east point that those first instructions begin in Masonry, which enable the true Mason to commence the erection of that spiritual temple in which, after the decay of his mortal frame, "his soul becomes united with the Supreme." Here, at least, is a coincidence. Some theorists would make more than that out of it.

PRESTON'S ILLUSTRATIONS.

WE have, within the last few days, been indebted to the kindness of Bro. P. W. FANNING, of Wilmington, N. C., for a very rare work, namely, a copy of the second edition of WM. PRESTON's "Illustrations of Masonry," published in England in 1775. Of the first edition, we doubt if there is a copy in print, and of this second edition, we have now for the first time seen a copy, and we are inclined to think it highly probable that there is not another in any library in this country. As a gem, therefore, in masonic bibliography, we hold this gift as almost inestimable.

PRESTON published his first edition in 1772. This edition could not have been a work of any considerable size, as it is spoken of in some resolutions of a lodge published in the second edition, now before us, simply as a "very ingenious and elegant pamphlet." It contained an account of the "grand gala," or banquet given by PRESTON to the fraternity in May, 1772, when he proposed his system of lectures. This account was omitted in the second and all subsequent editions, "to make room," says the author, "for more useful matter." To show the popularity of this work, it may be mentioned that editions of it were published in 1775, 1776, 1780, 1781, 1788, 1792, 1801, 1812, 1821, 1829, and 1840. It was translated into German in 1776, and the first American edition, from the tenth English, was published in 1804, at Alexandria, Va. No masonic work has ever been so often republished as the "Illustrations," by WILLIAM PRESTON.

In the second edition, printed by WILKIE, in London, in 1775, there are several peculiarities worthy of attention. The book is a small duodecimo of only 300 pages, in very large type, that which the printers technically call "small plea;" and 26 of these pages are devoted to masonic songs.

It is remarkable that, in describing the installation of the Master, PRESTON makes no allusion to the Past-Master's degree, although it is distinctly referred to in the subsequent editions. Thus, in the tenth edition, he says: "The new Master is then conducted to an adjacent room, where he is regularly installed, and bound to his trust in ancient form, by his predecessor in office, in the presence of three installed Masters." But in the second edition, the direction is as follows: "The new Master having signified his cordial submission, is bound to his trust, and invested with the badge of his office by the Grand Master, who thus salutes him." There is here, it will be perceived, no reference whatever to a secret ceremony, or an official degree.

Again: In the charges to the newly installed Master, we find a very important change in the language of one of them in the later editions. In these it is said: "You admit that it is not in the power of any man, or body of men, to make innovation in the body of Masonry." This is the formula still used; but in the second edition, the doctrine of the immutability of Masonry was not so peremptorily set forth. The language is as follows: "No alteration or innovation in the body of Masonry shall be made without the consent of the Grand Lodge first had and obtained."

PRESTON, in 1775, had not so great an abhorrence of innovations as he subsequently entertained. These old editions throw, in this way, much light on the gradual improvement of Masonry in its approaches to fixed principles.

THE ORPHIC VERSES.

THE Orphic verses were sacred poems, falsely attributed to ORPHEUS, but which were brought from Egypt by the school of the Pythagoreans, whom the old Masons supposed to be the predecessors, or rather the founders, of our own Order. These verses consisted of mythical interpretations of the dogmas of the popular superstition, every one of which was allegorically explained as concealing beneath its symbolism the great doctrines of the Unity of God and a future state—doctrines which

we all know to constitute the great spiritual landmarks of Freemasonry. There is one of these Orphic hymns to be found in the writings of CLEMENT of Alexandria, and EUSEBIUS, which WARBURTON supposes was sung in the celebration of the Eleusinian mysteries, the Freemasonry of Ancient Greece. As something curious, we have ventured, almost without the muses' aid, to do it into English verse, for the benefit of those to whom the Greek is a forbidden tongue :

To whom 'tis lawful, I'll the truth explain,
But shut the door on all the dark profane.
Give ear, MUSEUS, and accept the boon,
Thou offspring of the light-bestowing moon ;
From olden prejudice at once depart,
And take these teachings to thy inmost heart.
Begin the task, and learn with rev'rent awe,
God is but one—the world obeys His law ;
Self-made, creating all, unseen by man,
He sees himself, and governs all his plan.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

OWING either to injudicious management on the part of the directors, or to a dying out of zeal on that of the contributors, the WASHINGTON monument has for some time past been in a languishing condition. But at length a new system of efforts has been, or is about to be, inaugurated, and it is to be hoped that the structure, to the erection of which almost every Grand Lodge, and many of the subordinate lodges in the Union, have lent efficient aid, will at length be completed. Under the provisions of the "Washington National Monument Society," which was incorporated by Congress in February, 1859, the President of the United States is made *ex officio* President, and the Governors of the several States Vice Presidents. The Mayor of Washington, Gen. SCOTT, and Mr THOMAS CARBERRY, are the other Vice Presidents. It is now the intention of the Society, as we learn from an appeal lately published in the *National Intelligencer*, to solicit contributions from the people of the United States, through the instrumentality of agents, of known or well attested integrity and intelligence, who will be required to give adequate security for the faithful discharge of their duties ; to invoke aid, at suitable times, from Congress, from State and Territorial Legislatures, and from the voluntary associations formed for diversified and meritorious objects, which overspread our country.

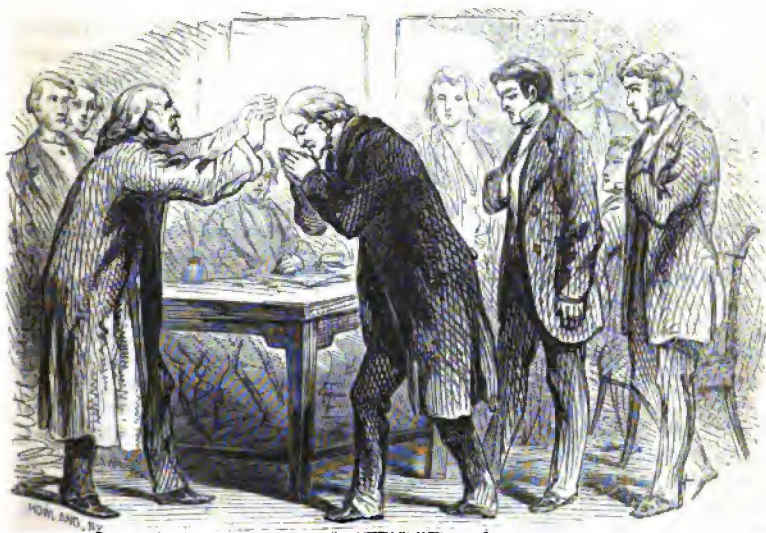
We have now some hopes that the monument will be finished. The appeal to the Masons, if their confidence in the plan proposed be revived, will not be in vain.

THE LECTURES.

THE Rabbi ELIEZER, who seems to have been the prince of old fogeys, boasted that he had never said anything which he had not learned from his teacher. There are a good many Rabbi ELIEZERS in Masonry, who are so wedded to the narrow compass of a given system of lectures, which they esteem to constitute the cream and marrow of Masonry, that they will not embrace an idea, investigate an historical fact, nor study a symbolic explanation, unless it be one that is already threadbare in the old catechism which they learned when they were boys in Masonry. Such men mistake their vocation ; they should have been among the old Masorites, who counted the letters of the law, instead of studying its spirit. It is not WERNERISM, or GLEASONISM, or BARNEYISM, or even PRESTONISM, but masonic symbolism, that is worthy of the student's labor. We will never cease to repeat, as a warning, that it is all very well to know and to be able to retain the lectures, such as they are, but we must not swear by them. They are not the kernel of Masonry.

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FIDELITY BLESSED.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

A TALE OF ANTI-MASONRY.—BY ROB. MORREY, G. M. OF N.Y.

It was in the year of light, 5789, the same year and month that witnessed the inauguration of George Washington as first President of this Republic, that Mr Oliver Lanceroy was installed pastor of the church at Weeconnet. He was then a young man. He had just graduated at the well-known school, even then venerable for its age and character, Harvard University at Cambridge. Many anticipations were formed concerning him; for his boyish promise had been brilliant, and his career at college was with the foremost both for scholarship and good conduct.

Add to this the fact, that Washington himself acknowledged an interest in his success, having stood by the dying bed of his father wounded to death at Trenton, and at that solemn hour pledged his

masonic faith to exercise a supervisory care over the son. When, therefore, the lad arrived at sufficient age to enter the University, it was with a warm recommendatory letter from the General's own hand. And when, with the ink yet fresh on his diploma, he visited Weeconnet, preparatory to a meeting of the vestry, it was with a second letter more than sustaining the praises of the first.

So it was not strange that the young minister, pious, learned, and coming so well recommended, should have been unanimously called to the pastorate amidst the most confident expectations as to his future usefulness. Nor were any of those hopes falsified.

While Mr Lanceroy never was a popular idol (he had none of the qualifications of a demagogue) and was never run after as a clerical wild beast or a reverend monster, yet he always contrived to secure the attention of his hearers at home, and a welcomed place in the pulpits of those congregations abroad with whose pastors he exchanged. His pews were rarely vacant. His church membership regularly increased. He received his moderate stipend with punctuality and subsisted on it with frugal comfort.

In due season, he offered his hand to the daughter of one of his own parishioners, and was accepted. The union was in every respect a fortunate one, for he found womanly virtues as permanent, and love as sincere, as the heart of the fondest husband could desire. Sons and daughters were born to them. The stipend was increased from year to year to correspond with the increased demands upon it, and while there was but little hoarded up in the treasury at home, there was never any real necessary of life which they lacked.

There is but little in the life of a pastor wherein the superficial observer can find an interest. It seems but a routine of ministerial duty, arduous enough yet practicable, demanding the whole time, the whole attention; but it is a routine whose results, though they may appear scanty and insufficient to the unobserving, are in reality among the very highest blessings of society. The marriage bond; the baptismal rite; the consolations of religion in hours of spiritual conviction, in hours of earthly trial, and in hours of death; the settlement of disputes; the supervision of education; the calls of popular charity; these and other charges press from day to day upon the pastor's attention, and in the well ordering of these lies the public weal. Such, for thirty-seven years, was the life of the Rev. Oliver Lanceroy, in charge of the church at Weeconnet. Such is the life of hundreds who oversee the flock of Christ throughout our broadly-extended States. May their reward not be lost in the day of reckoning when each craftsman shall receive his lawful wages.

The lapse of thirty-seven years, though imperceptible in the estimate of an eternity, is a large hiatus in the life of a mortal. It removes one generation into darkness and dust, and places another in their seats. The lapse of thirty-seven years brings down the history of the Rev. Oliver Lanceroy—now by the favorable judgment of a neighboring theological school, *Doctor Lanceroy*—to the year 1827, year of masonic light 5827, year of masonic darkness 1; that period so rife with anti-masonic stratagems and discoveries. It was the time when a large political party made the grand discovery that Freemasonry was an institution established in opposition to all laws human

and divine! It was the period when the cunning sought to snatch away her richest jewel, *secrecy*, that they might expose her, unchaste and unbefriended, to the scorn and contempt of the world.

Too well did malice and detraction succeed, and although in the goodness of God it was but for a little while, and the wings of Jehovah were even then sheltering her, yet many a true heart despaired, and many an honest though weak one endeavored, for the sake of peace, to untie the indissoluble bonds of Masonry. Some of the symbols on the tracing-board temporarily lost their value. The *slipper*, that earliest and most impressive reminder of allegiance was erased; the brilliant star, quintuple-rayed, followed it in into darkness and disuse; the daytime labors on the highest hills, nearest heaven, gave place to the toils and self-denial of the unwearied twenty-seven.

We have in another work given at some length a sketch of the evil consequences that resulted from the introduction of Masonry as a religious test. The question of Masonry and Antimasonry in churches and among the pious, proved very detrimental to the craft. The shade that bigotry and superstition gave to the operations of pure morality, as displayed in Freemasonry, was well nigh a fatal blow.

Ignorance, and a lust for an unlawful knowledge, had wielded the guage against her, and thereby inflicted a severe wound; *political ambition*, that hydra of all republics, had followed up the stroke until the very heart of the aged victim palpitated beneath it; but when *the voice of the church* cried out crucify, crucify, a crusade against Masonry at once commenced, as if the holy temple were in the infidel's hands, and must be redeemed at all hazards.

During the closing term of Gen. Washington's administration he had presided at the conferring of masonic honors upon the son of his old friend, and thus Mr Lanceroy had become a Mason. We have often observed that the most enthusiastic lovers of the royal art, those whose zeal the longest endures, whose fire goes the most reluctantly out, are those who were the slowest to appreciate the full beauties of Masonry. Such men ponder, they compare, they reflect. They anticipated much from their knowledge of the character of the membership and from the published code of masonic morals. They were sufficiently conversant with human nature *not* to look for a perfect development of masonic principles *in any one man* this side of the grave, yet they were prepared to judge the tree by its fruits, *by all its fruits considered in one cluster*. In time their judgments become convinced. If the lodge in which their membership commenced is a working lodge, prompt in ceremonies, in explanations, in landmarks, and in morals, they become zealous as a furnace of charcoal, and their zeal burns as long as the fires beneath a mountain.

It was so with Dr Lanceroy. The earliest East of his Masonry was glorious with light. A succession of enlightened officers in his lodge at Weeconnet followed up and fixed the impression, and it was not strange, therefore, that a few years witnessed the reverend gentleman himself at the head of the Order, not only in his own village, but in all that masonic district.

Years stole noiselessly, almost imperceptibly, upon him, until he numbered nearly half a century. Then the shafts of death flew suddenly around him and struck down his wife—beloved by all as a mo-

ther in Israel—a married daughter and two sons, the staff of his declining years.

The patriarch gathered up the remaining sheaves of his harvest, and from that day withdrew his active participation in the management of the lodge, declaring that a higher duty now awaited him at home.

It was only a few years after this afflictive dispensation of Providence, that the storm of antimasonry began its ravages. Churches, formerly as harmonious as the Christmas angels, now became like unto heathen temples dedicated to the goddess of discord. The sound of ax, hammer, and many other unlawful weapons, rang through the sacred chambers, disturbing the peace and harmony of the workmen. Amongst others, the old congregation at Weconnet caught the infection. Whence it started, in whom it originated, none could tell. What wonder in that! what wisdom has traced the *cholera* to its source! what quarantine was ever efficient to wall out the *plague*! There was a Judas somewhere among the twelve, an Arnold among the patriots, and that was enough.

But in whatever source it originated, its course was rapid and violent, and the cry of "*Down with all secret societies!*" "*Death to the mother of serpents!*" soon became popular. Ah! but the wrath of man is a fearful judgment in the hands of God.

By the side of the numerous evils inflicted on Masonry through this persecution, there was nevertheless one advantage that grew out of it. It brought back the decaying lights of the last generation into the lodge; it called back such retired Masons as Dr Lanceroy from their hermitage, and placed them around the old altar once more, in the east, and in the south, and in the west.

This was the case with many an aged brother, and of Dr Lanceroy among the rest. When the first list of renouncing (and denouncing) Masons was presented to him, as he sat in his library preparing his Sabbath discourses, he construed it as the second Cincinnatus had construed his country's summons to the field. It aroused the force of remembered vows; it called back cherished hours, and festive nights, and linked professions. Shadows of the dead, memories of the living, seemed to group around him as he read the perjured catalogue. A voice as from one who had authority seemed to command him, *Comfort ye my people*. The veteran crumpled the foul sheet in his hand and hurled it from him, as he turned around to write a petition for membership in his old lodge. Henceforth he was punctual at every meeting, whether stated or special, nor neglected a single opportunity of expressing in public places, as well as in the tyed chambers of the temple, his indebtedness to Freemasonry.

As his congregation received the shameful impulse of antimasonry from without, they began one by one to withdraw from Dr Lanceroy's ministry. The unaccustomed sight of empty pews began to pain his eyes, the murmurs of alienated friends his ears. His doors, once like the city gates for publicity, were deserted. Letters from those whose parents had sat beneath his ministry, and who had themselves cherished his ministrations until chilled by this cruel blast, letters always disrespectful, often violent, sometimes insulting, were put in his hands. He went over them in his retirement.

The All-Seeing Eye, whom the sun, moon, and stars obey, and under whose watchful care even comets perform their stupendous revolutions, that which pervades the inmost recesses of the human heart, that Eye beheld the mingled drops of mortification and grief that showered from his eyes; but still he endured patiently, and he made no complaint.

But when on a certain Sabbath morning as he endeavored to fulfill an engagement to exchange pulpits with an old friend, grayhaired like himself, and was publicly forbidden by the vestry to raise his voice in that church, the cup of his sorrow was full, and Dr Lanceroy returned home to throw himself on the charity of God, seeing that the hearts of men were embittered against him.

That very week a summons from the officers of his own church was presented him, citing him to appear and answer certain charges of official misconduct that had been preferred against him. The motives that prompted this course were sufficiently obvious. The charges that had been trumped up were intended only as a blind, and whether sustained or not, it mattered little with the persecutor, for reasons enough would be found for declaring his pulpit vacant, and that was the main thing sought for.

With this painful prospect in view, Dr Lanceroy, accompanied by a legal adviser, and the remaining members of his family, took his way to the vestry room at the appointed hour, prepared for the worst.

He anticipated wisely. The scene that presented itself at the place of trial was one that offered some remarkable features. The room was the same in which the church officers had assembled thirty-seven years before to give the young graduate a unanimous call to the pastorate of that church.

All the old members of that official board, with one exception, were dead. That exception consisted of Elder Drane, for the last fifteen years in his dotage, favored only with occasional returns to sanity. It was in one of these lucid intervals that, hearing of the pastor's trial, he had demanded to be conducted to the vestry, that he might be a spectator; but long before he reached the door, his imbecility returned, and he was now lying at full length in one of the pews, apparently unconscious of all that was passing around him. Besides Elder Drane, there was not one of the church officers present, who had not received baptism at the hands of Dr Lanceroy, and bowed beneath his heartfelt pleadings with God, and been joined by him in the happiness of revival seasons, as well as in the distress of spiritual dearth.

As he took his seat with the board there was a marked contrast between the youthful locks of the judges and the gray hairs of the accused.

Before him in the body of the house, a large old-fashioned square room, was a crowd densely packed, comprehending not only his own flock, banded against this gentle shepherd, but the residents of the surrounding homesteads banded together, some in sympathy, more in curiosity, many, alas! in derision, to witness the trial. Amongst the former his aged eye could see several of his masonic brethren from

the various lodges in the district, and there was a gleam of hope in the glance.

The charges were read. They were wordy and diffuse, but involved only these propositions: "That the accused had contumaciously resisted the advice both of official and lay members, and had stubbornly published his attachment to Masonry by conducting the members of that Order in public processions as well as in their secret meetings; that in this act he had fallen behind both the spirit and light of the age; that the church pews were fast becoming vacant on account of his obstinacy; that spiritual revivals had ceased; that his usefulness in the administration of the gospel was destroyed, the interest of Christ's kingdom retarded"—and much more of the same sort.

The legal gentleman who had volunteered to aid Dr Lanceroy—since become a Grand Master of Masons in the same State—arose now to speak to the technical points. He answered the charges in a dry business way, that while it proved how illegal and unchristian would be the action of the vestry in ordering Dr Lanceroy's dismissal, it failed in touching any chords of sympathy, or turning the popular current that had set so fatally against his client.

A rejoinder from the lawyer selected by the vestry on account of his violent antimasonic prejudices, smothered the law and the gospel under a mountain of words that denoted one idea very clearly: "Antimasonry is about to rule the land, and it shall rule it with a rod of iron!"

After some further altercation between the professional gentlemen, the presiding officer enquired of the accused if he desired to say anything for himself, before the vote on the charges was taken. A dead silence of considerable duration followed, and as no response was heard, the chairman had again risen, preparatory to putting the question, when Dr Lanceroy at length arose.

It was with strange difficulty that he gathered himself erect, he had never felt so weak in body before, and he was compelled to place his hands upon his chair for support, even as Jacob, in his death-bed injunctions, leaned on the top of his staff.

It was with still greater difficulty that his tongue performed its office. A weight clogged it heavily at the very time when its eloquence was most needed. He had succeeded however in stammering a few incoherent words, and was collecting his ideas into a more rational channel, when he suddenly caught the eye of Elder Drane, the superannuated church officer, the friend of his youth, one of the working Freemasons of the last generation.

This old man had arisen from his seat, and was standing upright with superhuman strength, staring full upon him. His eye was filled with a strange meaning.

A quick gesture came from his hand, to the casual observer it might have seemed as the movement of an idiot. But there was method in that madness, and a gleam of acknowledgment passed over the minister's face as he beheld it. Dr Lanceroy sat down.

Every eye was now turned in the direction of the Elder, and great was the sensation in that large audience when the veteran, with more than ninety years upon his head, and for nearly a score of them a se-

cond child both in body and intellect, opened his pew door, and walked with firm strides up the aisle.

The crowd deferentially gave way, and closed behind him. A seat upon the platform was proffered to him, the seat in which he had presided long before. But steadily rejecting every offer, and making no other acknowledgment of the general courtesy, save a dead stare, he at once began to speak.

Never will that strange oration be forgotten while one of its hearers remains alive. In this latter half of the century there abides a tradition among the elderly portion of the population that has preserved the leading points and much of the peculiar language used.

"Vile pack!" shouted the frenzied Elder, with a voice stern and threatening as when it thundered in front of the forlorn hope at Stony Point; "vile pack, that has joined in the howl of antimasonry as dogs bay the moon, and know her not as their source of light, what would ye of this man? Has he ever defrauded any of ye! or stricken ye with his hands? Has he fallen away into base doctrines that endanger your soul! Lo these thirty-seven years he has gone in and out before ye and your fathers before ye, and served at the table of the Lord, and has one accusing voice ever been raised against him? But he is a Freemason! And has the fraternity of mystics cajoled him to join them in his declining years? I tell you, base descendants of an honored stock, he was a Freemason before ye had any being, and such as he are Masons wherever dispersed around the world, though they may never hear of a Mason's lodge. He was a Mason in heart, in life, in practice, in aims, though the mystic rites had never been performed upon him. Ye would have him to renounce Masonry? Fools, do ye know what ye would have him renounce! what shall he recant! ye know not what ye ask! Would ye have him to declare himself the friend of the serpent and the foe of the trampler! the opponent of temperance, fortitude, prudence, and justice, and the servant of drunkenness, cowardice, indiscretion, and fraud. Shall he quench the Bible-light and fall back upon the book of nature! repudiate all yearnings for immortality, and, like yourselves, all charity to suffering humanity! I tell you, insensate pack, as I told your grandfathers before ye—well that they did not live to see the generation of vipers that from their loins have sprung—I told them, as I tell ye, that an honest man *cannot* renounce Masonry, though a hypocrite may!"

The eyes of the veteran here flashed as the eyes of a basilisk upon lawyer Savin, the renouncing Mason, the rabid editor of an antimasonic sheet; and the time-serving lawyer cowered beneath the glance.

"The wolf may cast off the sheep's clothing," pursued the old man in a still higher key, "the sheep's clothing that concealed his marauding errand, and he is a wolf again as he was all the time a wolf, a prowling, marauding, murderous wolf. But the lamb cannot lose its gentle heart, its spotless robe, its meek and loving character, to become a wolf. Masonry in my day was taught as a system of morality, veiled in allegory, and illustrated by symbols. Shall he renounce the morality as ye have done! or is it that ye would have the allegory expounded and the symbols explained? Ah, pitiful wretches! there were fifteen like ye in the Wise Man's day who could not wait for the

word, and well did they despair, for they found that obstacle in their own hearts which forbade all hope of their ever being recipients of so great a trust. And ye, like them, would snatch at that of which you are so thoroughly unworthy! but thank God, your unholy efforts are in vain; for, from the days of Sanballat, Masonry has withstood such as ye.

"Dr Lanceroy, pastor, dear brother beloved——" The pastor of well nigh forty years' experience stood up and meekly bowed his head before the veteran, who laid both hands, withered, trembling and cold upon it: "Brother beloved, I warn ye, as a voice from the grave, **BE YE TRUE!** By the memory of the immortal Washington—by the virtues of the holy Saints John—by the inspiration of Solomon, wisest of men—by the strength and beauty of the Tyrian twain—and in the name of the whole fraternity, I warn you let this great trial that is to come upon you fail to shake your integrity. Be fortitude yours. Though your column may be broken in the midst, soul to heaven, dust to earth, yet the remembrance of you, only continuing faithful, shall be treasured in the hearts of faithful brothers, while the name of the righteous shall flourish there as a green bay-tree."

Headlong, prone to the floor, the Elder fell, all the powers of nature having given away at one instant. The meeting was of course dissolved in confusion. Upon the next Sabbath the pastor stood at the head of a newly-opened grave, around which was grouped a band of Masons, the last beheld in Weconnet for twelve years, and there they honored the resting spot of Elder Drane by the significant emblem of the resurrection.

Upon the pastor's table at home lay the order of dismissal, passed by unanimous vote of the officers of his church.

A few more weeks and he was seen to leave the parsonage with his remaining family. His furniture and effects followed after him, and then the old brick house was tenantless; for his successor, a brisk, finical gentleman, *up to the spirit of the age*, declined residing there, and took his boarding at a more showy place. Reports were soon circulated that Dr Lanceroy was removing to a considerable distance westward. A few months more and the newspapers of the day announced his death by a sudden stroke of apoplexy.

Twelve years afterwards, the deputy Grand Master of that masonic district, with a noble train of brethren, and surrounded by an honored band of officers, spoke an eulogy, well deserved and eloquently declared, upon Dr Lanceroy, the Mason who was **FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.**

And then the craft, joining together their means as God had dealt bounteously with them, reared a tombstone, stamped with the symbols of Masonry, to remind coming generations of one well worthy to be their standard in the aims of the Order.

And beneath the name and age of the departed, they engraved these solemn charges deduced from the history of the dead: *To sustain a falling cause; to fly to the relief of a distressed principle; to prop the falling temple, or to fall with it; to support the adherents, to cherish the endangered secrets, and to honor the slighted virtues of Freemasonry.*

O C E O L A :

A Romance of the History of Florida and the Seminole War.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE BRID.

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE SEMINOLES.

ON my return to Florida, I found that the cloud of war was gathering over my native land. It would soon burst, and my first essay in military life would be made in the defence of hearth and home. I was not unprepared for the news. War is always the theme of interest within the walls of a military college; and in no place are its probabilities and prospects so fully discussed or with so much earnestness.

For a period of ten years had the United States been at peace with all the world. The iron hand of "Old Hickory" had awed the savage foe of the frontiers. For more than ten years had the latter desisted from his chronic system of retaliation, and remained silent and still. But the pacific *statu quo* came to an end. Once more the red man rose to assert his rights, and in a quarter most unexpected. Not on the frontier of the "far west," but in the heart of the flowery land. Yes, Florida was to be the theatre of operations—the stage on which this new war-drama was to be enacted.

A word historical of Florida, for this writing is in truth a history.

In 1821, the Spanish flag disappeared from the ramparts of San Augustine and St Marks, and Spain yielded up possession of this fair province—one of her last footholds upon the continent of America. Literally, it was but a foothold that the Spaniards held in Florida—a mere nominal possession. Long before the cession, the Indians had driven them from the field into the fortress. Their haciendas lay in ruins—their horses and cattle ran wild upon the savannas; and rank weeds usurped the site of their once prosperous plantations. During a century of dominion, they had made many a fair settlement, and the ruins of buildings—far more massive than aught yet attempted by their Saxon successors—attest the former glory and power of the Spanish nation.

It was not destined that the Indians should long hold the country they had thus reconquered. Another race of white men—their equals in courage and strength—were moving down from the north; and it was easy prophecy to say that the red conquerors must in turn yield possession.

Once already had they met in conflict with the pale-faced usurpers, led on by that stern soldier who now sat in the chair of the president. They were defeated, and forced further south, into the heart of the land—the centre of the peninsula. There, however, they were secured by treaty. A covenant solemnly made, and solemnly sworn to, guaranteed their right to the soil, and the Seminole was satisfied.

Alas! the covenants between the strong and the weak are things of convenience, to be broken whenever the former wills it—in this case shamefully broken.

White adventurers settled along the Indian border; they wandered over Indian ground—not wandered, but went; they looked upon the

land; that it was good—it would grow rice and cotton, and cane and indigo, the olive and the orange; they desired to possess it, more than desired—they resolved it should be theirs.

There was a treaty, but what cared they for treaties? Adventurers—starved out planters from Georgia and the Carolinas, “nigger-traders” from all parts of the south; what were covenants in their eyes, especially when made with red-skins? The treaty must be got rid of.

The “Great Father,” scarcely more scrupulous than they, approved their plan.

“Yes,” said he, “it is good—the Seminoles must be dispossessed; they must remove to another land; we shall find them a home in the west, on the great plains; there they will have wide hunting-grounds—their own for ever.”

“No,” responded the Seminoles; “we do not wish to move; we are contented to dwell here; we love our native land; we do not wish to leave it; we shall stay.”

“Then you will not go willingly? Be it so. We are strong, you are weak; we shall force you.”

Though not the letter, this is the very spirit of the reply which Jackson made to the Seminoles!

The world has an eye, and that eye requires to be satisfied. Even tyrants dislike the open breach of treaties. In this case, political party was more thought of than the world, and a show of justice became necessary.

The Indians remained obstinate—they liked their own land—they were reluctant to leave it—no wonder.

Some pretext must be found to dispossess them. The old excuse, that they were mere idle hunters, and made no profitable use of the soil, would scarcely avail. It was not true. The Seminole was not exclusively a hunter; he was a husbandman as well, and tilled the land—rudely, it may be, but was this a reason for dispossessing him?

Without this, others were easily found. That cunning commissioner which their “Great Father” sent them could soon invent pretexts. He was one who well knew the art of muddying the stream upwards, and well did he practice it.

The country was soon filled with rumors of Indian outrages—of horses and cattle stolen, of plantations plundered, of white travellers robbed and murdered—all the work of those savage Seminoles.

A vile frontier press, ever ready to give tongue to the popular furor, did not fail in its duty of exaggeration.

But who was to gazette the provocations, the retaliations, the wrongs and cruelties inflicted by the other side? All these were carefully concealed.

A sentiment was soon created throughout the country—a sentiment of bitter hostility towards the Seminole.

“Kill the savage! Hunt him down! Drive him out! Away with him to the west!”

Thus was the sentiment expressed. These became the popular cries.

When the people of the United States has a wish, it is likely soon to seek gratification, particularly when that wish coincides with the

views of its government; in this case it did so, the government having itself created it.

It would be easy, all supposed, to accomplish the popular will, to dispossess the savage, hunt him, drive him out. Still there was a treaty. The world had an eye, and there was a thinking minority, not to be despised, who opposed this clamorous desire. The treaty could not be broken under the light of day; how, then, was the obstructive covenant to be got rid of?

Call the head men together, cajole them out of it; the chiefs are human, they are poor, some of them drunkards—bribes will go far, fire-water still further; make a new treaty, with a double construction—the ignorant savages will not understand it; obtain their signatures—the thing is done!

Crafty commissioner! yours is the very plan, and you the man to execute it.

It *was* done. On the 9th of May, 1832, on the banks of the Ocala, the chiefs of the Seminole nation in full council assembled bartered away the land of their fathers!

Such was the report given to the world.

It was not true.

It was not a full council of chiefs; it was an assembly of traitors bribed and suborned, of weak men flattered and intimidated. No wonder the nation refused to accede to this surreptitious covenant; no wonder they heeded not its terms; but had to be summoned to still another council, for a freer and fuller signification of their consent.

It soon became evident that the great body of the Seminole nation repudiated the treaty. Many of the chiefs denied having signed it. The head chief, Onopa, denied it. Some confessed the act, but declared they had been drawn into it by the influence and advice of others. It was only the more powerful leaders of clans—as the brothers Omatla, Black Clay, and Big Warrior—who openly acknowledged the signing.

These last became objects of jealousy throughout the tribes; they were regarded as traitors, and justly so. Their lives were in danger; even their own retainers disapproved of what they had done.

To understand the position, it is necessary to say a word of the political *status* of the Seminoles. Their government was purely republican—a thorough democracy. Perhaps in no other community in the world did there exist so perfect a condition of freedom—I might add happiness, for the latter is but the natural offspring of the former. Their state has been compared with that of the clans of Highland Scotland. The parallel is true only in one respect. Like the Gael, the Seminoles were without any common organization. They lived in tribes far apart, each politically independent of the other; and although in friendly relationship, there was no power of coercion between them. There was a "head-chief"—king he could not be called—for "Mico," his Indian title, has not that signification. The proud spirit of the Seminole had never sold itself to so absurd a condition; they had not yet surrendered up the natural rights of man. It is only after the state of nature has been perverted and abased, that the "kingly" element becomes strong among a people.

The head "mico" of the Seminoles was only a head in name. His authority was purely personal; he had no power over life or property. Though occasionally the wealthiest, he was often one of the poorest of his people. He was more open than any of the others to the calls of philanthropy, and ever ready to disburse with free hand, what was, in reality, not his people's, but his own. Hence he rarely grew rich.

He was surrounded by no retinue, girt in by no barbarian pomp or splendor, flattered by no flunkey courtiers, like the rajahs of the east, or, on a still more costly scale, the crowned monarchs of the west. On the contrary, his dress was scarcely conspicuous, often meaner than those around him. Many a common warrior was far more *gaillard* than he.

As with the head-chief, so with the chieftains of tribes; they possessed no power over life or property; they could not decree punishment. A jury alone could do this; and I make bold to affirm, that the punishments among these people were in juster proportion to the crimes than those decreed in the highest courts of civilization.

It was a system of the purest republican freedom, without one idea of the levelling principle; for merit produced distinction and authority. Property was *not* in common, though labor was partially so; but this community of toil was a mutual arrangement, agreeable to all. The ties of family were as sacred and strong as ever existed upon the earth.

And these were *savages* forsooth—red savages, to be dispossessed of their rights—to be driven from hearth and home—to be banished from their beautiful land to a desert wild, to be shot down and hunted like beasts of the field! The last in its most literal sense, for dogs were to be employed in the pursuit!

CHAPTER XIX. — AN INDIAN HERO.

THERE were several reasons why the treaty of the Oclawaha could not be considered binding on the Seminole nation. First, it was not signed by a majority of the chiefs. Sixteen chiefs and sub-chiefs appended their names to it. There were five times this number in the nation.

Second, it was, after all, no treaty, but a mere conditional contract—the conditions being that a deputation of Seminoles should first proceed to the lands allotted in the west (upon White River,) examine these lands, and bring back a report to their people. The very nature of this condition proves that no contract for removal could have been completed, until the exploration had been first accomplished.

The examination was made. Seven chiefs, accompanied by an agent, journeyed to the far west, and made a survey of the lands.

Now, mark the craft of the commissioner! These seven chiefs are nearly all taken from those friendly to the removal. We find among them both the Omatlas, and Black Clay. True, there is Hoitle-mattee (jumper,) a patriot, but this brave warrior is stricken with the Indian curse—he loves the fire-water; and his propensity is well known to Phagan, the agent, who accompanies them.

A *ruse* is contemplated, and is put in practice. The deputation is hospitably entertained at Fort Gibson, on the Arkansas. Hoitle-mat-

tee is made merry—the contract for removal is spread before the seven chiefs—they all sign it; the juggle is complete.

But even this was no fulfilment of the terms of the Oclawaha covenant. The deputation was to return with their report, and ask the will of the nation. That was yet to be given; and, in order to obtain it, a new council of all the chiefs and warriors must be summoned.

It was to be a mere formality. It was well known that the nation as a body disapproved of the facile conduct of the seven chiefs, and would not endorse it. They were not going to “move.”

This was the more evident, since other conditions of the treaty were daily broken. One of these was the restoration of runaway slaves, which the signers of the Oclawaha treaty had promised to send back to their owners. No blacks were sent back; on the contrary, they now found refuge among the Indians more secure than ever.

The commissioner knew all this. He was calling the new council out of mere formality. Perhaps he might persuade them to sign—if not, he intended to awe them into the measure, or force them at the point of the bayonet. He had said as much. Troops were concentrating at the agency—Fort King—and others were daily arriving in Tampa Bay. The government had taken its measures; and coercion was resolved upon.

I was not ignorant of what was going on, nor of all that had happened during my long years of absence. My comrades, the cadets, were well versed in Indian affairs, and took a lively interest in them—especially those who expected soon to escape from the college walls. “Black Hawk’s war,” just terminated in the west, had already given some a chance of service and distinction, and young ambition was now bending its eyes upon Florida.

The idea, however, of obtaining glory in such a war was ridiculed by all. “It would be too easy a war—the foe was not worth considering. A mere handful of savages,” asserted they; “scarcely enough of them to stand before a single company. They would be either killed or captured in the first skirmish, one and all of them—there was not the slightest chance of their making any protracted resistance—*unfortunately*, there was not.”

Such was the belief of my college companions; and, indeed, the common belief of the whole country at that time. The army, too, shared it. One officer was heard to boast that he could march through the whole Indian territory with only a corporal’s guard at his back; and another, with like bravado, wished that the government would give him a charter of the war, on his own account. He would finish it for 10,000 dollars!

These only expressed the sentiments of the day. No one believed that the Indians would or could sustain a conflict with us for any length of time; indeed, there were few who could be brought to think that they would resist at all; they were only holding out for better terms, and would yield before coming to blows.

For my own part, I thought otherwise. I knew the Seminoles better than most of those who talked—I knew their country better; and notwithstanding the odds against them—the apparent hopelessness of the struggle—I had my belief that they would neither yield to dis-

graceful terms, nor yet be so easily conquered. Still, it was but a conjecture; and I might be wrong. I might be deserving the ridicule which my opposition to the belief of my comrades often brought upon me.

The newspapers made us acquainted with every circumstance. Letters, too, were constantly received at the "Point" from old graduates now serving in Florida. Every detail reached us, and we had become acquainted with the names of many of the Indian chieftains, as well as the internal *politique* of the tribe. It appeared they were not united. There was a party in favor of yielding to the demands of our government, headed by one *Omatla*. This was the traitor party, and a minority. The patriots were more numerous, including the head "mico" himself, and the powerful chiefs Holata, Coa-hajo, and the negro Abram.

Among the patriots there was one name that, upon the wings of rumor, began to take precedence of all others. It appeared frequently in the daily prints, and in the letters of our friends. It was that of a young warrior—or sub-chief, as he was styled—who by some means or other had gained a remarkable ascendancy in the tribe. He was one of the most violent opponents of the "removal;" in fact, the leading spirit that opposed it; and chiefs much older and more powerful were swayed by his counsel.

We cadets much admired this young man. He was described as possessing all the attributes of a hero—of noble aspect, bold, handsome, intelligent. Both his physical and intellectual qualities were spoken of in terms of praise—almost approaching hyperbole. His form was that of an Apollo, his features those of Adonis or Endymion. He was first in everything—the best shot in his nation, the most expert swimmer and rider, the swiftest runner, and most successful hunter—alike eminent in peace or war—in short, a Cyrus.

There were Zenophons enough to record his fame. The people of the United States had been long at peace with the red men. The romantic savage was far away from their borders. It was rare to see an Indian within the settlements, or hear aught of them. There had been no late deputations from the tribes to gratify the eyes of gazing citizens; and a real curiosity had grown up in regard to these children of the forest. An Indian hero was wanted, and this young chief appeared to be the man.

His name was OGEOLA.

CHAPTER XX.—FRONTIER JUSTICE.

I WAS not allowed long to enjoy the sweets of home. A few days after my arrival, I received an order to repair to Fort King, the Seminole agency, and headquarters of the army of Florida. General Clinch there commanded. I was summoned upon his staff.

Not without chagrin, I prepared to obey the order. It was hard to part so soon from those who dearly loved me, and from whom I had been so long separated. Both mother and sister were overwhelmed with grief at my going. Indeed, they urged me to resign my commission, and remain at home.

Not unwillingly did I listen to their counsel: I had no heart in the cause in which I was called forth; but at such a crisis I dared not follow their advice; I should have been branded as a traitor—a coward. My country had commissioned me to carry a sword. I must wield it whether the cause be just or unjust—whether to my liking or not. This is called *patriotism*!

There was yet another reason for my reluctance to depart from home. I need hardly declare it. Since my return, my eyes had often wandered over the lake—often rested on that fair island. Oh, I had not forgotten her!

I can scarcely analyse my feelings. They were mingled emotions. Young love triumphant over older passions—ready to burst forth from the ashes that had long shrouded it—young love penitent and remorseful—doubt, jealousy, apprehension. All these were active within me.

Since my arrival, I had not dared to go forth. I observed that my mother was still distrustful. I had not dared even to question those who might have satisfied me. I passed those few days in doubt, and at intervals under a painful presentiment that all was not well.

Did Matmee still live? Was she true? True! Had she reason? Had she ever loved me?

There were those near who could have answered the first question; but I feared to breathe her name, even to the most intimate.

Bidding adieu to my mother and sister, I took the route. These were not left alone; my maternal uncle—their guardian—resided on the plantation. The parting moments were less bitter, from the belief that I should soon return. Even if the anticipated campaign should last for any considerable length of time, the scene of my duties would lie near, and I should find frequent opportunities of revisiting them.

My uncle scouted the idea of a campaign, as so did every one. "The Indians," he said, "would yield to the demands of the commissioner. Fools, if they didn't!"

Fort King was not distant; it stood upon Indian ground—fourteen miles within the border, though further than that from our plantation. A day's journey would bring me to it; and in the company of my cheerful "squire," Black Jake, the road would not seem long. We bestrode a pair of the best steeds the stables afforded, and were both armed *cap-a-pié*.

We crossed the ferry at the upper landing, and rode within the "reserve."¹ The path—it was only a path—ran parallel to the creek, though not near its banks. It passed through the woods, some distance to the rear of Madame Powell's plantation.

When opposite to the clearing, my eyes fell upon the diverging track. I knew it well; I had often trodden it with a swelling heart in days gone by.

I hesitated—halted. Strange thoughts careered through my bosom; resolves half-made, and suddenly abandoned. The rein grew

¹ That portion of Florida reserved for the Seminoles by the treaty of Camp Moultrie, made in 1823. It was a large tract, and occupied the central part of the peninsula.

slack, and then tightened. The spur threatened the ribs of my horse, but failed to strike.

"Shall I go? Once more behold her? Once more renew those sweet joys of tender love? Once more—— Ha, perhaps it is too late! I might be no longer welcome—if my reception should be hostile? Perhaps——"

"Wha' you doin dar, Massa George? Dat's not tha road to tha fort."

"I know that, Jake; I was thinking of making a call at Madame Powell's plantation."

"Mar'm Pow'll's plantayshun! Gollys! Massa George—dat all you knows 'bout it?"

"About what?" I inquired, with anxious heart.

"Dar's no Mar'm Pow'll da no more; nor hain't a been since bet-ter'n two year—all gone clar 'way."

"Gone away? Where?"

"Dat dis chile know nuffin 'bout. S'pose da gone some other lo-kayshun in da rezav; made new clarin somewha else."

"And who lives here now?"

"Dar ain't neery one lib tha now; tha ole house am deserted."

"But why did Madame Powell leave it?"

"Ah—dat am a quaw story. Gollys! you nebber hear um, Massa George?"

"No—never."

"Den I tell um. But s'pose, massa, we ride on. 'T am a gettin' a leetle lateish, an' 'twont do nohow to be cotched arter night in tha woods."

I turned my horse's head, and advanced along the main road, Jake riding by my side. With an aching heart, I listened to his narrative.

"You see, Massa George, 'twa all o' Massa Ringgol—tha ole boss' dat am—an' I b'lieve tha young 'un had 'im hand in dat pie, all same, like tha ole 'un. Waal, you see Mar'm Pow'll she loss some niggas dat wa ha slaves. Dey war stole from ha, an' wuss dan stole. Dey war tuk, an' by white men, massa. Tha be folks who say dat Massa Ringgol—he know'd more'n anybody else 'bout tha whole bizness. But da rubb'ry war blamed on Ned Spence an' Bill William. Waal, Mar'm Pow'll she go to da law wi' dis yar Ned an' Bill; an' she 'ploy Massa Grubb, tha big lawyer dat lib down tha river. Now Massa Grubb, he great friend o' Massa Ringgol, an' folks *do* say dat boaf de two put tha heads together to cheat dat ar Indy-en 'ooman."

"How?"

"Dis chile don't say for troof, Massa George; he hear um only from da brack folks; tha white folk say diff'rent. But I hear um from Mass' Ringgol's own nigga woodman—Pomp, you know, Massa George? an' he say dat them ar two bosses *did* put tha heads together to cheat dat poor Indy-en 'ooman."

"In what way, Jake?" I asked impatiently.

"Waal, you see, Massa George, da lawyer he want da Indy-en sign ha name to some paper—power ob 'turney, tha call um, I b'lieve.

* Master or proprietor; universally in use throughout the Southern States. From the Dutch "baas."

She sign; she no read tha writin. Whugh! dat paper war no power ob 'turney; it war what tha lawyas call a bill ob sale."

"Ha!"

"Yes, Massa George, dat's what um wa; an' by dat same bill ob sale all Mar'm Pow'll's niggas an' all ha plantayshun-clarin war made ober to Massa Grubb."

"Atrocious scoundrel!"

"Massa Grubb he swar he bought 'em all, an' paid for 'em in cash. Mar'm Pow'll she swar de berry contr'y. Da judge he decide for Massa Grubb, 'kase great Massa Ringgol be witness; an' folks *do* say Massa Ringgol now got dat paper in um own safe keepin', an war at tha bottom ob tha whole bizness."

"Atrocious scoundrels! oh, villains! But tell me, Jake, what became of Madame Powell?"

"Shortly arter, tha all gone 'way—nob'dy know wha. Da mar'm haself an' dat fine young fellur you know, an' da young Indy-en gal dat ebberybody say war so good-lookin'—yes, Massa George, tha all gone 'way."

At that moment an opening in the woods enabled me to catch a glimpse of the old house. There it stood in all its gray grandeur, still embowered in the midst of beautiful groves of orange and olive. But the broken fence—the tall weeds standing up against the walls—the shingles here and there missing from the roof—all told the tale of ruin.

There was ruin in my heart, as I turned sorrowing away.

CHAPTER XXI.—INDIAN SLAVES.

It never occurred to me to question the genuineness of Jake's story. What the "black folks" said was true; I had no doubt of it. The whole transaction was redolent of the Ringgolds and lawyer Grubbs—the latter a half-planter, half-legal practitioner of indifferent reputation.

Jake further informed me that Spence and Williams had disappeared during the progress of the trial. Both afterwards returned to the settlement, but no ulterior steps were taken against them, as there was no one to prosecute.

As for the stolen negroes, they were never seen again in that part of the country. The robbers had no doubt carried them to the slave-markets of Mobile or New Orleans, where a sufficient price would be obtained to remunerate Grubbs for his professional services, as also Williams and Spence for theirs. The land would become Ringgold's, as soon as the Indians could be got out of the country—and this was the object of the bill of sale.

A transaction of like nature between white man and white man would have been regarded as a grave swindle, an atrocious crime. The whites affected not to believe it; but there were some who knew it to be true, and viewed it only in the light of a clever *ruse*!

That it was true, I could not doubt. Jake gave me reasons that left no room for doubt; in fact, it was only in keeping with the gene-

ral conduct of the border adventurers towards the unfortunate natives with whom they came in contact.

Border adventurers, did I say? Government agents, members of the Florida legislature, generals, planters, rich as Ringgold, all took part in similar speculations. I could give names. I am writing truth, and do not fear contradiction.

It was easy enough, therefore, to credit the tale. It was only one of twenty similar cases of which I had heard. The acts of Colonel Gad Humphreys, the Indian agent—of Major Phagan, another Indian agent—of Dexter, the notorious negro-stealer—of Floyd—of Douglas—of Robinson and Millburn—are all historic—all telling of outrages committed upon the suffering Seminole. A volume might be filled detailing such swindles as that of Grubbs and Ringgold. In the mutual relations between white man and red man, it requires no skillful advocate to show on which side must lie the wrongs unrepaired and unavenged. Beyond all doubt, the Indian has ever been the victim.

It is needless to add that there were retaliations—how could it be otherwise?

One remarkable fact discloses itself in these episodes of Floridian life. It is well known that slaves thus stolen from the Indians *always returned to their owners whenever they could!* To secure them from finding their way back, the Dexters and Douglasses were under the necessity of taking them to some distant market, to the far “coasts” of the Mississippi—to Natchez or New Orleans.

There is but one explanation of this social phenomenon; and that is, that the slaves of the Seminole were *not* slaves. In truth, they were treated with an indulgence to which the helot of other lands is a stranger. They were the agriculturists of the country, and their Indian master was content if they raised him a little corn—just sufficient for his need—with such other vegetable products as his simple *cuisine* required. They lived far apart from the dwellings of their owners. Their hours of labor were few, and scarcely compulsory. Surplus product was their own; and in most cases they became rich—far richer than their own masters, who were less skilled in economy. Emancipation was easily purchased, and the majority were actually free—though from such chains it was scarcely worth while to escape. If slavery it could be called, it was the mildest form ever known upon earth—far differing from the abject bondage of Ham under either Shem or Japheth.

It may be asked how the Seminoles became possessed of these black slaves? Were they “runaways” from the States—from Georgia and the Carolinas, Alabama, and the plantations of Florida? Doubtless a few were from this source; but most of the runaways were not claimed as property; and, arriving among the Indians, became free. There was a time when by the stern conditions of the Camp Moultrie covenant these “absconding” slaves were given up to their white owners; but it is no discredit to the Seminoles, that they were always *remiss* in the observance of this disgraceful stipulation. In fact, it was not always possible to surrender back the fugitive negro. Black communities had concentrated themselves in different parts of the reserve, who under their own leaders were socially free, and strong enough for self-defence. It was with these that the runaway usually found

refuge and welcome. Such a community was that of "Harry" amid the morasses of Pease Creek—of "Abram" at Micosauky—of "Charles" and the "mulatto king."

No; the negro slaves of the Seminoles were *not* runaways from the plantations; though the whites would wish to make it appear so. Very few were of this class. The greater number was the "genuine property" of their Indian owners, so far as a slave can be called *property*. At all events, they were *legally* obtained—some of them from the Spaniards, the original settlers, and some by fair purchase from the American planters themselves.

How purchased? you will ask. What could a tribe of savages give in exchange for such a costly commodity? The answer is easy. Horses and horned cattle. Of both of these the Seminoles possessed vast herds. On the evacuation by the Spaniards, the savannas swarmed with cattle, of Andalusian race—half-wild. The Indians caught and reclaimed them—became their owners.

This, then, was the *quid pro quo*—quadrupeds in exchange for bipeds!

The chief of the crimes charged against the Indians was the *stealing of cattle*—for the white men had their herds as well. The Seminoles did not deny that there were bad men among them—lawless fellows difficult to restrain. Where is the community without scamps?

One thing was very certain. The Indian chiefs, when fairly appealed to, have always evinced an earnest desire to make restoration; and exhibited an energy in the cause of justice, entirely unknown upon the opposite side of their border.

It differed little how they acted, so far as regarded their character among their white neighbors. These had made up their mind that the dog should be hanged; and it was necessary to give him a bad name. Every robbery, committed upon the frontier, was of course the act of an Indian. White burglars had but to give their faces a coat of Spanish brown, and justice could not see through the painted deception.

CHAPTER XXII. — A CIRCUITOUS TRANSACTION.

SUCH were my reflections as I journeyed on—suggested by the sad tale to which I had been listening.

As if to confirm their correctness, an incident at that moment occurred, exactly to the point.

We had not ridden far along the path, when we came upon the tracks of cattle. Some twenty head must have passed over the ground, going in the same direction as ourselves—*towards* the Indian "reserve."

The tracks were fresh—almost quite fresh. I was tracker enough to know that they must have passed within the hour. Though cloistered so long within college walls, I had not forgotten all the forest-craft taught me by young Powell.

The circumstance of thus coming upon a cattle-trail, fresh or old, would have made no impression upon me. There was nothing remarkable about it. Some Indian herdsmen had been driving home their flock; and that the drivers *were* Indians, I could perceive by the

moccasin prints in the mud. It is true, some frontiers-men wear the moccasin; but these were not the footprints of white men. The turned-in toes,^a the high instep, and other trifling signs which, from early training, I knew how to translate, proved that the tracks were Indian.

So were they, agreed my groom, and Jake was no "slouch" in the ways of the woods. He had all his life been a keen 'coon-hunter—a trapper of the swamp-hare, the "possum," and the "gobbler." Moreover, he had been my companion upon many a deer-hunt—many a chase after the grey fox, and the rufous "cat." During my absence he had added greatly to his experiences. He had succeeded his former rival in the post of woodman, which brought him daily in contact with the denizens of the forest, and constant observation of their habits had increased his skill.

It is a mistake to suppose that the negro brain is incapable of that acute reasoning which constitutes a cunning hunter. I have known black men who could read, "sign," and lift a trail with as much intuitive quickness as either red or white. Black Jake could have done it.

I soon found that in this kind of knowledge he was now my master; and, almost on the instant, I had cause to be astonished at his acuteness.

I have said that the sight of the cattle-tracks created no surprise in either of us. At *first* it did not; but we had not ridden twenty paces further, when I saw my companion suddenly rein up, at the same instant giving utterance to one of those ejaculations peculiar to the negro thorax, and closely resembling the "whugh" of a startled hog.

I looked in his face. I saw by its expression that he had some revelation to make.

"What is it, Jake?"

"Golly! Massa George, d' you see dat?"

"What?"

"Daa down dar."

"I see a ruck of cow-tracks—nothing more."

"Doant you see dat big 'un?"

"Yes—there is one larger than the rest."

"By Gosh! it am de big ox Ballface—I know um track anywha—many's tha load o' cypress log dat ar ox hab toated for ole massa."

"What? I remember Ballface. You think the cattle are ours?"

"No, Massa George—I 'spect tha be da lawya Grubb's cattle. Ole massa sell Ballface to Massa Grubb more'n a year 'go. Dat am Ballface's track for sartin."

"But why should Mr Grubb's cattle be here in Indian ground, and so far from his plantation? and with Indian drivers, too?"

"Dat ere's jest what dis chile can't clearly make out, Massa George."

There was a singularity in the circumstance that induced reflection. The cattle could not have strayed so far of themselves. Their voluntary swimming of the river was against such a supposition. But they were not *straying*; they were evidently *conducted*—and by Indians. Was it a *raid*? were the beeves being stolen?

^a It is art, not nature, that causes this peculiarity; it is done in the cradle.

It had the look of a bit of thievery, and yet it was not crafty enough. The animals had been driven along a frequented path certain to be taken by those in quest of them; and the robbers—if they were such—had used no precaution to conceal their tracks.

It looked like a theft, and it did not; and it was just this dubious aspect that stimulated the curiosity of my companion and myself—so much so, that we made up our minds to follow the trail, and if possible ascertain the truth.

For a mile or more, the trail coincided with our own route; and then turning abruptly to the left, it struck off towards a track of "hommock" woods.

We were determined not to give up our intention lightly. The tracks were so fresh, that we knew the herd must have passed within the hour—within the quarter—they could not be distant. We could gallop back to the main road, through some thin pine-*timber* we saw stretching away to the right; and, with these reflections, we turned head along the cattle-trail.

Shortly after entering the dense forest, we heard voices of men in conversation, and at intervals the routing of oxen.

We alit, tied our horses to a tree, and moved forward afoot.

We walked stealthily and in silence, guiding ourselves by the sounds of the voices, that kept up an almost continual clatter. Beyond a doubt, the cattle whose bellowing we heard were those whose tracks we had been tracing; but equally certain was it that the voices we now listened to were *not* the voices of those who had driven them.

It is easy to distinguish between the intonation of an Indian and a white man. The men whose conversation reached our ears were whites—their language was our own, with all its coarse embellishments. My companion's discernment went beyond this—he recognised the individuals.

"Golly! Massa George, it ar tha two dam ruffins—Spence and Bill Williams!"

Jake's conjecture proved correct. We drew closer to the spot. The evergreen trees concealed us perfectly. We got up to the edge of an opening, and there saw the herd of beeves, the two Indians who had driven them, and the brace of worthies already named.

We stood under cover, watching and listening; and in a very short while, with the help of a few hints from my companion, I comprehended the whole affair.

Each of the Indians—worthless outcasts of their tribe—was presented with a bottle of whiskey and a few trifling trinkets. This was in payment for their night's work—the plunder of lawyer Grubbs's pastures.

Their share of the business was now over; and they were just in the act of delivering up their charge as we arrived upon the ground. Their employers, whose droving bout was here to begin, had just handed over their rewards. The Indians might go home and get drunk; they were no longer needed. The cattle would be taken to some distant part of the country—where a market would be readily found—or, what was of equal probability, they would find their way back to lawyer Grubbs's own plantation, having been rescued by the

gallant fellows Spence and Williams from a band of Indian rieviers! This would be a fine tale for the plantation fireside—a rare chance for a representation to the police and the powers.

Oh, those savage Seminole robbers! they must be got rid of—they must be “moved” out.

As the cattle chanced to belong to lawyer Grubbs, I did not choose to interfere. I could tell my tale elsewhere; and, without making our presence known, my companion and I turned silently upon our heels, regained our horses, and went our way reflecting.

I entertained no doubt about the justness of our surmise—no doubt that Williams and Spence had employed the drunken Indians—no more that lawyer Grubbs had employed Williams and Spence, in this circuitous transaction.

The stream must be muddied upward—the poor Indian must be driven to desperation.

CHAPTER XXIII. — REFLECTIONS BY THE WAY.

At college, as elsewhere, I had been jeered for taking the Indian side of the question. Not unfrequently was I twitted with the blood of poor old Powhatan, which, after two hundred years of “whitening,” must have circulated very sparsely in my veins. It was said I was not *patriotic*, since I did not join in the vulgar clamor so congenial to nations when they talk of an enemy.

Nations are like individuals. To please them, you must be as wicked as they—feel the same sentiment, or speak it—which will serve as well—affect like loves and hates; in short, yield up independence of thought, and cry “crucify” with the majority.

This is the world’s man—the patriot of the time.

He who draws his deductions from the fountain of truth, and would try to stem the senseless current of a people’s prejudgments, will never be popular during life. Posthumously he may, but not on this side the grave. Such need not seek the “living fame” for which yearned the conqueror of Peru; he will not find it. If the true patriot desire the reward of glory, he must look for it only from posterity—long after his mouldering bones have rattled in the tomb.

Haply there is another reward. The *mens conscia recti* is not an idle phrase. There are those who esteem it—who have experienced both sustenance and comfort from its sweet whisperings.

Though sadly pained at the conclusions to which I was compelled—not only by the incident I had witnessed, but by a host of others lately heard of—I congratulated myself on the course I had pursued. Neither by word nor act had I thrown one feather into the scale of injustice. I had no cause for self-accusation. My conscience cleared me of all ill-will towards the unfortunate people who were soon to stand before me in the attitude of enemies.

My thoughts dwelt not long on the general question—scarcely a moment. That was driven out of my mind by reflections of a more painful nature—by the sympathies of friendship, of love. I thought only of the ruined widow, of her children, of Matmee. It were but truth to confess that I thought only of the last; but this thought

comprehended all that belonged to her. All of hers were endeared, though she was the centre of the endearment.

And for all I now felt sympathy, sorrow—ay, a more poignant bitterness than grief—the ruin of sweet hopes. I scarcely hoped ever to see them again.

Where were they now? Whither had they gone? Conjectures, apprehensions, fears, floated upon my fancy. I could not avoid giving way to dark imaginings. The men who had committed that crime were capable of any other, even the highest known to the calendar of justice. What had become of these friends of my youth?

My companion could throw no light on their history after that day of wrong. He “’sposed tha had moved off to some other clarin in de Indy-en rezav, for folks nebba heern o’ um nebber no more arterward.”

Even this was only a conjecture. A little relief to the heaviness of my thoughts was imparted by the changing scene.

Hitherto we had been travelling through a pine-forest. About noon we passed from it into a large tract of hommock, that stretched right and left of our course. The road or path we followed ran directly across it.

The scene became suddenly changed as if by a magic transformation. The soil under our feet was different, as also the foliage over our heads. The pines were no longer around us. Our view was interrupted on all sides by a thick frondage of evergreen trees—some with broad shining coriaceous leaves, as the magnolia that here grew to its full stature. Alongside it stood the live-oak, the red mulberry, the bourbon laurel, iron-wood, *halesia* and *callicarpa*, while towering above all rose the cabbage-palm, proudly waving its plumed crest in the breeze, as if saluting with supercilious nod its humbler companions beneath.

For a long while we travelled under deep shadow—not formed by the trees alone, but by their parasites as well—the large grape-vine loaded with leaves—the coiling creepers of *smilax* and *hedera*—the silvery tufts of *tillandsia* shrouded the sky from our sight. The path was winding and intricate. Prostrate trunks often carried it in a circuitous course, and often was it obstructed by the matted trellis of the muscadine, whose gnarled limbs stretched from tree to tree like the great stay-cables of a ship.

The scene was somewhat gloomy, yet grand and impressive. It chimed with my feelings at the moment, and soothed me even more than the airy open of the pine-woods.

Having crossed this belt of dark forest, near its opposite edge we came upon one of those singular ponds already described—a circular basin surrounded by hillocks and rocks of testaceous formation—an extinct water-volcano. In the barbarous jargon of the Saxon settler these are termed “sinks,” though most inappropriately, for where they contain water, it is always of crystalline brightness and purity.

The one at which we had arrived was nearly full of the clear liquid. Our horses wanted drink—so did we. It was the hottest hour of the day. The woods beyond looked thinner and less shady. It was just the time and place to make halt; and, dismounting, we prepared to rest and refresh ourselves.

Jake carried a capacious haversack, whose distended sides—with the necks of a couple of bottles protruding from the pouch—gave proof of the tender solicitude we had left behind us.

The ride had given me an appetite, the heat had caused thirst, but the contents of the haversack soon satisfied the one, and a cup of claret, mingled with water from the cool calcareous fountain, gave luxurious relief to the other.

A cigar was the natural finish to this *al fresco* repast; and, having lighted one, I lay down upon my back, canopied by the spreading branches of an umbrageous magnolia.

I watched the blue smoke as it curled upward among the shining leaves, causing the tiny insects to flutter away from their perch.

My emotions grew still—thought became lull within my bosom—the powerful odor from the coral cones and large wax-light blossoms added its narcotic influence; and I fell asleep.

CHAPTER XXIV. — A STRANGE APPARITION.

I HAD been but a few minutes in this state of unconsciousness, when I was awakened by a plunge, as of some one leaping into the pond. I was not sufficiently startled to look around, or even to open my eyes.

"Jake is having a dip," thought I; "an excellent idea—I shall take one myself presently."

It was a wrong conjecture. The black had not leaped into the water, but sat still upon the bank near me, where he also had been asleep. Like myself, awakened by the noise, he had started to his feet, and I heard his voice, crying out:

"Lor, Massa George! looker dar! ain't he a big un? Whuhg!"

I raised my head and looked toward the pond. It was not Jake who was causing the commotion in the water—it was a large alligator.

It had approached close to the bank where we were lying; and, balanced upon its broad breast, with muscular arms and webbed feet spread to their full extent, it was resting upon the water, and eyeing us with evident curiosity. With head erect above the surface, and tail stiffly cocked upward, it presented a comic, although hideous aspect.

"Bring me my rifle, Jake!" I said, in a half-whisper. "Tread gently, and don't alarm it!"

Jake stole off to fetch the gun; but the reptile appeared to comprehend our intentions—for, before I could lay hands upon the weapon, it revolved suddenly on the water, shot off with the velocity of an arrow, and dived into the dark recesses of the pool.

Rifle in hand, I waited for some time for its reappearance; but it did not again come to the surface. Likely enough, it had been shot at before, or otherwise attacked; and now recognised in the upright form a dangerous enemy. The proximity of the pond to a frequented road rendered probable the supposition.

Neither my companion nor I would have thought more about it, but for the similarity of the scene to one well known to us. In truth,

the resemblance was remarkable—the pond, the rocks, the trees that grew around, all bore a likeness to those with which we were familiar. Even the reptile we had just seen—in form, in size, in fierce ugly aspect—appeared the exact counterpart to that one whose story was now a legend of the plantation.

The wild scenes of that day were recalled; the details starting fresh into our recollection, as if they had been things of yesterday—the luring of the amphibious monster—the perilous encounter in the tank—the chase—the capture—the trial and fiery sentence—the escape—the long lingering pursuit across the lake, and the abrupt awful ending—all were remembered at the moment with vivid distinctness. I could almost fancy I heard that cry of agony—that half-drowned ejaculation, uttered by the victim as he sank below the surface of the water. They were not pleasant memories either to my companion or myself, and we soon ceased to discourse of them.

As if to bring more agreeable reflections, the cheerful “gobble” of a wild turkey at that moment sounded in our ears; and Jake asked my permission to go in search of the game. No objection being made, he took up the rifle and left me.

I re-lit my “havana”—stretched myself as before along the soft sward, watched the circling eddies of the purple smoke, inhaled the narcotic fragrance of the flowers, and once more fell asleep.

This time I dreamed, and my dreams appeared to be only the continuation of the thoughts that had been so recently in my mind. They were visions of that eventful day; and once more its events passed in review before me, just as they had occurred.

In one thing, however, my dream differed from the reality. I dreamt that I saw the mulatto rising back to the surface of the water, and climbing out upon the shore of the island. I dreamt that he had escaped unscathed, unhurt—that he had returned to revenge himself—that by some means he had got *me* in his power, and was about to kill me!

At this crisis in my dream, I was again suddenly awakened—this time not by the plashing of water, but by the sharp spang of a rifle that had been fired near.

“Jake has found the turkeys,” thought I. “I hope he has taken good aim. I should like to carry one to the fort. It might be welcome at the mess-table, since I hear that the larder is not overstocked. Jake is a good shot, and not likely to miss. If——”

My reflections were suddenly interrupted by a second report, which, from its sharp detonation, I knew to be also that of a rifle.

“My God! what can it mean? Jake has but one gun, and but one barrel—he cannot have reloaded since? he has not had time. Was the first only a fancy of my dream? Surely I heard a report? surely it was that which awoke me? There were two shots—I could not be mistaken.”

In surprise, I sprang to my feet. I was alarmed as well. I was alarmed for the safety of my companion. Certainly I had heard two reports. Two rifles must have been fired, and by two men. Jake may have been one, but who was the other? We were upon dangerous ground. Was it an enemy?

I shouted out, calling the black by name.

I was relieved on hearing his voice. I heard it at some distance off in the woods; but I drew fresh alarm from it as I listened. It was uttered, not in reply to my call, but in accents of terror.

Mystified, as well as alarmed, I seized my pistols, and ran forward to meet him. I could tell that he was coming towards me, and was near; but under the dark shadow of the trees his black body was not yet visible. He still continued to cry out, and I could now distinguish what he was saying.

"Gorramighty! Gorramighty!" he exclaimed in a tone of extreme terror. "Lor! Massa George, are you hurt?"

"Hurt! what the deuce should hurt me?"

But for the two reports, I should have fancied that he had fired the rifle in my direction, and was under the impression he might have hit me.

"You are not shot? Gorramighty be thank you are not shot, Massa George."

"Why, Jake, what does it all mean?"

At this moment he emerged from the heavy timber, and in the open ground I had a clear view of him.

His aspect did not relieve me from the apprehension that something strange had occurred.

He was the very picture of terror, as exhibited in a negro. His eyes were rolling in their sockets—the whites oftener visible than either pupil or iris. His lips were white and bloodless; the black skin upon his face was blanched to an ashy paleness; and his teeth chattered as he spoke. His attitude and gestures confirmed my belief that he was in a state of extreme terror.

As soon as he saw me, he ran hurriedly up, and grasped me by the arm—at the same time casting fearful glances in the direction whence he had come, as if some dread danger was behind him.

I knew that under ordinary circumstances Jake was no coward—quite the contrary. There must have been peril then—what could it be?

I looked back; but in the dark depths of the forest shade I could distinguish no other object than the brown trunks of the trees.

I again appealed to him for an explanation.

"O Lor! it wa—wa—war *him*; Ise sure it war *him*!"

"Him? who?"

"O Massa George; you—you—you shure you not hurt. He fire at you. I see him t—t—t—take aim; I fire at *him*—I fire after; I mi—mi—miss; he run away—way—way."

"Who fired? who ran away?"

"O Gor! it wa—wa—war him; him or him go—go—ghost."

"For heaven's sake, explain! what him! what ghost? Was it the devil you have seen?"

"Troof, Massa George; dat am de troof. It wa—wa—war de debbel I see: it war *Yell Jake*!"

"Yellow Jake?"

CHAPTER XXV. — WHO FIRED THE SHOT?

"YELLOW JAKE?" I repeated, in the usual style of involuntary interrogative—of course without the slightest faith in my companion's statement. "Saw Yellow Jake, you say?"

"Yes, Massa George," replied my groom, getting a little over his fright; "sure as de sun I see 'im—eytha 'im, or 'im ghost."

"Oh, nonsense! there are no ghosts; your eyes deceived you under the shadow of the trees. It must have been an illusion under which you labored."

"By Gor! Massa George," rejoined the black with emphatic earnestness, "I swar I see 'im—'twant no dalooshun, I see—'twar eytha Yell' Jake or 'im ghost."

"Impossible!"

"Den, massa, ef't be impossible, it am de troof. Sure as da gospel, I see Yell' Jake; he fire at you from ahind tha gum-tree. Den I fire at 'im. Sure, Massa George, you hear boaf de two shot?"

"True; I heard two shots, or fancied I did."

"Gollys! massa, da wa'nt no fancy 'bout 'em. Whugh! no—da dam raskel he fire, sure. Lookee da, Massa George! What I say? Lookee da!"

We had been advancing toward the pond, and were now close to the magnolia under whose shade I had slept. I observed Jake in a stooping attitude under the tree, and pointing to its trunk. I looked in the direction indicated. Low down, on the smooth bark, I saw the score of a bullet. It had creased the tree, and passed onward. The wound was green and fresh, the sap still flowing. Beyond doubt, I had been fired at by some one, and missed only by an inch. The leaden missile must have passed close to my head where it rested on the valise—close to my ears, too; for I now remembered that almost simultaneously with the first report, I had heard the "wheep" of a bullet.

"Now, you b'lieve 'um, Massa George?" interposed the black, with an air of confident interrogation.

"Certainly, I believe that I have been shot at by some one."

"It war Yell' Jake, Massa George, and nobody else."

"Yellow skin or red, we can't shift our quarters from here too soon."

"Dat's so, Massa George."

"Give me the rifle, Jake; I shall keep watch while you are saddling. Haste, and let us begone."

I speedily reloaded the piece; and, placing myself behind the trunk of a tree, turned my eyes in that direction whence the shot must have come. The black brought the horses to the rear of my position, and proceeded with all dispatch to saddle them, and buckle on our *impedimenta*.

I need not say that I watched with anxiety—with fear. Such a deadly attempt proved that a deadly enemy was near, whoever he might be. The supposition that it was Yellow Jake was too preposterous. I, of course, ridiculed the idea. I had been an eye-witness of his certain and awful doom; and it would have required stronger testimony than even the solemn declaration of my companion, to have given me faith either in a ghost or a resurrection. I had been fired at—that fact could not be questioned—and by some one, whom my

follower—under the uncertain light of the gloomy forest, and blinded by his fears—had taken for Yellow Jake. Of course this was a fancy—a mistake as to the personal identity of our unknown enemy. There could be no other explanation.

Ha! why was I at that moment dreaming of him—of the mulatto? And why such a dream? If I were to believe the statement of the black, it was the very realization of that unpleasant vision that had just passed before me in my sleep.

A cold shuddering came over me—my blood grew chill within my veins—my flesh crawled, as I thought over this most singular coincidence. There was something awful in it—something so damnably probable, that I began to think there was truth in the solemn allegation of the black; and the more I pondered upon it, the less power felt I to impeach his veracity.

Why should an Indian, thus unprovoked, have singled *me* out for his deadly aim? True, there was hostility between red and white, but not war. Surely it had not yet come to this? The council of chiefs had not met—the meeting was fixed for the following day; and until its result should be known, it was not likely that hostilities would be practised on either side. Such would materially influence the determinations of the projected assembly. The Indians were as much interested in keeping the peace as their white adversaries—aye, far more indeed—and they could not help knowing that an ill-timed demonstration of this kind would be to their disadvantage—just the very pretext which the “removal” party would have wished for.

Could it, then, have been an Indian who aimed at my life? And if not, who in the world besides had a motive for killing me? I could think of no one whom I had offended—at least no one that I had provoked to such deadly retribution.

The drunken drovers came into my mind. Little would they care for treaties or the result of the council. A horse, a saddle, a gun, or a trinket, would weigh more in their eyes than the safety of their whole tribe. Both were evidently thorough bandits—for there are robbers among red skins as well as white ones.

But no; it could not have been they. They had not seen us as we passed, or, even if they had, they could hardly have been upon the ground so soon? We had ridden briskly, after leaving them; and they were afoot.

Spence and Williams were mounted; and from what Jake had told me as we rode along in regard to the past history of these two “rowdies,” I could believe them capable of anything—even of that.

But it was scarcely probable either: they had not seen us; and besides they had their hands full.

Ha! I guessed it at last; at all events I had hit upon the most probable conjecture. The villain was some runaway from the settlements, some absconding slave—perhaps ill-treated—who had sworn eternal hostility to the whites, and who was thus wreaking his vengeance on the first who had crossed his path. A mulatto, no doubt; and, may be, bearing some resemblance to Yellow Jake—for there is a great similarity among men of yellow complexion, as among blacks.

This would explain the delusion under which my companion was laboring; at all events, it rendered his mistake more natural; and

with this supposition, whether true or false, I was compelled to content myself.

Jake had now got everything in readiness ; and, without staying to seek any further solution of the mystery, we leaped to our saddles, and galloped away from the ground.

We rode for some time with the "beard on the shoulder;" and, as our path now lay through thin woods, we could see for a long distance behind us.

No enemy, white or black, red or yellow, made his appearance, either on our front, flank, or rear. We encountered not a living creature till we rode up to the stockade of Fort King;⁴ which we entered just as the sun was sinking behind the dark line of the forest horizon.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ON THE PATH.

On the path toiling, I thought not of toil ;
 Troubles might meet us, I did not recoil ;
 Sunshine above us, but in our hearts more,
 Rich in bright hopefulness, outwardly poor :
 'Twas thus we started, thy hand clasping mine,
 Thou my love owning, my faith built on thine.

"On the path," saidst thou, "together we'll keep,
 Though it be thorny, love, though it be steep.
 Alone one might falter, but we hand in hand
 Strength each from each, love, can ever command."
 Yet I—the weaker—have held to the track,
 Singly have reached the goal ; thou hast turned back.

On the path, sadly and lonely I sped,
 Silently, tearlessly, buried my dead ;
 One by one buried them out of my sight,
 Deep in the heart that, near thee, was so light.
 Hope with its blossoms all withered and shed,
 Love, Faith, and Fellowship—these were my dead !

On the path still, but my toil is nigh done ;
 I've but to enter the home I have won.
 Home!—what a word ! but the name is too sweet
 When the heart rests not, and the tired feet,
 As o'er the threshold they wearily tread,
 Raise by their echo the ghosts of the dead.

From the path stepping, too clearly I see
 Not what is present, but what was to be :
 From the dark grave where I laid them to rest
 The Love and the Faith that were dearest and best,
 Like phantoms arise which the tomb cannot keep
 And I lose them anew, having leisure to weep.

⁴ Called after a distinguished officer in the American army. Such is the fashion in naming the frontier posts.

LITERARY LIFE IN GERMANY.

Two graceful and charming volumes are lying before us, to which we would invite our readers' attention.¹ The author's design is to give a popular history of German poetry, with sketches of the lives of the poets; and this is executed in such a manner that we rise from the perusal with a wonderfully clear view of so extensive a field; while the career of many of the personages is so artistically delineated as to give the narrative all the interest of a romance. We cannot, however, include the verse in this warm commendation, for the volumes, to use a favorite phrase of our ancestors, are "interspersed with poetry"—consisting of translated specimens of the German works referred to. If those translations are faithful, the specimens must be ill chosen, since they do not bear out our author's criticism; but the most courteous, and probably the most correct, supposition is, that, as usually happens, the subtle spirit of poetry has escaped in the process of transference from one language to another.

In the first volume, the history is brought down to the period when in Germany—devastated by the Peasant War, then by the atrocities of Anabaptism, and the more dreadful atrocities in which it was extinguished, then by the Thirty Years' War, which cut off two-thirds of the population of the country—the lamp of poetry, and indeed of literature generally, after one or two fitful flickers, was wholly extinguished. It was later and more slowly re-illuminated at the Revival than in any other country in Europe; but gradually, at length, the spirit of German poetry arose from its ashes, though streaming no longer in the national gushes of a homogeneous character which had before distinguished it. Acted upon by new influences, it was divided into numerous schools, all insignificant when viewed from the column of history, but each appearing great in the eyes of its contemporaries. In the eighteenth century, the prosaic hymns of Gellert, and the lackadaisical idyls of Gessner, procured for their authors unbounded reputation; but, at the same epoch, Klopstock came forth, and achieved a fame that even now, though dimmed, is not altogether extinguished. Then, as time flowed on, Lessing, Herder, Bürger, Wieland, Schiller, and Goëthe rose above the brightening horizon. It is not with the genius of individual poets, however, we have anything to do for the present; we wish to inquire into their status in the aggregate as a portion of the literary body; and while obtaining some idea of this, an instructive comparison will unconsciously suggest itself between them and their brethren of our own country.

In America, there is no such thing as a republic of letters; there, each literary man stands alone, and he does not obtain even the personal acquaintance of his fellows in virtue of his calling. It is different in Germany, where literature is a species of freemasonry, in which the members of the craft look upon themselves as brethren, and where these members are recognised by the rest of the people as belonging to a distinct profession. When the young and poor Klopstock, for instance, the victim of love and poetry, was indulging his dreams and

¹ *Poets and Poetry of Germany. Biographical and Critical Notices.* By Madame L. Davesies de Pontes. 2 vols.

his sorrows by the Lake of Zurich, he suddenly received a letter from the king of Denmark, inviting him to his court, and offering him a trifling annuity in the meantime, and the reversion of some post worth of his acceptance. When Lessing published his drama, the *Laocon*, he was at once invited, as much to his surprise as delight, to remove from Berlin, and undertake the superintendence of a new national theatre just opened at Hamburg; and when his salary ceased here, and he was reduced to desperation, being in want of the very necessities of life, the Duke of Brunswick, who knew him only by his works, tendered him the post of librarian at Wolfenbüttel. When the Elector of Mainz wanted a director for the university of Erfurt, he applied at once to Wieland, as a man whose fitness for the post, was proved by his published books. The poet did not find the situation an agreeable one; but he was soon invited by the duchess of Weimar to become tutor to the young duke; and various unsolicited compliments were paid to his genius by other princes and nobles. Nor were other classes of the community less discriminating. German authors have usually had a resource in tuition; for the people considered that they who showed themselves capable of turning to good advantage their own education, must be well fitted to educate others.

Let us not imagine, however, that literature in Germany was, or is now, a flourishing profession in the pecuniary sense of the term. The nobles, although indeed shorn of their beams, were still the dominant party, and they alone were eligible for either civil or military posts of any consequence. They were no longer, it is true, the rivals or masters of the sovereign, who now kept them in their places by means of a standing army; but the very hopelessness of their subjection to the crown rendered them the more tenacious of their tyrannical hold upon the people. They still kept up their heritable jurisdictions, by means of which they fined, scourged, and put to death the peasant tenants; and many of those ancestral privileges remained intact until the revolution of 1848. The emoluments, therefore, even of those literary men who basked in the sunshine of royalty, were not great. Wieland, for instance, when invited to be tutor to the young duke of Weimar, was offered \$450 a year for his three years of service, and after that, a pension of \$115 for life. But let us not smile at this princely generosity in a country and at a time when beef was three cents a pound, veal less than even this, and house-rent, fuel, &c., in proportion. A thorough maid-servant thought herself well off with less than \$15 a year; a first-rate cook had \$20.75; and a maid-of-all-work not quite \$10. This was at Frankfort, Berlin, or Vienna; in the country, the remuneration of domestic labor was not so extravagant. When Voss contributed to the *Musen-Almanach*, his precarious income was about \$300 a year—a sum which Schiller declared he could live on charmingly with his wife and family—but when he was appointed director of that publication, with a fixed salary of \$350 a year, he at once married his Ernestine, with her anxious mother's approbation, which she had hitherto withheld.

Poverty, however, was, and is, no crime and no shame in Germany. It was never there inconsistent with the highest refinement and the most genial sociality. Look at this picture of the *ménage* of the au-

thor we have last mentioned: "In May, 1778, Voss became the husband of her he so fondly loved, and bore her back to his humble home at Wandsbeck. As, however, the single chamber with which he had been contented during his bachelor-life was now insufficient, he hired a little garden-pavilion, and here they established themselves as well as the narrow space allowed. A clear and sparkling rill flowed at the foot of their abode; and the trees and flowers that surrounded it gave it an air of cheerfulness and gaiety which, in the eyes of the young lovers, atoned for the absence of everything but the most simple necessities. The evening after their arrival, they visited Claudius, and many a happy evening did they spend in his garden, where a chosen few were wont to meet three or four times a week. Every description of luxury was banished as unsuited to the means of the entertainers; neither tea nor coffee was allowed; beer, home-brewed, with bread and cheese, and sometimes a little cold ham, or bacon, were the only refreshments permitted; but the mirth and good-humor of the party required no stimulants; they were as happy as youth, health, friendship, and congenial society could make them. One evening it was discovered that the provision of home-brewed beer was exhausted, and even that of cheese was making low. Some potatoes, however, and a little rice-soup remained from dinner, and with these, Ernestine tells us, they were as happy as princes. 'When Claudius came to spend the evening with us, he always bound his little daughter to his back; she was then laid in our bed till his return home.' Campe and Lessing were frequently of the party, and joined in all their innocent gaiety.

"We have lingered on this picture of rural enjoyment, because it proves how possible it is to unite the highest literary culture with the simplest mode of existence, the most perfect refinement of mind and manners with the total absence of wealth or splendor."

This is delicious; but to complete the idea it conveys, we must give a glimpse of a very different interior, that of Wieland, in which refined comfort is heightened by the same genial warmth: "The house of my friend is at once elegant and rural. It has a fine kitchen-garden extending to a beautiful wood, which, in its turn, stretches to the banks of the river. I dine every day with the patriarch and his four charming daughters in the library, which commands a view of an extensive and verdant meadow. I inquired who was that robust and handsome youth, mowing the grass around a thicket of roses. It was his son. I for my part assist the mother and daughters in their household duties. Country-life reigns here in all its charming simplicity. Goethe came to dine with us the other day; nothing could be more simple than his manners. It was delightful to see these two poets seated side by side, without jealousy, pretension, or affectation, calling each other by their Christian names, as they did in their youth, resembling much less two *beaux esprits* than two good merchants of Gröningen, united by the ties of affection and relationship. The daughters of the great Herder shortly after joined us. Beauty, goodness, wit, genius, and sincere affection—all united in this little room."

The minnesingers passed away with the thirteenth century, and the meistersingers were practically extinct at the close of the seventeenth; but the poets of Germany seem gregarious by nature; and in the lat-

ter part of the eighteenth century another national association arose of a similar kind, called the Hainbund. The *Musen-Almanach*, already mentioned, was established by them as their poetical organ; and the association in the course of time included the names of many distinguished authors, such as the Stolbergs, Schlegels, and Bürger. The earlier members met every Saturday "at each other's houses, and there read and criticised their own productions and those of men of more established fame. At times they would assemble in some romantic spot 'under the shade of lofty oaks, in the glimmering moonlight, by the side of murmuring streams or in grassy meads,' and there give full vent to that passionate and somewhat exaggerated love of romance and nature which form the principal characteristics of their poetry." On one occasion they went out to a neighboring village. "The weather was most lovely," says Voss; "the moon full; we gave ourselves up completely to the enjoyments of nature, drank some milk in a peasant's cottage, and then hastened to the open meadows. Here we found a little oak-wood, and at the same moment it occurred to us all to swear the holy oath of friendship under the shadow of these sacred trees. We crowned our hats with ivy, laid them beneath the spreading branches of the oaks, and clasping each other's hands, danced round the massive trunk. We called on the moon and stars to witness our union, and swore eternal friendship. We pledged ourselves to repeat this ceremony in a still more solemn manner on the first occasion. I was chosen by lot as the head of the Bund."

Among the compensations of that tribe whose badge is poverty, we find love the most remarkable. Elsewhere, love is usually an episode; here, it is an important part of the history, its golden threads interwoven throughout the whole web. We have seen literary men introduced by their works alone to such offices as they were supposed to be capable of filling with advantage; but the same works gave them entrance—sometimes personally unseen and unknown—into the hearts of women. Klopstock affords an example of this. A friend one day read to him from a letter some criticisms on the *Messiah*, which struck the gratified poet by their depth of thought and poetic feeling. He learned that the critic was a maiden; and although at the moment smarting under a love disappointment, called on her with a letter of introduction. "Margaretha Moller was one of the most enthusiastic of Klopstock's admirers. Ardent and imaginative, endowed with talents of no common order, with a heart as warm as her intellect was cultivated, the author of the *Messiah* was in her eyes the ideal of all that was great and good in human nature. To see him, to know him, seemed to her a privilege that would gratify her utmost wishes, but which she could scarcely ever hope to enjoy. Her delight and astonishment may be conceived when she actually heard his name announced. Meta was at that moment engaged in some domestic occupation—no other, we believe, than that of sorting out the household linen—and the room was consequently in no little disorder. Her sister proposed declining the visit for that morning; but the fair enthusiast would not hear of such a suggestion. The linen was quickly concealed, and Klopstock introduced." In this first interview, at which he found the young lady "at once so gifted, so amiable, and so

charming, that he could hardly avoid giving her the name dearest to him in the world," a correspondence was agreed upon. He found that she wrote as naturally as she spoke, and that, besides French, she was well acquainted with English, Italian, Latin, and"—adds Klopstock—"perhaps Greek, for aught I know."

Meta never thought of concealing her love—a love which marriage had only the effect of increasing. "'Since Klopstock and I have met,' writes she to her correspondent Gleim, 'I firmly believe that all those who are formed for each other are sure to meet sooner or later. How could I ever dream, when I knew Klopstock only by his *Messiah* and his odes, and so fondly wished for a heart like his, that very heart would one day be mine? . . . Even in my thirteenth year, I thought seriously how I should arrange my life, whether I married or remained single. In the first case, I settled how I should manage my household, educate my children, and above all, conduct myself toward my husband. I formed the *beau idéal* of the consort I should desire, and Providence has given me precisely him whom I had pictured to myself as the type, the model of human perfection.' . . . 'I must tell you a new happiness,' she writes to another, which increases the number of my calm enjoyments. Klopstock, who had hitherto written out his compositions himself, begins to dictate them to me. This is indeed a delight. Klopstock's first manuscript is always written by my hand, and thus I am the first to read his beautiful verses! Rejoice in the advent of the second volume of the *Messiah*. Abbadona appears more frequently in the ninth song. Do I love Klopstock particularly as the author of the *Messiah*? Ah, for how many causes do I particularly love him! But on this account more than on any other. And what a love is this! How pure, how tender, how full of veneration! I am most anxious he should finish the *Messiah*, not so much on account of the honor which will redound to him in consequence, as of the benefit it will confer on mankind. He never works at it without my praying that God may bless his labors. My Klopstock always writes with tears in his eyes!'"

The irritable and melancholy Lessing obtained a wife whose admirable qualities acted like heavenly balm upon the spirit of every one who came near her. "The spell which Madame Lessing threw over those around her could not fail to exercise a potent influence on a mind like that of her husband's, so keenly alive to all that was good and noble. His irritability decreased; his whole nature seemed to be tranquilized and softened, and the very spirit of love and concord reigned over the little household." Wieland's first love was unfortunate, although he was beloved in return. His second was so also; and we mention it because the description of the lady shows, what one is inclined to suspect throughout, that the attachment of the German literary heart is determined by qualities different from physical beauty. "A greater comfort to Sophia could scarcely be conceived. Julia was plain even to ugliness; somewhat pedantic withal, fond of talking with a loud voice and dictatorial manner, not unlike the picture drawn of the gifted and unfortunate Margaret Fuller. Like her, too, she contrived to make all these imperfections forgotten by her intellectual charms, and exercised on every one who came within her sphere an influence absolutely magical. 'There is nothing in the

world I would not do—nothing that ought to be done, I mean,' Wieland writes to Zimmermann, 'to win the hand of Julia; but I fear this is impossible.' So it proved. Julia was resolved to live and die in single blessedness, and, strange to say, fulfilled her resolution." Notwithstanding later attachments, however, his early love was never forgotten. At the ripe age of fifty-five, he once more met Sophia. "Wieland had inquired after her with some impatience, and seemed most anxious to see her. All at once he perceived her. I saw him tremble; he stepped aside, threw his hat down with a movement at once hasty and tremulous, and hastened towards her. Sophia approached him with extended arms; but instead of accepting her embrace, he seized her hand, and stooped down to conceal his features. Sophia, with a heavenly look, bent over him, and said, in a tone that neither clarion nor hautboy could imitate: 'Wieland, Wieland! Yes, it is you—you are ever my dear good Wieland!' Roused by this touching voice, Wieland lifted up his head, looked in the weeping eyes of the friend of his youth, and let his face sink into her arms."

But the loves of the poets is too extensive a theme for our space, and we shall conclude by citing the case of Bürger after the death of his second wife, to whom he was even madly attached. "Bürger's poems were peculiar favorites among the fair sex, and one of their warmest admirers was a Suabian maiden, called Elisa H—. Young, ardent, and romantic to excess, she had hung with rapture over Bürger's poems; she had listened with pitying sympathy to the recital of his love and his sorrows, and her imagination had pictured him under the most attractive form. Wayward and passionate, thoughtless and unreflective, now gladsome as a child, now plunged into the depths of sadness—'everything by turns, and nothing long'—Elisa was the most charming and the most provoking of her sex. Though far from wealthy, her position was at least independent, and her wit and beauty attracted numerous admirers. As none of her adorers had yet found favor in her eyes, probably because they fell short of the standard of excellence her imagination had formed, she was still unmarried and fancy-free, when the tidings of Molly's—the wife's—death reached her, and awakened feelings which at first she herself scarcely dared to analyse. Bürger, he whose poems had been so long the delight of her heart, now thrilling her with terror, now moving her to tears, was free! That being whom he had so passionately loved was torn from him by the cruel hand of death; and as Elisa pictured his wild despair, his hopeless anguish, his utter loneliness, her enthusiastic soul warmed with tenderness and pity. To see him, to know him, to console him, was at first the sole aim and end of wishes. Might she not by her love and care reconcile him to that world which was now become a desert to him, and replace his lost Molly in his heart? She did not pause to consider the disparity in their ages, or whether a union would insure her happiness. She trusted to her charms, to her influence, to efface all remembrance of his beloved Molly, and to mould him to her wishes."

Among the names mentioned by our author are not those of Goethe or Schiller, or of any who have flourished in our own time; but we doubt not our readers will derive much interest from the histories of those here recorded.

THE CARBONARI.

THIS word, so significant of mystery, crime, and power, is the distinctive title of a great society or order, of whom, notwithstanding their own desire to prove a descent from the Templars, we find no mention in history until the close of the fourteenth century; when we read "that the necessity of mutual assistance induced the charcoal-burners who inhabited the vast forests of Germany to unite themselves against robbers and enemies." Isolated from the rest of mankind by the peculiar nature of their toil, which removed them, as it were, from the great confederacy of social life, these colliers or burners, though born with the same feelings as other men, were yet cut off from all the ordinary privileges of humanity. The faculties with which God had endowed them were left unfolded and untaught, and darkness covered their hearts and understandings, until it became a humiliation to contemplate the depth to which human nature may fall when man is bowed down to the earth in the power of his prime by fruitless labor; and his only possessions are the memories with which his heart is stored, of long and hard endurance, of wretchedness and toil, oppression and wrong. In the same forests with the charcoal-burners dwelt hordes of robbers, many of whose acts of fearful cruelty we find on record; but they and the colliers had nothing in common save their local habitation. The grave alone could have kept them more apart than did their mutual jealousies and dislikes. Notwithstanding this, however, an instance at last occurred, in which the robbers, in their insatiable desire for plunder, forgot the cautious policy they had heretofore observed towards the burners, and breaking into their enclosures, carried off some valueless booty. This infringement of a tacit agreement of mutual avoidance aroused the bitter anger of the charcoal-burners, and every feeling of their perverted and degraded nature was gathered into one strong and keen desire for revenge.

It was on this occasion they formed themselves into an association, and bound themselves by an oath, known afterwards as the "faith of the colliers," to seize every opportunity of attacking and destroying the robbers, until not one should find a shelter for his head in all the forests of Germany. In a short time their repeated victories made them aware of their power; they felt that their fierce strength as a body was irresistible, and with the conviction came also the instinctive desire, not only to exterminate the plunderers, but to emancipate themselves from the dishonoring slavery of their condition. They had long pined under the hardships of severe forest-laws, the partial repeal of which they had often vainly petitioned for; now, they demanded their total abolition, declaring death the penalty in the event of a refusal. Their demand was granted. Naturally regarding this first triumph over a reigning prince as the first-fruit of what was to come if they remained united, they determined on framing a code of laws, to which all should swear implicit obedience. They next divided themselves into tribes, each tribe agreeing to meet at stated periods at a lodge; and they then assumed the title of the "Carbonari." Over the whole society one member presided; he was chosen by lot, and was bound to meet the heads of the tribes at stated periods in the

lodge, which was situated then in the gloomiest depths of a forest. At first, these lodges were but assemblages of ferocious men, whose lives had been passed in degradation and oppression, and from whose weary hearts excess of toil and poverty had dried up the well-spring of kindly feelings and affectionate desires, leaving behind only such fierce passions as incite the lower animals to supply the necessities of their physical wants and those of their offspring, and to rush upon and destroy whatever threatens them with danger.

In the course of time, however, the character of the Carbonari underwent a great change. The severe necessity for unremitting labor was removed by the abolition of the forest laws, and the men had a release from the chain which bound them to toil and sickness and a scanty morsel. The natural consequence was, that the more they felt removed from physical want, the more elevated became their moral character. The laws and constitution of the order were remodelled; and although they were then, and are still, deeply tinged with fanaticism, yet they are framed with such artful policy, that one can hardly wonder at the rapid progress the order made to wealth and power. In less than a century after we read of its first organization in the forests, we find that it has spread over Germany, France, and the Netherlands, and enrolled among its members persons of the highest rank. But in the present century, the greatest field of the society has been Middle and Lower Italy.

The form observed on the reception of a member was very absurd, though no doubt the young aspirant considered it deeply impressive. The candidate was styled a "pagan," and was led blindfold from the closet of "reflection" to the door of the "baracca," by the "preparator" or preparer, who affected to knock with mysterious irregularity. The *copritore*, or coverer, on hearing these sounds, turns from where he stands inside the door, and addressing his assistant *copritore*, says: "A pagan knocks for admission."

The assistant repeats the same to the chief door-keeper, who in his turn repeats it to the grand-master, and at every communication the grand-master strikes a blow with an axe.

Grand-master: "See who is the rash being who dares to trouble our sacred labors."

This question having passed through all the officials to the preparator, he answers through the opening of the door:

"It is a man whom I have found wandering in the forest."

"Ask his name, country, and profession," commands the grand-master through his officials.

The replies being instantly returned, the secretary writes them down.

"Ask him his habitation and religion."

The secretary notes each reply.

"Ask him," again commands the grand-master, "what is it that he seeks amongst us."

The preparator replies: "Light, and to become a member of our society."

"Let him enter," are the words which next pass slowly and solemnly from lip to lip.

The pagan is then led into the middle of the assembly; he is again

questioned, and his replies are compared with what the secretary had previously written down. The grand-master then puts the following questions directly :

"Mortal, the first virtues we require are frankness and courage. Do you feel that you are capable of practising both of these, to the utmost?"

The pagan replies ; and the grand-master, if satisfied, continues by questioning him on morality and benevolence. He then inquires whether there is anything of which he would wish to dispose, or if there is any domestic concern he would desire to arrange, as he is at that moment in danger of immediate death. If pleased with the answers and demeanor of the aspirant, the grand-master continues : "It is well. We will expose you to trials in which you will discover a meaning. Let him make the first journey."

The candidate, who is still blindfold, is then led out of the baracca, and caused to journey through the forest.

At first, the silence is unbroken ; he seems to be in a vast desert, alone. The grass beneath his feet is tangled and damp, and the air he breathes is heavy and noisome. He brushes, in his devious course, against the arm of a tree, and the next instant the wild cry of a bird, as she rises from among the branches overhead, fills the air. His feet are becoming entangled in underwood, and the crackling noise, as he breaks weakly through, sounds strange. At length, a light breeze comes whispering among the leaves of the forest, making low mysterious music. The candidate's mind is becoming oppressed with wild and strange thoughts—in silence, in solitude, in darkness rendered thick by the bandage, he is groping his way alone. He no longer hears the rustling of the leaves, for there is a sound of rushing waters in his ears—the struggle is becoming fearful between his imagination and his judgment ; for a moment the regular healthy pulsations of his heart cease, and then comes the thick heavy throb of intense suspense and anxiety. At this moment, the preparator—whose tread, though close, he had not heard—lays hold on him, and leads him back to the door of the baracca, where the same form as at first is again repeated before he is admitted to the presence of the grand-master. He is then questioned as to what he had encountered in his first journey, and having related all, the grand-master replies :

"Your first journey is the symbol of human life. The obstacles you have encountered, and the noises you have heard, indicate to you that in this vale of tears you will meet many difficulties and distractions in the path of virtue, and that you must struggle through and disregard all, if you would arrive at last at the goal of happiness. Let him make the second journey."

The candidate is then led away, and having been made to pass through a fiery ordeal, is shown what appears to him a human head newly severed from the body. The bandage, which had been for an instant removed from his eyes, is replaced, and he is once more conducted to the baracca. Being admitted as on the former occasions, the grand-master tells him that the fire through which he had been made to pass was symbolical of the flame of charity, which should ever be alive in his heart towards every worthy individual ; that the head was that of a perjurer who had just been punished. He then

commands the preparator to lead the pagan to the foot of the throne, and when this is done, he asks in a slow, impressive manner :

"Are you willing to take an irrevocable oath, which neither offends religion, nor the state, nor the rights of individuals? Forget not, before you swear, that the penalty of its least violation is death."

The pagan, having signified his willingness, is made to kneel on a white cloth, and to promise and swear on the statutes of the order, scrupulously to keep the secret of the carbonari, and neither to write, engrave, nor paint anything concerning it without having obtained a written permission. He also binds himself to help each member of the order under all circumstances, by every means in his power—never to attempt anything against the honor of their families; and, finally, he declares that he willingly consents, should he ever be guilty of perjury, to have his body cut in pieces, then burned, his ashes scattered to the winds, and his name held up to the execration of the carbonari throughout the earth. After this, he is led into the centre of the apartment, the members present form a circle round him, and the grand-master demands :

"What do you desire, pagan?"

"Light."

"It will be granted to you by the blows of my axe."

The grand-master strikes with the axe, and the action is repeated by each of the carbonari. The bandage is then suddenly removed from the eyes of the candidate, who sees a circle of gleaming axes raised above his head, and hears thundered in his ears by the grand-master :

"These axes will surely put you to death, should you ever, even in the least degree, violate the obligations of your oath. Do not hope to conceal yourself—in the dens and caves of the earth you will meet the carbonari. Do not expect to avoid your doom by flight—at the utmost bounds of this globe a member will confront you. If you sin—die; you will then have found the only refuge from which the arm of the carbonari cannot snatch you. On the other hand, if you are faithful to the end, these axes will be raised in your defence, should you ever need them; and you may pass through life with the conviction, that in every peril, need, or difficulty, you shall ever find yourself in, you have but to look to the right hand or to the left, to meet friendly and efficient help. And now, in the name and under the authority of our founder, and in virtue of the power which has been conferred on me in this honorable vendita, I make, name, and create you an apprentice."

The grand-master then instructs him in the secret words and touch, and being congratulated by all the assistants and apprentices present, the vendita is dissolved.

What the objects of this order were, when it was first instituted, we have already shown; what they afterwards became, we learn from the following oration, delivered in a vendita at Naples during the usurpation of Murat :

"Know, finally, that the object of respectable carbonarism is to restore to the citizen that liberty and those rights which nature bestowed on us, and which tyranny itself did not deny us. To attain to this object, it is necessary to try the virtue, and to consolidate the union

of courageous and exemplary citizens; this is no trifling labor, since the cunning of political tyranny has interposed a thick veil between men's eyes and the sublime light of truth. Wretched mortals study those false maxims which, leading to prejudice and superstition, envelop them in darkness, and induce them to lead a life of slavery and submission to ill-treatment, blind to the origin of their misfortunes. O men! do you not hear the clank of the chains with which you are bound? They are fastened upon you by the tyrant.

"By the law of nature, he who seeks to destroy, should be himself destroyed. And are not kings, who, forgetting that they are men, proudly regard themselves as superior beings, and usurp the right of disposing of the blood of their fellow-men, and of looking upon them as slaves, are they not the lords of the wives and children and possessions of these slaves? And yet honor, and homage, and respect, are still paid to these infernal monsters! O blindness of man!

"But as the maxims of the Carbonari are founded on the simple principles of nature and reason, and on the doctrines of the gospel, it belongs to them to overturn the throne, raised by fanaticism and ambition, and to expel from it the monster who pollutes the whole creation. The blood of so many innocents, torn by main force from the bosoms of their families, and sent to perish in capricious wars; the blood of so many illustrious citizens slaughtered for speaking the language of truth—this blood, I say, calls on us for vengeance; and the number of our friends now groaning in fetters claim our assistance. Yes, the Carbonari, knowing what truth and justice are, and possessing humane and candid hearts, will one day vindicate the rights of man. Having found your conduct to be regular and zealous towards the order, we have admitted you into the chamber of honor; that is to say, among the sworn members of the republic. You are come here to tender your lives for *any* service, when the Carbonari shall invite you to save your country from oppression."

The *alta vendita* in which this oration was delivered was composed of honorary members and of deputies from each particular *vendita*. It was declared to be an administrative and legislative body, and a court of council and of appeal; and it was accordingly divided into different sections. It was the business of this *vendita* to grant charters of organization to new lodges, or to confirm such as were submitted for its approbation. A regular system of correspondence was, in 1814, established between it and all the provinces of the kingdom; and it is said that the number of carbonari increased during that year with such astonishing rapidity that they were counted by tens of thousands. The whole population of many towns enrolled themselves, and entire regiments most willingly joined. Magistrates were compelled to enter, in order to obtain anything like obedience to their decrees; and all who were unprotected, were glad to become members, in hopes of support in the vicissitudes with which they were threatened. Those who were of a more enterprising turn rejoiced at finding themselves exalted into judges on the great questions of the nation; and imagined themselves the defenders of the injured and oppressed.

Murat was in some degree aware of the state of public feeling; but neither fearing personal danger, nor doubting the stability of his

throne, he merely thought it necessary to endeavor to intimidate the Carbonari by employing against them an active system of police. As it is a historical fact, however, that Maghelli, a native of Genoa, was at the same time director-general of police under the usurper, and organizer of the Papal States under the Carbonari, it will be readily believed that he did not divide his services, and that Murat was not the master to whose work he put his strength.

In 1815, the French dynasty in Naples was at an end; the Austrian army was advancing; Ferdinand was about to re-ascend the throne; it was the Carbonari who brought back the king.

THE CONTENTED MAN.

Was frag Ich viel nach geld und gut ?

WHY need I strive or sigh for wealth ?

It is enough for me

That Heaven hath sent me strength and health,

A spirit glad and free ;

Grateful these blessings to receive,

I sing my hymn at morn and eve.

On some, what floods of riches flow ?

House, herds, and gold have they ;

Yet life's best joys they never know,

But fret their hours away.

The more they have, they seek increase ;

Complaints and cravings never cease.

A vale of tears this world they call.

To me it seems so fair ;

It countless pleasures hath for all,

And none denied a share.

The little birds, on new-fledged wing,

And insects revel in the spring.

For love of us, hills, woods, and plains,

In beauteous hues are clad ;

And birds sing far and near sweet strains,

Caught up by echoes glad.

"Rise," sings the lark, "your tasks to ply ;"

The nightingale sings "lullaby."

And when the golden sun goes forth,

And all like gold appears,

When bloom o'erspreads the glowing earth,

And fields have ripening ears,

I think these glories that I see

My kind Creator made for me.

Then loud I thank the Lord above,

And say, in joyful mood,

His love, indeed, is Father's love,

He wills to all men good.

Then let me ever grateful live,

Enjoying all He deigns to give.

THE POTATO.

THE vegetable originally used as the Potato was the production of the *convolvus batata*, or *batata edulis*, which grows wild in the Malayan peninsula, and has a creeping perennial root, angular leaves, and pale purple flowers about an inch long. At every joint it puts forth tubers (the edible part.) These plants were introduced from South America by Captain Hawkins Gerarde, who cultivated them in his garden, in London, in 1597, and called them potatoes (from *batata*.) They are impatient of cold; but are still cultivated in the south of France and Spain. They have the disadvantage of being difficult to preserve, as they are apt to grow mouldy. These are the potatoes of Shakspeare and his contemporaries. They were supposed to be restoratives for persons of decayed constitutions, and of advanced age; wherefore, Falstaff says, "Let the sky rain potatoes."—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, act 5. scene 5.

The present potato, which has derived its name from the old *batata*, was brought to Ireland from Virginia, by Sir Walter Raleigh, about 1589, and planted in his lands near Youghal. At a meeting of the Royal Society, 1693, Sir Robert Southwell, the president, stated that his grandfather was the first person in Ireland to whom Sir Walter Raleigh gave tubers of the potato. They were called Virginia potatoes, to distinguish them from the *batatas* called Spanish potatoes. So late as 1629, potatoes in England were roasted, peeled, sliced, and put into sack with sugar, and were also candied by confectioners. They were introduced into France, 1742, but were long held in contempt, as only fit for the use of very poor people.

The potato, though a most useful, is a very unromantic vegetable. Yet there is a reminiscence of interest attached to it. In the imperial gardens of Schönbrunn, near Vienna, where poor young Napoleon, the sometime king of Rome, spent the greater part of his short and semi-captive life, there was a plot of ground appropriated for his own amusement, which he tilled with his own hands. Instead of the fruits and flowers in which a boy might be expected to delight, he cultivated only potatoes, whose white or purple wheel-shaped flowers he endeavored to train into tufts, or bouquets, of some grace. When his crop was ripe, he always presented it to his grandfather, the Emperor of Austria, for his own table.

As the potato is now considered peculiarly the vegetable of Ireland, we shall accompany it with our translation of an Irish song, addressed by a peasant to a fair cousin with whom he was in love. The name of the writer is unknown to us, but the song was very popular in Munster, in the days now gone by, when the country people sang like the birds. The girl sang as she milked her cow, or sat at her spinning-wheel; the peasant sang at the plow, or following his cart along the road; the herdsman sang as he sat on a stone watching his four-footed charge; and the mother sang to her child. But since the blight of sadness that has fallen on the spirits of the people, and that is maintained by the daily parting from their fast-emigrating friends, we have remarked that, go where you will, you never hear the sound of Irish song:

THE MAID OF THE VALLEY.

A bhean ud shios, a lar an tochair glais.

MAID of the low green valley, throughout all Erin's isle
There is no girl whose beauty can thus my heart beguile.
If death were here before me. I could not hindered be
But that my hand would offer a wedding ring to thee.

Maid of the low green valley, my tongue must freely tell
The story of the true love that in my heart doth dwell.
We too are kin already ; O, wouldst thou but agree
To draw the tie still closer, 'twere happier lot for me !

My Mary ! would it grieve thee to see thy lover pine ?
Look on me ! clear as crystal are those blue eyes of thine ;
Thy neck is fair as plumage that on the swan we see ;
Thy breath like fruit's sweet odor, thy form like young ash tree.

O, were we in the wild wood, where thrushes sing their song,
Where to the grass are drooping the branches green and long,
My love would I discover, so warm, so tenderly,
That thou, my truth perceiving, wouldst give thy hand to me.

THE CABBAGE.

THE Cabbage, though now exiled in great measure to the tables of rustics, was highly regarded by the ancients. Pliny has extolled its wholesome qualities ; Chrysippus, a Greek physician of Gnidos, in Caria, wrote a large book in its praise ; Nicander, another Greek physician, called it divine. In Rome it was considered a specific against the plague ; and Cato the censor—not he who died at Utica—during a pestilence fed his household upon it as a preservative from infection. The Greeks, Romans, and Egyptians, began their repasts with cabbage, believing it to prevent intoxication. In the banquets of the Athenians, upon the birth of a child, *crambe*, or colewort, formed an important part of the good cheer, and was even given to the mother as a restorative. It appears, from some fragments of the Greek comedians, that it was usual among the Ionians to swear by the colewort. Ancient mythologists ascribe a strange origin to the cabbage. Jupiter, say they, was one day so perplexed in attempting to reconcile two contradictory oracles of destiny, that a profuse perspiration burst out upon his brow, and from the drops, as they fell, the cabbage sprang up.

Formerly, cabbages were esteemed by English herbalists as efficacious in the early stage of consumption. A cabbage is sculptured at the feet of the effigy of Sir Anthony Ashley, on his tomb at Winborne, St. Giles, Dorsetshire, in memory of his having revived in England the culture of that vegetable, which, before his time, was annually imported from Holland, though it had been formerly well known to our Saxon ancestors, who called the month of February sprout-kail, or the sprouting of the cabbage. The different varieties of cabbage all have their origin from the *crambe maritima*, or sea-side cabbage (sea-kail) which is still found wild in some parts of England, and especially in the neighborhood of Dover. Broccoli was brought from Italy to

France at the end of the sixteenth century, and thence to England. Cauliflower—that most delicate species of cabbage—which Dr Johnson pronounced to be the finest of all the flowers in the garden, was brought from Cyprus to Italy, and thence to France and England, at the close of the seventeenth century.

There has been from time immemorial, in Scotland, some rural superstition ascribing fatidical properties to the cabbage, even as Nicanor called it, *μῆτις*, the divine, or the sooth-saying, for the Greek word signifies both. In the bewitching hours of night, on All-hallows'-E'en, the rustics try their matrimonial fortunes by pulling up cabbages by the roots, haphazard and darkling, in the kail-yard. The taste of the pith, sour or sweet, betokens the temper of the future spouse; the shape of the stalk, straight or crooked, the figure; and the absence or presence of clay adhering to the root, a fortune, or no fortune in the match.

The term "cabbage," by which tailors designate the cribbed pieces of cloth, is said to be derived from an old word, *cablesh*, i. e., wind-fallen wood; and their *hell*, wherein they store the cabbage, from *he-lan*, to hide.

When Diocletian, the Roman emperor, had grown weary of persecuting the Christians, and satiated with the pomps of the purple, he abdicated, and retired to rural life at Salona, in Dalmatia, where his favorite amusement was rearing vegetables. Being importuned by his former colleague in the empire, Maximianus, to seek the restoration of his imperial rank, he refused, saying, in his letter, "If I could but show you the fine cabbages I have reared myself, at Salona, you would no longer talk to me of empire."

The house of Raconis, in Savoy, adopted as their cognizance a cabbage, which was called, in old French, *cabus*; and added as a punning motto, "*Tout n'est*," which, joined to the cognizance, can be read, "*Tout n'est cabus*"—Everything is not cabbage—or "*Tout n'est qu'abus*,"—Everything is but abuse—but the pun cannot be preserved in a translation.

Inelegant as is the cabbage in our eyes, it holds proudly up its erect branch of yellow cruciform flowers when it is running to seed, and thus is more handsome in its old age than in its youth: an advantage it possesses over the human family.

MIGNIONETTE IN TREE FORM.—This favorite plant, in its native country, Barbary, is a shrub, and not an annual, as with us; and if carefully preserved through the winter, its stem will become, in two or three years, quite woody. In this state it is called the "tree-mignonette." When it is wished to obtain such a tree, select the most healthy plant, and place it in a pot by itself, and pinch off the blossom buds as fast as they appear. In autumn all the side shoots should be taken off, so as to shape a miniature tree, and the plant shifted into a larger pot. The third spring it will have become a small but vigorous tree, and will blossom finely. Placed in a box on the outside of the window, as in many houses in our own land, we know of no more fragrant and beautiful ornament to the mansion.

THE DYING HUSBAND.

Thou art getting wan and pale, dearest ;
Thy blush has flown away,
And thy fragile form more fragile grows
Every day —
Every gloomy day that brings
That mournful moment near
When we must part to meet no more
On this dull sphere.

I feel the hour is drawing nigh
When I must quit this life,
And leave, I trust, for happier one
Its scene of strife.
O, could I steal the sting with me
'T will bring to thy fond heart,
Without one pang, or tear, or sigh,
I could depart !

But O ! it rends my bosom deep
To watch thy stifled pain —
To see thy efforts to bear up,
And smile again.
While, as thou raisest up my head,
And hang'st my pillow o'er,
Thy tearful eye too plainly tells
An aching core.

Ah ! little, little did I dream
The grief in store for thee,
When I invited thee to share
My destiny.
My heart, but young and hopeful then,
Before me only viewed
Bright hours of sunshine to divide,
With roses strewed.

How sadly false those hopes have proved
Thy aching breast must feel —
Torn by affection that might break
A heart of steel.
Had I but known this mournful fate
Ere wedded life began,
No breaking heart should watch to-night
A dying man.

O ! what a life of misery,
Partner of my distress,
Thy lot has been since linked with mine ;
Worst wretchedness.
To watch me laboring for bread,
My brain and hand outworn,
Till, prostrated by fell disease,
I sank forlorn.

Yet never in my fretful mood
Did angry word or look
Return my ill-deserved wrath
With one rebuke.
No; always patient, ever fond,
And bending to my will,
Thy gentle spirit murmured not
One word of ill.

The hour will soon arrive, my own,
When I can wrong no more,
And life for me, with all its cares,
Will soon be o'er.
I need not ask *thee* to forget
Each word or thought unkind;
Thy loving heart I know too well—
Thy gentle mind.

The little pledge that crowned our love,
That smiling little elf,
Dear to my heart because so like
Thy own sweet self;
Ay, bring her near me—let me look
My last in her dear face,
Where all her mother's gentle charms
I fondly trace.

She will be dearer to thee now
That I am torn away;
Poor infant, to be fatherless
Ere one short day.
But thou wilt watch and guide her steps
Into a heavenward road,
And lead her from this world of sin,
Nearer her God.

Nay, let not all thy bitter grief
Be stifled and suppressed;
Weep out thy poor, afflicted soul
On this fond breast.
'Tis not a hopeless parting, dear—
We'll meet in a world more bright,
And live for ever in those realms
Of endless light.

The happiest hours that blessed us here
Were misery and woe,
Compared to those beyond this scene
We yet shall know.
Then live for that bright world of bliss,
And feed thy drooping heart
On hopes of that blessed hour when we
Shall never part.

A S P A R A G U S .

THE delicate Asparagus, with its pretty Greek name, *ασπαράγος*—a young shoot not yet opened into leaf. Is there not much beauty in a bed of asparagus run to seed? The tall, slender, feathery, green sprays, with their shining, bead-like berries, have an air of great elegance, especially when begemmed by the morning dew. Asparagus was first cultivated in England about 1662. Some species of the wild asparagus are still found in Wales, in the isle of Porland, and near Bristol. Taverner mentions having found some enormous asparagus on the banks of the Euphrates; and Pliny mentions asparagus cultivated at Ravenna, three of which would weigh a pound.

Asparagus is an especial favorite with Frenchmen. Of the French philosopher, Fontenelle, an anecdote is related, which shows how completely his *gourmandise* could conquer all natural emotions of the mind.

One day a brother literati, with whom he had lived in habits of friendship for many years came to dine with him. The principal part of the meal was to consist of asparagus, of which both host and guest were extremely fond, but they differed in their tastes as to the mode of dressing it; the latter preferred it with butter, the former with oil. After some discussion, they came to a compromise; the cook was ordered to make two equal divisions, and to dress one share with oil, and the other with butter. This knotty point being settled, the friends entered into some literary conversation. In the height of their discourse, the guest fell from his chair, suddenly struck with apoplexy. Fontenelle hastily summoned all necessary assistance, but in vain; for, despite of every exertion to restore him, the invalid expired. What were the reflections of our French philosopher on this abrupt and melancholy termination of a long-standing friendship? Awe? Sorrow? Religious aspirations? No! but a happy recollection that now his own taste could be fully gratified, without the necessity of any deference to that of another. He left the corpse, and, running to the head of the stairs, called out to his cook, "Dress it all with oil—all with oil!" "*Tout a l'huile—tout a l'huile!*" It is not surprising that a man so exempt from the wear and tear of human emotions as Fontenelle, lived to be upwards of ninety-nine years of age. He was for forty years secretary to the Academy of Sciences, and died in 1756.

Wild asparagus was held in reverence by the Ioxides, a colony in Caria, in remembrance of their ancestress, Perigone. She was the daughter of Sinnis, a robber of gigantic stature, dwelling in the Peloponnesus, who was surnamed the Pine-bender, from the species of cruelty he practised on all whom he defeated. He used to bend down two pine trees till they met; then he tied a leg and an arm of the captive to each tree, and suddenly letting the pines fly back to their natural position, the unfortunate victim was torn asunder. This monster was conquered by Theseus, and put to death in his own manner. On his defeat, his young daughter, Perigone, fled away, and hid herself amid a brake of wild asparagus, praying the plants, in childish simplicity, to conceal her, and promising never to root them up, or burn them. She lay among them so well sheltered that she escaped

discovery by Theseus, till she was induced by the conciliatory tone in which he called upon her in his researches to come forward to him. He subsequently married her; and their grandson, Ioxus, founded in Caria a colony who kept in remembrance the pledge of Perigone to the plants that had given her refuge.

The wild asparagus being full of prickles, yet agreeable and wholesome to eat, its sprays were used by the Bæotians as wedding garlands, to signify to the bride, that as she had given her lover trouble in wooing her, so she ought to recompense him by the pleasantness of her manners in wedded life. We will accompany this reminiscence with the address of a dying poet to his beloved wife, which is translated from the Italian:

THE DYING POET TO HIS WIFE.

(Odi d'un uom che more, &c.)

Hear my last accents spoken,
Thus in my dying hour;
And keep, as mem'ry's token,
My gift, this withered flower.

How dear to me this blossom
Thy thought can scarce divine;
I stole it from thy bosom
The day that made thee mine.

Long on my heart I wore it,
Pledge of affection's vow;
Ah! to thy heart restore it,
The pledge of sorrow now!

With love by time unshaken,
Remember when from thee
This withered flower was taken,
And when restored by me.

WHICH IS THE WEAKER SEX?

FEMALES are called the weaker sex, but why? If they are not strong, who is? When men must wrap themselves in thick garments, and incase the whole in a stout overcoat to shut out the cold, women in thin silk dresses, with neck and shoulders bare, or nearly so, say they are perfectly comfortable! When men wear waterproof boots over woollen hose, and incase the whole in India-rubber to keep them from freezing, women wear thin silk hose and cloth shoes, and pretend not to feel the cold! When men cover their heads with furs, and then complain of the severity of the weather, women half cover their heads with straw bonnets, and ride twenty miles in an open sleigh, facing a cold north-wester, and pretend not to suffer at all! They can sit, too, by men who smell of rum and tobacco-smoke sufficient to poison the whole house, and not appear more annoyed than though they were a bundle of roses. Year after year they can bear abuses of all kinds from drunken husbands, as though their strength was made of iron. And then is not woman's mental strength greater than man's? Can she not endure suffering that would bow the stoutest man to the earth? Call not woman the weaker vessel; for had she not been stronger than man, the race would have long since been extinct. Hers is a state of endurance that man could never bear.

HE that joins the masonic institution with any other view than that of being the better enabled to aid his fellow creatures, is like a traveller that falls by the wayside: he never sees the end of his journey.

History of the Crusades.¹

In France a very different feeling was the result. The news of the king's capture spread consternation through the country. A fanatic monk of Cîteaux suddenly appeared in the villages, preaching to the people, and announcing that the Holy Virgin, accompanied by a whole army of saints and martyrs, had appeared to him, and commanded him to stir up the shepherds and farm-laborers to the defence of the cross. To them only was his discourse addressed; and his eloquence was such, that thousands flocked around him, ready to follow wherever he should lead. The pastures and the corn-fields were deserted, and the shepherds, or *pastoureaux*, as they were termed, became at last so numerous as to amount to upwards of fifty thousand. Milot says one hundred thousand men. The Queen Blanche, who governed as regent during the absence of the king, encouraged at first the armies of the *pastoureaux*; but they soon gave way to such vile excesses that the peaceably disposed were driven to resistance. Robbery, murder, and vibration marked their path; and all good men, assisted by the government, united in putting them down. They were finally dispersed, but not before three thousand of them had been massacred. Many authors say that the slaughter was still greater.

The ten years' truce concluded in 1264, and St Louis was urged by two powerful motives to undertake a second expedition for the relief of Palestine. These were, fanaticism on the one hand, and a desire of retrieving his military fame on the other, which had suffered more than his parasites liked to remind him of. The pope, of course, encouraged his design, and once more the chivalry of Europe began to bestir themselves. In 1268, Edward, the heir of the English monarchy, announced his determination to join the Crusade; and the pope—Clement IV—wrote to the prelates and clergy to aid the cause by their persuasions and their revenues. In England, they agreed to contribute a tenth of their possessions; and by a parliamentary order, a twentieth was taken from the corn and movables of all the laity at Michaelmas.

In spite of the remonstrances of the few clear-headed statesmen who surrounded him, urging the ruin that might in consequence fall upon his then prosperous kingdom, Louis made every preparation for his departure. The warlike nobility were nothing loath; and in the spring of 1270, the king set sail with an army of sixty thousand men. He was driven by stress of weather into Sardinia, and while there, a change in his plans took place. Instead of proceeding to Acre, as he originally intended, he shaped his course for Tunis, on the African coast. The king of Tunis had some time previously expressed himself favorably disposed towards the Christians and their religion, and Louis, it appears, had hopes of converting him, and securing his aid against the sultan of Egypt. "What honor would be mine," he used to say, "if I could become godfather to this Mussulman king!" Filled with this idea, he landed in Africa, near the site of the city of Car-

¹ Concluded from page 227.

thage, but found that he had reckoned without his host. The king of Tunis had no thoughts of renouncing his religion, nor intention of aiding the Crusaders in any way. On the contrary, he opposed their landing with all the forces that could be collected on so sudden an emergency. The French, however, made good their first position, and defeated the Moslems with considerable loss. They also gained some advantage over the reinforcements that were sent to oppose them; but an infectious flux appeared in the army, and put a stop to all future victories. The soldiers died at the rate of a hundred in a day. The enemy, at the same time, made as great a havoc as the plague. St Louis himself was one of the first attacked by the disease. His constitution had been weakened by fatigues, and even before he left France he was unable to bear the full weight of his armor. It was soon evident to his sorrowing soldiers that their beloved monarch could not long survive. He lingered for some days, and died in Carthage in the fifty-sixth year of his age, deeply regretted by his army and his subjects, and leaving behind him one of the most singular reputations in history. He is the model king of ecclesiastical writers, in whose eyes his very defects became virtues, because they were manifested in furtherance of their cause. More unprejudiced historians, while they condemn his fanaticism, admit that he was endowed with many high and rare qualities; that he was in no one point behind his age, and in many in advance of it.

His brother, Charles of Anjou, in consequence of a revolution in Sicily, had become king of that country. Before he heard of the death of Louis, he had sailed from Messina with large reinforcements. On his landing near Carthage, he advanced at the head of his army, amid the martial music of drums and trumpets. He was soon informed how inopportune was his rejoicing, and shed tears before his whole army, such as no warrior would have been ashamed to shed. A peace was speedily agreed upon with the king of Tunis, and the armies of France and Sicily returned to their homes.

So little favor had the Crusade found in England, that even the exertions of the heir to the throne had only collected a small force of fifteen hundred men. With these few Prince Edward sailed from Dover to Bordeaux, in the expectation that he would find the French king in that city. St Louis, however, had left a few weeks previously; upon which Edward followed him to Sardinia, and afterwards to Tunis. Before his arrival in Africa, St Louis was no more, and peace had been concluded between France and Tunis. He determined, however, not to relinquish the Crusade. Returning to Sicily, he passed the winter in that country, and endeavored to augment his little army. In the spring he set sail for Palestine, and arrived in safety at Acre. The Christians were torn, as usual, by mutual jealousies and animosities. The two great military orders were as virulent and intractable as ever; opposed to each other, and to all the world. The arrival of Edward had the effect of causing them to lay aside their unworthy contention, and of uniting heart to heart in one last effort for the deliverance of their adopted country. A force of six thousand effective warriors was soon formed to join those of the English prince, and preparations were speedily made for the renewal of hostilities. The Sultan Bibars or Bendocdar, a fierce Mameluke, who had been

placed on the throne by a bloody revolution, was at war with all his neighbors, and unable, for that reason, to concentrate his whole strength against them. Edward took advantage of this, and marching boldly forward to Nazareth, defeated the Turks and gained possession of that city. This was the whole amount of his successes. The hot weather engendered disease among his troops, and he himself, the life and soul of the expedition, fell sick among the first. He had been ill for some time, and was slowly recovering, when a messenger desired to speak with him on important matters, and to deliver some despatches into his own hand. While the prince was occupied in examining them, the traitorous messenger drew a dagger from his belt and stabbed him in the breast. The wound fortunately was not deep, and Edward had regained a portion of his strength. He struggled with the assassin, and put him to death with his own dagger, at the same time calling loudly for assistance.* His attendants came at his call, and found him bleeding profusely, and ascertained on inspection that the dagger was poisoned. Means were instantly taken to purify the wound, and an antidote was sent by the Grand Master of the Templars which removed all danger from the effects of the poison. Camden, in his history, has adopted the more popular, and certainly more beautiful version of this story, which says that the Princess Eleonora, in her love for her gallant husband, sucked the poison from his wound at the risk of her own life. To use the words of old Fuller, "it is a pity so pretty a story should not be true; and that so sovereign a remedy as a woman's tongue, anointed with the virtue of loving affection, should not have performed the good deed."

Edward suspected, and doubtless not without reason, that the assassin was employed by the sultan of Egypt. But it amounted to suspicion only; and by the sudden death of the assassin the principal clue to the discovery of the truth was lost for ever. Edward, on his recovery, prepared to resume the offensive; but the sultan, embarrassed by the defence of interests which, for the time being, he considered of more importance, made offers of peace to the Crusaders. This proof of weakness on the part of the enemy was calculated to render a man of Edward's temperament more anxious to prosecute the war; but he had also other interests to defend. News arrived in Palestine of the death of his father, King Henry III; and his presence being necessary in England, he agreed to the terms of the sultan. These were, that the Christians should be allowed to retain their possessions in the Holy Land, and that a truce of ten years should be proclaimed. Edward then set sail for England; and thus ended the last Crusade.

The after fate of the Holy Land may be told in a few words. The Christians, unmindful of their past sufferings and of the jealous neighbors they had to deal with, first broke the truce by plundering some Egyptian traders near Margat. The sultan immediately revenged the outrage by taking possession of Margat, and war once more raged between the nations. Margat made a gallant defence, but no rein-

* The reader will recognise the incident which Sir Walter Scott has introduced into his beautiful romance, *The Talisman*, and which, with the license claimed by poets and romancers, he represents as having befallen King Richard I.

forcements arrived from Europe to prevent its fall. Tripoli was the next, and other cities in succession, until at last Acre was the only city of Palestine that remained in possession of the Christians.

The Grand Master of the Templars collected together his small and devoted band, and with the trifling aid afforded by the king of Cyprus, prepared to defend to the death the last possession of his order. Europe was deaf to his cry for aid, the numbers of the foe were overwhelming, and devoted bravery was of no avail. In that disastrous siege the Christians were all but exterminated. The king of Cyprus fled when he saw that resistance was vain, and the Grand Master fell at the head of his knights, pierced with a hundred wounds. Seven Templars, and as many Hospitallers, alone escaped from the dreadful carnage. The victorious Moslems then set fire to the city, and the rule of the Christians in Palestine was brought to a close for ever.

This intelligence spread alarm and sorrow among the clergy of Europe, who endeavored to rouse once more the energy and enthusiasm of the nations in the cause of the Holy Land. But the popular mania had run its career; the spark of zeal had burned its appointed time, and was never again to be re-illuminated. Here and there a solitary knight announced his determination to take up arms, and now and then a king gave cold encouragement to the scheme; but it dropped almost as soon as spoken of, to be renewed again, still more feebly, at some longer interval.

Now, what was the grand result of all these struggles? Europe expended millions of her treasures, and the blood of two millions of her children; and a handful of quarrelsome knights retained possession of Palestine for about one hundred years! Even had Christendom retained it to this day, the advantage, if confined to that, would have been too dearly purchased. But notwithstanding the fanaticism that originated, and the folly that conducted them, the Crusades were not productive of unmitigated evil. The feudal chiefs became better members of society by coming in contact, in Asia, with a civilization superior to their own; the people secured some small instalments of their rights; kings, no longer at war with their nobility, had time to pass some good laws; the human mind learned some little wisdom from hard experience, and, casting off the slough of superstition in which the Roman clergy had so long enveloped it, became prepared to receive the seeds of the approaching Reformation. Thus did the all-wise Disposer of events bring good out of evil, and advance the civilization and ultimate happiness of the nations of the West by means of the very fanaticism that had led them against the East. But the whole subject is one of absorbing interest, and if carried fully out in all its bearings, would consume more space than the limits of a magazine will admit of. The philosophic mind of the reader will of course form its own conclusions, and can have no better field for the exercise of its powers than the contemplation of this European madness—its advantages and disadvantages, its causes and results.

Having now closed our History of the Crusades, we cannot conclude this subject better than by giving an account of that structure, the possession of which formed the animus of the Christian soldier, and the hope of all Christendom—the church of the Holy Sepulchre.

This we do at greater length than our limits may reasonably allow ; but the interest of the subject must plead our excuse for drawing so largely upon our space to describe it as it is :

The church of the Holy Sepulchre is situated very near the Latin Convent, in the upper part of the city, originally Acra. Its area is about three hundred feet in length, by a very irregular breadth, at such different levels that the "Chapel of the Cross" is fifty feet below the rock of Calvary.

The question of the identity of the site of Calvary with the present Sepulchre is involved in much historical and topographical obscurity. We cannot indeed doubt that the apostles and first Christian converts at Jerusalem must not only have known the spot, but that this knowledge must have descended to the next generation, even though no peculiar sanctity were by them attributed to it. Soon after the destruction of the city, it is generally supposed that some among them returned to re-establish themselves among its ruins ; and it seems almost incredible that they should not have sought for the spot again, and pointed it out to their descendants as worthy of pious remembrance. Making every allowance for the fact that the first converts were rather absorbed in the spiritual influences of Christianity, than careful about the different sites of its history, we think it must still be conceded, that it is very improbable that the knowledge of those lying immediately around them should entirely die out.

The presumption, then, would seem reasonable, that the Christians at Jerusalem must have been acquainted with the real Calvary when Constantine erected the original church of the Holy Sepulchre upon the same site occupied by that now standing.

The church itself is, if genuine, the most venerable in the Christian world, whether we regard its high antiquity, its traditionary claims, or the feelings with which, for centuries, it has been regarded. The original structure was very splendid.

The first care of Constantine was to erect a chapel or oratory over the sacred cave or sepulchre itself. This edifice was decorated with magnificent columns and ornaments of every sort. No mention is made of its magnitude or elevation, as is the case in respect to the Basilica, whence we may infer that the chapel was not large. Before this, on the east, was a large open court, or area, ornamented with a pavement of polished stones, and surrounded on three sides by long porticoes, or colonnades. This place was apparently held to be the garden near which Christ was crucified, and as such it is also mentioned by Cyrill, as having been beautified by regal gifts. The eastern side of this court was shut in by the Basilic, or church, erected over the rock on which the cross was supposed to have stood, and which was held to be Golgotha. This edifice is described as of great extent, both in its length and breadth, and of immense altitude. The roof was covered with lead, the interior overlaid with variegated marbles, the ceiling decorated with carved work, and the whole glittered in every part with burnished gold. The entrance was from the east, where were three gates, before which twelve columns, after the number of the apostles, formed a semicircle in front of the whole building. It was this large church to which the name of the Martyrion was strictly applied, as standing over the place of the Saviour's

passion. The chapel over the sepulchre was called the Anastasis, or Resurrection. But both these names appear to have been often applied indiscriminately to the whole structure and to its various parts.

This building was long the centre of the superstitious devotion of the age, and remained standing until the destruction of the city and its churches by Chosroes, king of Persia. It was repeatedly injured or destroyed, but still rebuilt on the same general site; and when the Crusaders took Jerusalem, they enlarged the extent considerably. The present façade is of pointed architecture, the details being of mixed and corrupt style, but the entire effect is venerable and picturesque. In front is a large court, its pavement worn with the feet of innumerable pilgrims, and there are vestiges of columns in the Byzantine style. At the entrance is a Turkish door-keeper, who receives a trifle for admission. Within the vestibule, the first object is a slab of marble, upon which it is said the body of Jesus was laid after crucifixion, to be anointed, before it was committed to the tomb. Passing the vestibule, we stand at once under the central dome of the church, modern, and rebuilt by the Greeks, the original having been destroyed by fire. Beneath it is the sepulchre itself. The engraving on the next page will describe the scene better than words. On the right hand, under the arch where lamps are suspended, is the entrance to the Greek church, full of tawdriness and bad painting, redolent of vulgar superstition. A low pillar in it is said to mark the centre of the earth, and the original clay of which our forefather Adam was moulded!

• But to return to the sepulchre. This is within the white marble edifice, in the centre of our view. "It is," says Lamartine, "divided into two small sanctuaries; in the first is found the stone where the angels were seated when they replied to the holy women, 'He is not here, but is risen.' The second and last sanctuary encloses the sepulchre, covered again with a sort of sarcophagus of white marble, that hides entirely from the eye the primitive rock in which the sepulchre was dug. Lamps of gold and silver, always burning, light this chapel, and perfumes burn there night and day; the air is warm and balmy."

Notwithstanding the unquestionable poetry of the spot, and the possibility of its being the site, or near the site of Christ's sepulchre, it is to us rather impressive as recalling the long ages of pilgrimage which have elapsed since its foundation, than the event of which it claims to be the theatre. We should hardly have supposed that, under dwellings made with hands, in an atmosphere of superstition and fraud, in the midst of monks, "black, white, and grey, with all their trumpery," the enlightened Protestant could well be affected, as by the very presence of the awful events of Calvary, yet so it is. Mr Wolff says, "We kneeled down, and I began to pray; but our tears interrupted our words, so that we were only able to utter a few broken sentences—we both wept aloud." For ourselves, we would rather go forth, without the walls, and seek some solitary spot, where we might behold the outstretched city, and endeavor, with the page of the New Testament before us, in silence to image forth the awful scene. But though we cannot be affected by the Holy Sepulchre as others may, yet when we think of the thousands who have made this



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

spot the centre of their hopes, and in a spirit of piety, though not untinged with the superstitious feelings of bygone ages, have endured danger, and toil, and fever, and want, to kneel with bursting hearts upon the sacred rock; then, as regards the history of humanity, we feel that it is holy ground. This, too, is the centre of

“ that romance

Of many-colored life, which Fortune pours
Round the Crusaders, till on distant shores
Their labors end; or they return to lie,
The vow performed, in cross-legged effigy,
Devoutly stretched upon their chancel floors.
Am I deceived? or is their requiem chanted
By voices never mute when Heaven unties
Her inmost, softest, tenderest harmonies?

Requiem which earth takes up, with voice undaunted,
When she would tell how good, and brave and wise,
For their high guerdon not in vain have panted."

—Wordsworth.

The ascent to the Mount of Calvary is by a staircase cut in the rock; its form is almost entirely disfigured by marble and decorations; the holes of the crosses, evidently spurious, are beneath, and there is a fissure in the rock, said to have been produced by the earthquake. These contrivances tend both to produce disgust and to weaken our faith in the locality. In the vestibule adjoining are the tombs of Godfrey of Bouillon, leader of the Crusaders, the first Latin king of Jerusalem, and his brother Baldwin, which have been defaced by the Greek Christians.²

In the small Latin chapel may sometimes be witnessed the ceremony of the investiture of noblemen with the order of St. John of Jerusalem. Although this no longer confers the same high local distinction it once did, yet its associations are the most lofty and heroic of any in Christendom. It is necessary that the aspirant should be of noble birth, and of the Catholic religion. Kneeling before the superior of the Latin convent, he answers the various questions proposed, joins in the prayer of consecration, and is girt with the sword and the spurs of the heroic Godfrey—that trenchant blade wielded by the Christian hero in many a well-fought field, and with which he is said to have cloven to the middle a Saracen of gigantic stature—relics that cannot be handled without some glow of feeling; and cold indeed must be his heart who can grasp that hilt with an unquicken pulse, or who can rise from that prayer unrefined by noble and emulative enthusiasm.

We have given but a brief sketch of this celebrated building, for to enter into a more minute account of all that it is said to contain would only weary the reader. We devote a brief space to a description of the scenes of which it is annually witness. Thousands of pilgrims from all parts of Christendom assemble at Easter in the Holy City:

"The town had already begun to fill. Stalls, booths, bazaars, were seen in various directions; but the centre of attraction was the great square or platform before the Holy Sepulchre. Here every species of pious ware was exhibited; and beads from Mecca, mother-of-pearl images from Bethlehem, crosses of bitumen from the Dead Sea, sought in succession the admiration and purses of the faithful. Caravans came in daily from all parts of the East. Hadjis were seen in every street. The camels of Damascus, and the Bedouin horses, with their riders bent forward on their necks, in full gallop from the desert, and their yellow shawls and black abbas flowing and flaring behind them, and the wild asses of Hebron, and the white robe with its broad red border of the Bethlehemite women, as fair and coquettish as if they were in reality what they boast themselves to be, descendants of the chivalrous Crusaders; and friars, and soldiers, and beggars—all these jostling together, without order or discretion, made up a sort of mis-

² The epitaph on Godfrey's tomb was as follows: "Hic jacet inclytus Dux Godfridus de Bullion, qui totam istam terram acquisivit cultui Christiano; cujus anima regnet cum Christo. Amen."

cellaneous picture of every class and nation; a carnival scene, unequalled even in the realms of imagination. To keep all this in order, the Pasha himself had charitably encamped with five thousand men outside the walls, and took that occasion to call in his taxes. The Turks, indeed, are excellent politicians, and love their idolatrous brethren much more than is suspected. Nothing would be more easy than to allow them to cut each other's throats; but they prefer they should live and pay their taxes."

The centre of attraction to the devoted but ignorant multitude is, of course, the Church of the Sepulchre; and marshalled by their respective religious guides, they rush with frantic eagerness to its portal, and in this excited state visit the many stations invented or imagined in credulous ages. The whole scene of Christ's crucifixion and entombment are brought before the eye with such vividness, that even those who came to scoff, have hardly been able to resist the contagious effect of sympathy with the weeping pilgrims. Of the descent of the holy fire, that stock "miracle" of the Greek church, we give the following animated account, from an admirably written article that appeared some years ago in the *New Monthly Magazine*, from which we made the previous quotation:

"It was a fine morning, in the month of April, when we left our convent, *en grande tenue*, for the Holy Sepulchre. On reaching the principal entrance, after a few minutes' walk, we found the Turkish officer seated on his platform, and taking, as usual, his dues from the pilgrims. No wonder he finds heterodoxy an allowable thing, and would no doubt regret, as much as most others more zealous than himself, that the conversion of the infidel should go on too rapidly. The superstition he despises, but would be very sorry to lose the superstitious. We were accompanied by our janissaries, dragomans, soldiers, servants, &c., and required them all. After much exertion in getting through the church, we at last arrived at the gallery of the Latins.

"Provisions were bought and sold once more in the temple; and it gave me, on the first aspect, much less the appearance of a church than of a debtor's prison. On looking down from the gallery the scene was more than simply disagreeable. The whole circle of the building seemed paved with living heads, through which the central *sacellum*, or chapel of the sepulchre, rose up with a sort of grotesque magnificence; around it was left a passage of about three feet for the principal performers in these sacred orgies. Five or six parties started off in succession, and ran, or danced, or staggered through their several exercises. The great object of competition, the height of devotion, seemed to be the accomplishment of as many circuits in as short a given time as possible round the sepulchre. All classes were now engaged, rich and poor, old and young. Boys were seen carrying the old, and the old carrying boys upon their naked shoulders. When fatigue obliged them to cede, at last, their place to others, they again formed into phalanx, and proceeded, four or five abreast, in a sharp trot, to the Greek church, which is in the immediate vicinity of the Holy Sepulchre. Here a new scene of uproar ensued; no calculation had been made for the return of their predecessors, and parties

meeting parties, like contending streams, they clashed against each other, and gave a great deal of trouble, and some amusement, to their Turkish brethren. As the invocation went on—for all this was meant to be a kind of prayer—their piety became more intemperate and unruly; loud and hideous Kyrie Eleisons—yells reiterated and applauded, in various languages, by the populace—burst upon every side around us. They leaped on each other's backs, tore down each other's dresses, and with their cheeks burning, and their eyes glaring with the frenzy, called out for the fire, the fire, to descend and save them! The pavement was soon covered with caps, and shreds of shirts and mantles; but, like the votaries of Baal, they called in vain—the fire had not yet descended. They were now joined by a reinforcement of Copts, who were received with shouts, and soon followed by the drums and cymbals of the Abyssinians. Next appeared the Arabs; their naked breasts, and tanned and savage faces, and uncouth screams of devotion, added grievously to the enthusiasm. The tumult had now continued from eight o'clock in the morning till past two, and every moment had been augmenting in vehemence, when at last, when it seemed to have reached its climax, the Turkish governor, taking compassion on the multitude, suddenly entered with his suite, and took his seat by the side of the kady, at the farther end of the Latin gallery. The moment his turban appeared above the balustrade, every one knew that Heaven had relented; joy beamed in every countenance; the Kyrie Eleisons had been heard; every heart prepared for the gracious vouchsafing of the miracle. The crowd and rush were now excessive; every one tended to the orifice on the right side of the sepulchre, and the Turkish topgis and tchoushes, who had been vigorously employed the whole morning in teaching the Christians decorum, could scarcely open a passage with their long whips for the person who had purchased the right—he was an Armenian, as may be expected—of having the first spark of the holy fire. The kady at last, at the suggestion of the governor, gave the signal with his rod, and the last imploring litany commenced. The papas proceeded with lights and banners, and in their large loose silk embroidered dalmatics, which brought one back to the Chrysostoms and Constantinople, made several circuits with their archbishops round the sepulchre.

“The preliminary ritual was now gone through, and the archbishop, having taken off his cope and mitre, and now and then glancing up at the kady, broke the seals, and without any attendance entered the chapel of the sepulchre. This was the important moment of suspense, at least for the pilgrims; but those who know what a good understanding there is between them might have already seen the miracle in the countenance of the governor. In a minute or something less, the person who stood at the orifice already mentioned drew forth a large torch, or staff, with a grated receptacle at the end, blazing with the clearest fire. The fire was communicated in a similar manner, but a few seconds later, from the entry of the sepulchre, and in rear to the small attached chapel of the Copts. It is quite impossible to describe, with adequate effect, the scene which immediately followed. There were eight thousand pilgrims in the church; one universal shout rose simultaneously from the whole congregation. ‘The Latins, were the sheep, the Orientals the lambs—the opinion of Heaven had

been signified—from a miracle there was no appeal.' This mode of cutting the controversy may be subject to cavil, but it is much shorter, and perhaps as certain as most others still in use. Whatever may be the case, the main point was gained—the rioters themselves were satisfied. Hands crossed in every direction—torches blazed in every hand—cries spread from mouth to mouth, and happy the man whose light was only four-and-twentieth in descent from the original phosporus. The archbishop now left the sepulchre in the same undress in which he had entered, but had no sooner crossed the threshold than he was taken up in triumph by four stout papas, and carried horizontally, in this state, upon their shoulders, brandishing his torches as he went along, to the great satisfaction and comfort of his people, until he reached his own sanctuary. This part of the ceremony we particularly admired; it gave us new ideas on the triumph of religion; and we could not help looking round to the governor, to see whether he was of our opinion also. He kept, however, his Mahommedan face with great propriety, and reserved, probably, his congratulations at their mutual success for a private interview with the good archbishop. By this time the holy fire had been gradually dispersed over the whole of the building, and had even got as far as the Armenian ladies, who sat opposite. They drew back their white veils for an instant, kissed the tapers, and put up a prayer for their own orthodoxy. The noise still continued, prayers were heard with shrieks—blessings with cursings. Women crossed themselves, and waved the torches over their naked bosoms; men were seen burning portions of their winding-sheet, so that they might die comfortably, and sleep peaceably after death, without any apprehension from the visit of the vampire. The Turks, however, began at last to think that the Infidels had got quite enough of the miracle for one year; and listening to no expostulation, again resumed their whips, and beat out the lingering enthusiasts before them. A new scene of disorder ensued; screams and cries, supplications and resistance, were echoed from every side, and it was long before the Holy Sepulchre ceased to be one of the liveliest images of a place of strife and penalty, which eye or ear could present to the imagination."

Such are the scenes which pass in this church—disgraceful to the very name of Christianity, and a standing argument against its truth, in the minds of both Turks and Jews.

THE great thing in this world is not so much where we are, as in what direction we are moving. To reach the port of Heaven, we must sail sometimes with the wind, and then against it; but we must sail, and not drift nor lie at anchor.

FALSE happiness renders men stern and proud, and that happiness is never communicated. True happiness renders them kind and sensible, and that happiness is always shared.

LIBERTY will not descend to a people; a people must raise themselves to liberty; it is a blessing that must be earned before it can be enjoyed.

G O D ' K N O W S I T A L L .

In the dim recess of thy spirit's chamber
 Is there some hidden grief thou mayst not tell?
 Let not thy heart forsake thee; but remember
 His pitying eye who sees, and knows it well. ~
 God knows it all!

And art thou tossed on billows of temptation,
 And wouldst do good, but evil oft prevails?
 O think, amid the waves of tribulation,
 When earthly hopes, when earthly refuge fails —
 God knows it all!

And dost thou sin? thy deed of shame concealing
 In some dark spot no human eye can see;
 Then walk in pride, without one sigh revealing
 The deep remorse that should disquiet thee?
 God knows it all!

Art thou oppressed and poor, and heavy-hearted,
 The heavens above thee in thick clouds arrayed,
 And well crushed; no earthly strength imparted,
 No friendly voice to say, "Be not afraid?"
 God knows it all!

Art thou a mourner? are thy tear-drops flowing
 For one too early lost to earth and thee?
 The depths of grief no human spirit knowing,
 Which moan in secret, like the moaning sea?
 God knows it all!

Dost thou look back upon a life of sinning?
 Forward, and tremble for thy future lot?
 There's One who sees the end from the beginning;
 Thy tear of penitence is unforget.
 God knows it all!

Then go to God. Pour out thy heart before Him;
 There is no grief thy Father cannot feel;
 And let thy grateful songs of praise adore Him —
 To save, forgive, and every wound to heal.
 God knows it all! God knows it all!

C O N T E N T M E N T .

HARD is that man's lot,
 Bleak is his journey through this vale of tears,
 Whose heart is not made lighter, and whose eye
 Is brightened not by morning's glorious ray,
 Wide glancing round!

FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS.

BY HON. CHARLES SCOTT, A. M.

It has been suggested, by high authority, that the term *Freemason* was applied to Master Masons because they taught their art only to the freeborn; and that, by constituting lodges in the places where they erected stately edifices, the great and wealthy, who were not architects nor artists, soon requested to be accepted as members of the Fraternity. Hence some derive the title of free and accepted Masons. But may we not, as speculative Masons, say, that we are called *free* and *accepted* for a more noble and glorious reason? If we will examine into the true spirit of Masonry, and properly reflect on its object and design, we shall discover the moral meaning of the term or appellation. No stone could be delivered on the Mount for acceptance and approval, before it was polished, marked, and numbered. To make it ready for the builder's use, its rough edges must be removed, its face made smooth, and its form so adjusted, that it would pass the test of the square.¹

In speculative Masonry, the living stone, rude and imperfect by nature, should be divested of evil, in order that it may be fitted for the Masonic Temple. The thought is Biblical; for, until the soul shall have been duly prepared, it cannot be marked and numbered, or be regarded as freed of its state by nature, which is necessary to its acceptance in the sight of God. The Lord had respect unto Abel, and to his offering; but unto Cain and his offering he had not respect. Cain did not acknowledge the necessity of a vicarious sacrifice, nor feel his need of atonement, by which alone he could be freed from sin; but Abel, being impressed with his forlorn and destitute condition, when he brought his offering he added a sacrifice, acknowledging himself a sinner, and the efficacy of the blood, which was the seal of his righteousness. So his offerings were accepted, and those of Cain were rejected. And this was done by faith.

If an apprentice serve his master faithfully, and follows in his work the plans and designs which are furnished to him, he shall be advanced to the dignity of a Fellow Craft, and in due time be made a Master, *free and accepted*. Adam was endowed with a will perfectly free. He was enslaved by transgression, and yet retained his free agency, even in the bondage of his iniquity. "Whosoever committeth sin is the *servant* of sin, and shall receive the wages of it, which is death;" and from this servitude faith in God, and obedience to His word, will set him free. "I know, saith the Lord, that ye are Abraham's seed; but ye seek to kill me, because my word hath no place in

¹ What great alterations are made in a rough ashlar by the mallet and chisel! With it are formed, by the intelligent man, the most admirable pieces of architecture. And man, what is he when he first enters the world? Imperfect, and yet a perfect work of God, out of which so much can be made by education and cultivation.—*Gadicks*.

The perfect ashlar represents the mind of a man at the close of life, after a well-regulated career of piety and virtue, which can only be tried by the square of God's word, and the compasses of an approving conscience.—*Oliver*.

you." He spoke to those whose corrupt affections and dark designs would not permit them to put any faith in the promise of their Lord and Master. They knew not his Word. It was the law of liberty. St. Paul says: "The law is not made for a righteous man, but for the lawless and disobedient, for the ungodly and for sinners, for the unholy and profane." In our spiritual life, we may be delivered from the bondage of corruption, yet in the body we must still die; but if we follow our Great Master, we shall be exalted to the immortal brotherhood of Him who is the resurrection and the life. Here is the glorious liberty of the children of God—a state in which corrupted and enslaved nature is freed and redeemed, acknowledged and accepted in presence of Heaven.

The beautiful and intimate connection which subsists between the degree of Master Mason and that of Most Excellent Master,* seems to illustrate the character of a free and accepted Mason. The soul of man may be freed from sin even while on earth, but it cannot be finally accepted of God until after his death. At the rebuilding of the Lord's house or temple, it is said that Masons acquired the name of accepted. The title of "free and accepted" reminds us of that which is essential to the restoration of man to his first estate. A time shall surely come when our earthly labors shall cease, and we shall descend to our graves—when we shall have no more use for our aprons and implements of toil. When we fall beneath the blows of the spoiler, they will give out silent indications of the adjustment of the living stones, which will be found and prepared at the judgment for the completion of everlasting glory. The present life is preparatory to another. The earth is a checkered pavement and place of probation. It is the scene of moral discipline, where the souls of men may be trained and educated for a higher degree of existence. Youths bear to manhood a relation somewhat similar to that which the present life may be considered to have to the future; and so do the secrets of the degree of Entered Apprentice, as compared with those of the Master's degree, occupy, in some measure, the same relation as the "childhood of our immortality" does to the full-grown spirit which has been accepted of the Eternal Father. The condition of an apprenticed Mason is a state of preparation for the reception of future honors; and so the life of a Christian is a state of preparation for

* 1 Tim. i. 9. They who are born again by the spirit of Christ are no longer under the dominion of ignorance or lust, as the Gentiles; nor under ceremonies and commandments written on stone, as the Jews; they are gifted with the light and strength of the spirit of God, and their law is not a law without them, but within—not on tables of stone, but in the heart and in the soul. When St. Paul says, "the law is not made for a righteous man," it is in the sense of saying, the first axioms of science, the first rules of art, are not for the wise and skillful. Such guides are not for them, as the conscious and perceptible rules of their practice. Yet they may contravene the very least of them. The most cultivated reason must obey the elementary laws of scientific truth. They are a rule to all.

In many passages of Scripture, the contrast of the state of nature, and even of the Jews, with that of Christians, is an opposition of bondage and liberty; as in this place, between "the bondage of corruption" and "the glorious liberty of the children of God." Speaking of the Jews, our Lord said: "If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." St. James calls the gospel the law of liberty.—*Manning.*

* Candidates who are invested with the Most Excellent Master's degree are said to be "received and acknowledged" as such.—*Mackey.*

heaven, or of moral discipline, by which he shall work out "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." "Light," saith the Psalmist, "is sown for the righteous." The righteous "shall shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of the Father." The sons of God are the sons of light; for they have a knowledge of the *Word*, and are made acquainted with His power, which established in strength His house for ever. The Master of heaven and earth is their Abba Father, who adopts them here, and will accept them hereafter. Hear the words of St. John: "Beloved, now we are the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know, that when He shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see Him as He is." Man is conscious of his own debasement and criminality by nature; and there are voices of lamentation heard in the caverns of guilt, which bring glad tidings of good upon the dark mountains. Freemasonry is all one work, beginning with the degree of Entered Apprentice and carried on to that which fully develops its mysteries. What is the state of Christianity? The whole Church is a new creation, rising up out of the old; and the nations are waiting for the word of life and that secret grace which is to be found in the mystical body of their crucified Master.

Free and accepted Masons are those who have been brought to a fullness of light, or that state of illumination which lightens the inner recesses of reason. The Jews say that the sacrifice of Abel was accepted by a light or fire coming down from heaven; by which they probably meant a stream of light from the Shekinah, or the glorious presence of God. When Moses offered his first great burnt-offering according to the law, the glory of the Lord appeared unto all the people. And there came out a fire from the Lord, and consumed (or accepted) the burnt-offering upon the altar. Either the fire came out of the sanctuary, from the Holy of Holies, or from that glory which appeared unto them.⁴

And when Solomon consecrated the temple, the fire came down from heaven, and *consumed* the burnt-offerings and the sacrifices, and the glory of the Lord filled the house. And when the tabernacle was erected, and Aaron consecrated it, there was the same testimony of God's presence then as at the consecration of the temple. The like miraculous token of God's *acceptance* was shown when Elijah contested with the priests of Baal, and when David offered sacrifices on the threshing-floor of Araunah. The appearance of the Almighty in a flame of light admonished David where he should build the temple; and when it was finished, the Lord appeared and accepted it, as a place worthy of His worshippers and His radiant presence. He is free, indeed, who is brought to a knowledge of God. "The truth shall make us free;" and by the light of the Lord's countenance these temples of flesh may be accepted, and become holy dwelling-places for His Ineffable Spirit.

It has been observed that the mode of preparing a candidate for initiation is regulated by a general law. He must pass a certain ordeal. All must travel the same way in search of light. The osten-

⁴ A beam of glory. This beam shone upon Abel and his sacrifice, and is thought by some to have been the moving cause of Cain's envy.—*Oliver*.

sible reasons assigned for our peculiar preparation will be found in the first degree. While the candidate, in the early stages of instruction, is directed to the manner of laying the corner-stone of Solomon's temple,* as well as the manner of its construction, he is taught certain principles of moral science; and while he is led to contemplate the glory of that temple, he will ponder on its destruction. In laying the foundation or corner-stone of Masonic edifices, churches, or other public buildings, it is usual to make some valuable and interesting deposits in or beneath the stone, so that they may be preserved for the discovery and information of other generations. If any of the houses should be destroyed, their rubbish in some after age may be removed, and some relics of history, science, and art found, of importance to the Craft and the world. There is a house appointed for all living, and it is oblong. The grave is a place of darkness. The hand of the Lord laid its foundation for a violation of His law, and made it a monument of sin. But the grave shall be despoiled; and wonderful and mighty shall be the discovery at the last day. The earth is sown with holy treasures for the kingdom of the resurrection.

MASONRY IN PORTLAND, ME.

COMMUNICATED BY BRO. M. M. DEAN, OF BOSTON.

ONE of the earliest lodges chartered by the St. Andrew's Grand Lodge of Boston was located in Falmouth, Me. That same lodge is now the Portland Lodge, the former pro-revolutionary town of Falmouth having been divided, and three towns being formed of the parts. This old lodge has been doing good and prospering nearly a century, and yet its age evinces no signs of decrepitude nor infirmity. About the commencement of the present century several brethren, leaving the parent lodge, united in forming another lodge and gave it the name of Ancient Landmark. In more recent years, still another lodge has been formed which bears the appropriate name of Atlantic. Over these lodges Bros. King, Phillips, and Fox preside as Masters, all of whom are in the prime of life and much esteemed as high-minded and moral citizens, lovers of Masonry, and adorning their high and honorable positions; each one seems to take pride in being a good workman and in advancing the best interests of the order, aided by intelligent wardens and deacons. Among the Grand Officers with whom a visiting Mason would be likely to become acquainted, are brethren Freeman Bradford, Wm. P. Preble, Ira Berry, and Dr Dodge, the latter of whom is actively engaged in writing the history of the oldest lodge. Accessions to each lodge are frequent, and the growth of the Order is rapid. The present position of the institution in this beautiful metropolis gives promise of long and large usefulness and prosperity. The halls used by the Lodges, by the Chapter, and by the Grand Lodge, are convenient and ample in number and size, and are all richly but not gaudily furnished.

* The first stone in the foundation of any magnificent building is called the corner-stone, and is laid in the north-east generally, with solemn and appropriate ceremonies.—*Oliver.*

Monthly Masonic Miscellany.

ABSTRACT OF PROCEEDINGS AND SPEECHES

HAD AND DELIVERED AT THE

CHICAGO MASONIC CONGRESS.

REPORTED BY BRO. J. F. BRENNAN.

UPON the evening of September 13th, according to announcement made in the General Grand Chapter, the first North American Masonic Congress convened at 7 o'clock in the large hall of the Chicago Masonic Temple.

BRO. FINLAY M. KING, of New York, was elected President, and BRO. ROB. MORRIS, of Ky., Secretary. It being ascertained that but eleven Grand Lodges had authorized delegates to act in their behalf, on motion, the other delegates present were allowed to take part in the proceedings as advisory members.

The business was opened by a call for the appointment by the President of a Committee to draft Articles of Association and an Address to the Grand Lodges of North America.

BROS. A. G. MACKAY, of S. C. ; A. C. PIERSON, of Minnesota ; P. C. TUCKER, of Vt. ; JOHN L. LEWIS, Jr., of New York ; and CYRIL PEARL, of Maine, were thereupon appointed such Committee. And there being no further business before the Convention, it adjourned to meet again on the following evening, at the same hour.

7 P. M., Sept. 14th, 1859.

The second session of the Convention to form and adopt Articles of Association for a Congress of Freemasons, as represented by the Grand Lodges of North America, convened.

The President, FINLAY M. KING, of New York, having taken the chair, it was resolved that BRO. RISK, of La., officiate in the room of BRO. MORRIS, of Ky., as Secretary, the latter being absent.

On motion of BRO. L. E. BARBER, of Ark., it was resolved to appoint two Vice Presidents, and BROS. ABNER B. THOMPSON, of Maine, and J. Q. A. FELLOWS, of La., were appointed, and invited by the President to seats upon his right and left respectively.

An Assistant-Secretary being proposed, and BRO. O'SULLIVAN, of Mo., nominated, he declined.

BRO. MACKAY, of S. C., moved the appointment of a Treasurer, as a collection would have to be taken up ; pending the adoption of which motion, BRO. S. A. M. WOOD, of Ala., was appointed Assistant-Secretary.

BRO. MACKAY's motion being adopted, BRO. L. LUSK, of Ill., was appointed Treasurer.

On motion of BRO. HILLYER, of Miss., the reading of the minutes of preceding meeting was dispensed with ; and

BRO. TUCKER, of Vt., moved that the report of the Committee appointed to draft Articles of Confederation be received.

BRO. PIERSON, from the Committee, proceeded with the reading ; and upon its completion, the report was, on motion, accepted.

BRO. ABNER B. THOMPSON having objected to the day of meeting of the proposed Congress, and having offered to substitute Friday instead of Tuesday, BRO. PIKE, of Ark., said he objected to the title of the proposed Association. He believed it was proposed to name it the North American Masonic Congress. Such a title was open to great objection, from danger of having this Association confused with other bodies who might organize at a future day and claim this title. He did not believe any Grand Lodge would adopt anything that did not proceed from a body of Grand Lodges of Freemasons. He proposed to change the title to have it therefore read, "A Congress of the Grand Lodges of Masons of North America."

BRO. MACKAY said he thought there was no necessity for the change. The Com-

mittee had been extremely cautious to so fashion the language objected to, as well as all other portions of the articles submitted, that no loophole for that monster prerogative so much dreaded by Grand Lodges should creep in. The annals of Masonry could show that the term "Masonic Congress" was not new. He quoted the earliest—the Convention at York, under Prince Edwin. The object of the Committee in so naming the proposed Association was, that at some future day historians might refer to its meetings by this simple title, and speak of the doings of the Masonic Congress of Chicago or elsewhere; and yet all would understand what body was so referred to. He would suggest that the title was brief, and no such danger as the brother from Arkansas feared could ensue from its adoption.

Bro. PIKE persisted in his objection to the title. He deduced the Congress of Wilhelmsbad, as having admitted and invited to its meeting Cagliostro, a charlatan and quack, and Mesmer, no Mason, but a mere inventor of some style of mesmerism or mesmeric influence somewhat popular at the time. He facetiously desired that if the brethren of the Committee, Bros. MACKAY and PIERSON—men so much younger than himself—would be governed by his wishes, in his proposed change of title, no danger of confusion or dissatisfaction would at any future day attend it. He could not withdraw his motion, but must persist in having it put to the sense of the assembly.

Bro. HILLYER objected to the words immediately preceding those objected to by Bro. PIKE. "We ordain and establish this Constitution" was not a suitable style of expression for a body neither ordained nor established as yet itself. This document was not a Constitution, but simply Articles of Association. He proposed to substitute the words: "We propose that under the following Articles of Association there be formed a Congress of the Grand Lodges of Masons of North America."

Before the adoption of this proposition, the Committee who drafted the report begged leave to deliberate. After a few moments deliberation, they adopted the change of language proposed by Bro. HILLYER; and Bro. PIKE offered to accept it as an amendment to his own proposed change of title.

Bro. TUCKER objected to mingling the objections of Bro. PIKE with the accepted amendment of Bro. HILLYER. He did not think hostility would extend outside of the Convention to the mere title of the proposed Association.

It was explained that Bro. PIKE's objection was involved in the proposed objection of Bro. HILLYER; when, upon the call for the question—

Bro. LEWIS, of New York, said that he desired more of good feeling and kindness to flow out of this proposed Association than anything of a wordy character or mere verbal objection. The object of the Association was to call together the literary wisdom of the Order, not quibblers about law or fashioners of jurisprudence. The Congress of the United States was once called the Continental Congress, and he would have this so called if any change in the title was needed. The words, "North American Congress of Freemasons," covered all the ground the Committee expected to cover. By no means was it supposed or supposable that any other rite but that known as the York Rite was to be recognized. Caution in this respect had been the main object of the Committee. Not to offend the Grand Lodges of the United States had been their principal object; and no man had more respect for his Grand Lodge than was entertained by him for his. He insisted that the title be retained, and the words "North American Congress" remain intact. This title was the result of hours of discussion on the part of the Committee; and for himself he should be proud hereafter to point to the body as the Congress of Freemasons of North America, whenever and wherever it might assemble; and he was free to believe more honor would be paid it than has been awarded to any masonic body that has ever met.

The Chair proceeded to put the motion of Bro. PIKE, when

Bro. BUIST, of S. C., inquired whether the advisory members should have something to say.

Bro. MACKAY believed the occasion too solemn a one to be allowed to pass so slightly. The members present, as members all of Grand Lodges, had influence in their respective bodies, and that influence would be exerted for or against this matter as they voted here for or against the adoption of the report. If the whole eleven Grand Lodges who were authorized to act in this matter did so, there were many others which it would be the pleasure of the Convention and of those eleven to conciliate; and if opposition was to be met, better meet it here than elsewhere. He therefore hoped that every Mason present would be permitted to express his opinion. He did not desire a Congress to be originated in so insignificant a way as by the votes of eleven out of thirty-seven Grand Lodges.

Bro. FRENCH, of D. of C., did not know what position he occupied in this matter. He was the proxy of the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia. He wished to advocate the project. He did not doubt but his Grand Lodge would join the confederation, but he could not vote in favor of it. He did not regard Bro. PIKE's objection as worth anything.

Bro. RAMSEY, of S. C., called for the vote by States.

Bro. MORRIS explained that he could not vote, for the same reason expressed by Bro. FRENCH, namely, that he was not authorized to do so.

Bro. HILLIER considered that all could vote.

Bro. THOMPSON believed that it was Bro. MACKAY's desire to have the co-operation of all the Grand Lodges; and upon his motion to that effect, each State having but one vote, the roll was called, and the proposition to change the title rejected.

Bro. HILLIER occupied some moments in explaining to the Convention his reasons for not voting for his State. He believed that Mississippi would adopt the Articles of Association. He promised to do all in his power to bring about such a result; but he could not vote, for the reason expressed by other brethren present.

Upon motion, the Articles of Confederation were then read by Bro. (Secretary) RISK.

Bro. LEWIS substituted the word "do" for "will," to precede the word "adopt." Other amendments of phraseology were adopted as the Articles were read; Bro. HILLIER moving nearly all that were made.

The reading and correction was interrupted by a motion from Bro. MORRIS, that the Convention adjourn until Saturday evening, at 7 o'clock, which, upon being put, was lost.

The corrections having all been made to the satisfaction of the Convention; on motion of Bro. FELLOWS to adopt the Articles as read—

Bro. MACKAY stated that he wished it distinctly understood that invitation was extended to all to join in the movement contemplated by the Convention, and that a permanent Committee, to be appointed by this Convention, should address circulars to all the Grand Lodges, requesting them to join the contemplated organization.

The Chairman then proceeded to put the motion for the adoption of the Articles, as read and amended, when he was interrupted by Bro. NEIL of Texas, who craved permission to give his views upon the subject, which was granted.

The Brother then proceeded to state that he was unwilling that the vote of his State should be recorded to the negative of the business about being closed by this Convention, without the reasons for that negative being fully understood. He then stated in brief terms the history of the Fraternity in Texas—how adverse to change in the system of government as at present organized his Grand Lodge was—how great an antipathy to the passage of any prerogative or power out of its hands into the hands of any other body was felt by it. This meditated organization evidently pointed at the possession of some power not now fully expressed; and to guard against such possession, he felt the adoption of the resolution he held in his hand would be absolutely necessary. The Brother proceeded to read his resolution,

when he was interrupted by Bro. MORRIS, asking leave to say ten words. Leave being granted, he in the most solemn manner said that in ten minutes he would, in the next room, commence his lecture, exemplifying "the WEBS work."

This annunciation having produced no response, Bro. NEIL then read his resolution, embodying the ideas expressed in his explanation to the Convention, and binding the meditated Congress to the repudiation of any power, present or to come, which was not fully expressed in the Articles of Association now about to be put to vote.

Bro. TUCKER denied emphatically, as one of the Committee who framed the Articles of Association, that the proposed Congress sought for power. Their object was one foreign to any such assumption. To call from the length and breadth of the States of North America brethren able and willing to impart views, historical, critical, and general, bearing upon the prosperity of the Fraternity, its progress and success in the known objects of the Order, was the object of this organization; to enable once in every three years the brethren to meet together as the acknowledged delegates of the Grand bodies whose members they were, and in a Congress of such delegates impart their views and opinions: this could not be done in any other way. The expenses attending the journeying from distant points of this vast country to the place appointed would be greater than individuals would feel able to bear; and of course it was expected the bodies sending delegates would in all cases meet such expenses out of the contingent fund of their respective treasuries.

Bro. MACKEY followed Bro. TUCKER in his forcible style of expression; and upon motion to embody Bro. NEIL's resolution in the Articles of the Association,

Bro. REYNOLDS, of Ill., said he had a few words to say, which he might as well express now as later in the proceedings. He was authorised by his Grand Lodge to oppose the adoption of the object of the Convention in every shape. He believed that the Grand Lodges, as now organized, were fully equal to any emergency of privilege or duty. He was perfectly satisfied they could continue to administer the law hereafter as they had done heretofore. A Masonic Congress would be the fosterer of appeal from decision of the Grand Lodges, and thus encourage litigation and consequent discord. He alluded to the New York difficulties, as an evidence of the effect upon the Fraternity of internal discord, and wound up his rather impassioned address by stating that himself and the Illinois delegation washed their hands of the proceedings of the Convention.

Bro. PEARL, of Maine, responded. He desired earnestly to express his thanks to the Committee for the courteous manner in which they recognized his long-continued efforts to establish such an organization as that now proposed. Having early initiated the movement in his Grand Lodge, he never faltered in the conviction that the Grand Lodges of North America should at length see the necessity for it; and the hearty action of this Convention plainly showed that there was struggling in the hearts of our most intelligent brethren a conviction that such an organization was required. He believed that Masonry had a mission upon earth. He was convinced that in the long years of its existence, its descents and ascents in the estimation of the enlightened of mankind, a mission for it was recognized second only to that of the Christian religion itself. One fact had struck him very forcibly, and it was, that in the resistance to this movement during the last twenty-five years no new features of objection had been advanced. The same objections which obtained when HENRY CLAY, in the Grand Lodge of Kentucky, sought to initiate this organization twenty-five years ago, were yet the sole objections that apparently could be brought against it; and he rejoiced in the progress made, although so slow, since then, and in the spirit of conciliation now displayed by those who acknowledge they are not as yet ready to go into it. Neither Texas nor Illinois need fear the future of this organization; and he hoped heartily, nay beseeched, that the Brother from Texas would not press his proposed resolution. The language of it betrayed distrust in the good faith of the Convention and of the organization to be its result.

It bound the proposed Congress not to do things it never contemplated doing, and for which it could not, if it so desired, be organized.

Bro. NEIL proposed to insert his resolution in the 8th Article of Confederation, instead of, as he at first proposed, appending it to the Articles as an additional section or clause.

Bro. BUIST believed the introduction unnecessary. He proposed that the Articles of Confederation be first adopted, and subsequently have the resolution of Bro. NEIL put, as an independent proposition.

This proposition was adopted, and the vote to adopt the Articles of Confederacy put by States. The result was as follows : 8 yeas, 1 nay, 1 declined to vote.

Upon motion of Bro. MACKAY, it was resolved to elect a Secretary for the organization, and Bro. SAMUEL G. RISK was forthwith elected.

It was then proposed to appoint a committee of seven to compose the Permanent Committee of the organization. This was amended by the proposition that four more brethren be added by the Chairman of the Convention to the Committee who had drafted the address and Articles of Confederation ; and upon motion of Bro. HEALY, of D. C., this amended proposition was adopted.

Bro. BUIST proposed that the thanks of the Convention be tendered to Bro. KING, the able Chairman, for the satisfactory and courteous manner at all times displayed by him while filling the onerous position he occupied. The proposition was unanimously adopted.

Bro. NEIL then read his resolution as he had amended it ; when, on motion to adopt it—

Bro. TUCKER said he believed Texas was captious, if not stubborn. The language of the resolution as amended was as offensive to the Convention as to the brethren who had composed the Articles of Association. These Articles say that no power will be assumed by this body which is now the prerogative of the governing bodies of Freemasons in the United States ; and yet the resolution desires them in more forcible language to reiterate the assertion. The resolution was totally unnecessary. The Convention as a body was fully satisfied with the Articles, as adopted. They covered all the ground necessary to cover. He could not believe that Texas, as a Grand Lodge, was afraid of losing, through the organization of this body, any of her well-established prerogatives. There were noble and strong men in that Grand Lodge, and they would look upon the adoption of the Brother's resolution, in addition to the adoption of the Articles of Association, as a superfluous and unnecessary work.

Bro. MACKAY did not wish to weary the patience of the Convention. He knew his State would stand up for the Congress and its present Articles ; but should the resolution of Bro. NEIL be adopted, he would feel in duty bound to oppose the whole organization.

Bro. NEIL deprecated Bro. MACKAY's decision. He desired nothing but to have his resolution placed upon record. He did not care whether it was adopted or rejected, but he did desire the world to know, that in view of the future assumption of this Congress, he had early recorded his opinion and his fears.

Bro. LEWIS proposed that the resolution be recorded, but, that the Convention deeming it unnecessary, rejected it. Such a record he believed would satisfy both sides. This proposition was adopted.

The Chairman then announced the additional members of the permanent Committee. They are : Bros. W. D. HEALY, of D. C. ; G. M. HILLYER, of Miss. ; — McCLELLAND, of Mass. ; and — FRIZZELL, of Tenn.

On motion of Bro. MACKAY, the proceedings of the Convention were ordered to be printed, and copies distributed among the members ; and the Convention thereupon adjourned *sine die*.

The Articles of Association as adopted, the Address of the Congress to the G. Lodges of America, and Proceedings of G. G. Chapter, will appear in our Nov. No.

GRAND LODGE OF MISSISSIPPI.

THE Grand Lodge of Mississippi held its annual communication at Jackson, on the 17th, 18th, and 19th of January, in the present year—Bro. WM. COTHRAN, Grand Master, presiding. Our brethren of Mississippi are no laggards in the work of Masonry; and hence a great deal of very effective business, of both local and general interest, was transacted. A brief detail of the most important items of the latter will, we doubt not, be acceptable to the readers of our Magazine. The address of the Grand Master was an eminently practical paper, in which he presented the most important topics of the day for the deliberation of the Grand Lodge.

PROXY INSTALLATIONS.

Notwithstanding that the Regulations of 1721 give the sanction of their authority to the usage of installing absent officers by proxy, there can be no doubt, from a consideration of the nature of the installation charge, that it is, to use the hackneyed phrase, "a custom more honored in the breach than in the observance;" and Grand Master COTHRAN very wisely, as we think, condemns it in the following language:

"I desire to bring to your attention what I conceive to be an evil, and a glaring one, both in the Grand and Subordinate Lodges: that is, the practice of installing officers by proxy. Much reflection on the subject has convinced me that it is an innovation, useless if not dangerous, and should be promptly discontinued. The charges to elected officers, when they present themselves for installation, are personal. They impose obligations; they accompany the conferring of trusts; their reception implies assent and submission thereto, and the undertaking of such trusts in conformity therewith.

"How can a man make an official vow, obligation, or promise for another? Is it, when thus made, binding on the latter? If so, it can be as well communicated by letter or telegraph, as to go through the simple and idle form: 'I, A. B., promise as proxy for C. D., that he will do thus and so.' The duty is a personal one; the obligation is personal; so are the trust and responsibility. The Lodge, Grand or Subordinate, relies on the individual elected to perform the duty, and on none other. If a proxy can promise, let a proxy perform the duty.

"The true plan is never to instal, except the person to be installed be present. If the officer elect be absent, let the old officer hold over until the former can be personally charged and inducted into office, either by the regular installing officer or by some proper party duly authorized. I hope to see a regulation to this effect made and enforced."

A GENERAL GRAND LODGE.

The Grand Master does not express a favorable opinion of the proposed scheme of a General Grand Lodge, but suggests the appointment of certain brethren to be present at the intended conference in Chicago, "to express there the views Mississippi entertains, and to report to this body next January the proceedings of such conference and the conclusions arrived at; giving them, however, no power whatever to bind the Grand Lodge to any action." The suggestions of the Grand Master were followed, and a resolution was adopted by the Grand Lodge, appointing the representatives of the Grand Chapter to the General Grand Chapter delegates of the Grand Lodge, for the purposes of conference with the delegates of other Grand Lodges, but without authority to bind the Grand Lodge of Mississippi.

GEN. JOHN A. QUITMAN.

A deserved tribute was paid to the memory of our illustrious brother, QUITMAN, in the following language, which was subsequently adopted as the sentiment of the Grand Lodge, and ordered to be sent to his family:

"Past Grand Master QUITMAN's career as a Mason was an extended and a significant one. He was initiated in or prior to 1823; having been chosen in the year following, Junior Grand Warden. For fifteen years he presided over the Craft in Mississippi; twelve years of that service having been uninterrupted. He finally

retired from the Grand Mastership in 1847, but not to lose his interest in active masonic labors. Masonry was ever near and dear to him; no appeal was made to him in vain; no hour did he pass without being keenly alive to the obligations resting upon him, and an earnest attempt to be true to them. He was truly a sincere man; what he advocated, he did it with all his might; what he condemned, he did it not in whispers. His masonic brethren knew his worth, and the rarely conferred honor of Sovereign Inspector General of the 33d of the Southern Jurisdiction (Scotch Rite) became his. It could not have fallen upon a worthier recipient. He was buried with masonic honors; a brother Past Grand Master of this jurisdiction leading in the solemn ceremonies, while a whole community was gathered around his grave, sorrowing and tearful."

The mention of his admission to the thirty-third degree reminds us of an interesting event connected with the masonic career of Bro. QUITMAN. When in the year 1854 a union took place between the Scottish Rite Masons of Louisiana and the Supreme Council for the Southern Jurisdiction, the present editor of this Magazine repaired to New Orleans, as the authorized envoy of the Supreme Council, to receive the vows of fidelity and allegiance from our French brethren who had long been acting in defiance of the constituted authorities of the rite in this country, but who, convinced of their error, were willing with true manliness and masonic truthfulness to retrace their steps. On that occasion we had the pleasure of meeting Gen. QUITMAN, who was then in the Crescent City, engaged in some important political matters. These, however, he at once, upon our request, laid aside, to join with us in the holy mission of restoring peace. He was present when the Grand Commander's sword and the banner of the old Louisiana Supreme Council were surrendered as a symbol of its permanent dissolution; and none who were present will ever forget the noble burst of eloquence with which they were greeted when our departed brother delivered his congratulatory address, replete with the kindest sentiments of charity and brotherly love. Many addresses, and good ones too, were made on that occasion; but QUITMAN's was, by general consent, considered as the speech of the day.

EDUCATION.

The important subject of education engaged the attention of the Grand Lodge. A committee was appointed, of which Bro. GILES M. HILLYER was chairman, and a report was made and adopted, which proposed the most feasible and unobjectionable plan for devoting the surplus revenue of the Grand Lodge to educational purposes with which we have ever met. Two modes have heretofore been pursued by various Grand Lodges to enlist the services of Masonry in the important cause of education. The one is to divide the surplus funds among the subordinate lodges, and permit each to encourage the cause of education in its own way; the other is to direct all the revenue of the Grand Lodge that can be spared to the erection and endowment of masonic schools and colleges. Both methods have been found eminently unsuccessful. The first is simply a frittering away of money in small sums, without any eventual benefit. The second, wherever it has been adopted, has terminated in failure. The most experienced members of the fraternity have now come to the conclusion that Grand Lodges are not the right sort of bodies to manage colleges and to direct the thousand details of literary and financial business which are necessary to a successful consummation. The plan proposed by Bro. HILLYER, and adopted by the Grand Lodge of Mississippi, is free from all these objections, and indeed presents itself in so hopeful and practical a form, that we would gladly see every Grand Lodge in the Union adopting the same scheme. It is as follows:

"That five trustees be selected, to be called the Trustees of the Educational Fund, to hold their office for one year, and until their successors are chosen.

"That any surplus in the treasury, over and above the sum of \$500, be each year paid over to said trustees, whose duty it shall be to immediately invest the said fund in such securities or in such manner as they shall deem entirely secure, and yielding such income and interest as may be most satisfactory and advantageous.

The interest of such fund to be added each year to the principal, until the whole shall amount to \$5000. As soon as this end is attained, the entire interest and income of such fund shall be devoted to the education of at least five indigent orphan children of Masons ; such recipients of this fund to be chosen with regard to merit, necessity, and locality, and also with a view, if possible, to the eventual return of this aid by these recipients, in themselves advancing to the utmost of their ability the cause of education.

"It shall be the duty of the said trustees to make a full report to the Grand Lodge, at each annual communication, of the amount of such fund, principal and interest, and its mode of investment ; also the names of the recipients of the benefits of the fund, their locality, and such other circumstances connected with such investment and distribution as they shall deem necessary to place this Grand Lodge in possession of full information on the subject."

RESTORATION FROM EXPULSION.

The most important subject of masonic law which was brought to the attention of the Grand Lodge during its session was that of the restoration of expelled Masons. It is well known that a very large majority of masonic writers in this country contend that when the Grand Lodge restores a Mason who had been expelled by his lodge, such restoration can only be to the rights and privileges of Masonry, and not to membership in his lodge. There is, however, a small but very respectable number of jurists who hold a contrary opinion, and who contend that when a Grand Lodge is satisfied that the sentence of expulsion by a subordinate lodge has been unjustly inflicted, and that the party expelled was not guilty of the crime alleged against him, it may not only restore him to the rights and privileges of Masonry, but also to membership in his lodge. In one word, that it can, under such circumstances, declare the sentence of expulsion thus wrongly imposed to be utterly null and void in all its parts, and place the aggrieved brother precisely in the status which he occupied before his trial and condemnation. These conflicting views on a very important subject of masonic law are thus dividing the masonic jurists of the present day—in the olden time there was but one opinion—and the subject has been discussed in the Grand Lodge of Mississippi with much learning. On amendment to the Constitution, proposed in 1858, a committee had been appointed ; and at the present session two reports were read, one from the majority and the other from the minority. The former takes the unpopular, but what we cannot help believe to be the true ground, that the Grand Lodge possesses the power of complete restoration to membership as well as to the Order. This report is from the pen of Bro. HILLYER. The minority report, which was written by Bro. GRAY, contends for the converse of this proposition, and asserts that the Grand Lodge may restore to the Order, but not to membership. We have always thought this last a monstrous proposition, at war with every principle of equity and justice ; and we have been surprised to find so many good and intelligent men defending it. We trust, however, that under the blows of such antagonists as HILLYER, it will not long survive. We wish we had room for the whole report of Bro. HILLYER, which is just such a tissue of close, logical reasoning as might be expected from his pen. We give, however, the gist of his argument in a single paragraph. The authorities with which he supports it, and the arguments with which he opposes the contrary doctrine, we must reluctantly omit :

"The great argument in support of our position is, that, in some cases at least, such a complete restoration would be but simple justice, while the present incomplete restoration—this half-way reversal, this shadow and not substance—would be rank and flagrant wrong. If there are any such cases ; if any such ever have occurred, or are at all likely to occur ; nay, if a single such case is even possible to occur, then the Grand Lodge, whose first constitutional duty is to hear appeals, redress grievances, and remove complaints from subordinate lodges, ought to possess the discretionary power asked for. Is such a case never likely to occur ? Do lodges never err ? never violate the rules of trial ? never decide upon one-sided statements ? Do they never fall in comprehending testimony ? Have they never

found—are they so infallible that they never will find—a brother guilty who is innocent? None will contend for such infallibility. Masons are men. Prejudice and passion, forgetfulness of rule and dimness of judgment, may darken the lodge room. This very right of appeal to the Grand Lodge; this power of reversal and abrogation; this laying down of strict rules for conduct of trials; this annual examination of appeal cases; the occasional reversals and restorations which our printed proceedings exhibit—all prove the liability of lodges to err. Such a case, then, as we above spoke of can occur. The possibility of its occurrence, we therefore argue, is proof that the appellate authority should have the power, in its discretion, to make the effects of the reversal as complete as those of the sentence. The reparation should be as full as the injury—the restoration as entire as the exclusion.”

The subject was laid over until the next annual communication. We trust that the theory thus ably defended by Bro. HILLYER will then be incorporated into the Constitution of Mississippi, and that there, at least, no lodge will be permitted, without redress, to inflict the most grievous wrong on a brother, and that the maxim of the law will be there vindicated, that *where there is a wrong, there is a remedy.*

J E H O V A H.

BARNAGE, in his “Jewish Antiquities,” has some curious speculations on the name of God, which, as the book is not generally accessible, will be worth transcribing. They show with what abundant mystery the Word has in all systems been enveloped:

“The letter *jod* in JEHOVAH is one of those things which eye has not seen, but which has been concealed from all mankind. Its essence and nature are incomprehensible; it is not lawful so much as to meditate upon it. Man may lawfully revolve his thoughts from one end of the heavens to the other, but he cannot approach that inaccessible light, that primitive existence, contained in the letter *jod*. And indeed the Masters call the letter *Thought*, or *Idea*, and prescribe no bounds to its efficacy. It was this letter which, flowing from the primitive Light, gave being to the Emanations; it wearied itself by the way, but assumed new vigor by the assistance of the letter H, (*heth*), which makes the second letter of the Ineffable Name. The other letters have also their mysteries. The last H discovers the unity of a God and *CAMARON*; and upon this letter that grand truth is built. But four great rivers issue from this Unity: the four Majesties of God, which the Jews call *Shekmal*. The whole name JEHOVAH includes in it all things in general; and therefore he that pronounces it, puts the whole world into his mouth and all the creatures that compose it.

“The man that pronounces the name of the LORD, moves the heavens and earth in proportion as he moves his lips and tongue. The angels feel the motion of the universe, and are astonished, and ask one another, Whence comes this concussion of the world? It is answered, that the impious N has moved his lips in pronouncing the Ineffable Name. At the same time an indictment is drawn up against this wretch, all the sins he has committed are numbered, and he rarely escapes condemnation.”

It is scarcely necessary to add that BARNAGE has taken these wonderful matters out of the Talmud, where a thousand more like them may be found.

THE ASHLAR.

BRO. ALLYN WESTON has resumed the editorial charge of the *Ashlar*, and promises improvements in the appearance and character of the work. Bro. WESTON, during his previous career, was favorably distinguished among our masonic editors for his ability and courtesy. He promises several improvements in the future volumes of the *Ashlar*.

S T A T I S T I C S .

BRO. DANIEL, the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Mississippi, has, with great industry, collected from the published proceedings of thirty-eight Grand Lodges, including that of Canada, a very interesting amount of statistical information, which he has thrown into a tabular form. From this we borrow a few facts that will be interesting to our readers. The number of lodges in the United States and Canada is 4571, of which 4068 return an aggregate of 194,918 members, so that, estimating the number of members in the 503 lodges which made no returns at about 6000, which is a very moderate computation, we shall have not less than 200,000 Masons in the United States and Canada. There are no data by which we can estimate the unaffiliated Masons, but we fear that they do not amount to less than 25,000, and, notwithstanding all the stringent efforts that have been made to diminish the number, it seems that these drones in the hive of Masonry are increasing; for, while the table shows that there have been 8279 dismissions during the year, there have been only 4802 affiliations, so that 3477 Masons left their lodges never to return. But the ranks of the Order have been rapidly filled by new recruits, for, during the year, there were no less than 25,691 initiations, so that, putting these and the affiliations against the dismissions, deaths, suspensions, and expulsions, we find that in twelve months the Order has actually gained 17,150 members—an astonishing increase, considering the exclusive and non-proselyting principles of the institution.

From this table we may also collect some other curious information. We find that the average membership of the lodges in the United States is a little over forty-seven. The lodges of Pennsylvania and Rhode Island are more populous than those of any other jurisdiction, there being an average of seventy-three members in each; next to these, come Massachusetts, with an average of 69 members, and Georgia, with 65; below these, in lodge population, are Michigan, with 59; District of Columbia, with 56; New York, with 55; Delaware, with 51; and Maryland and Tennessee, with 50 each; then we have New Jersey, with 48 members in each lodge; North Carolina and Connecticut, with 46; Texas, with 44; Maine, with 42; and New Hampshire and Louisiana, with 41; next, we find Missouri, with 39; Florida and Mississippi, with 38; Kentucky, California, Virginia, and Illinois, with 37; South Carolina, with 36; and Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Alabama, with 33; in Arkansas, the average membership is 29; in Washington Territory, 25; in Nebraska, 23; while Oregon terminates the list, with only an average of 20 members in each of the 24 lodges of that jurisdiction.

The most populous jurisdiction is New York, which contains an aggregate of 26,192 Masons in good standing; next to it, but after a long interval, is Georgia, whose masonic population is 12,310; but Ohio follows closely, with her 12,105 affiliated disciples; and then come Pennsylvania, with 11,428; Illinois, with 10,571; and Kentucky, with 10,319. Of the older jurisdictions, those namely whose Grand Lodges were organized in the last century or in the beginning of the present, the most thinly peopled with Masons are New Hampshire, whose masonic population is 1882, and Rhode Island, which has 1176. Delaware, whose Grand Lodge was organized in 1806, although a larger State than Rhode Island, has only a masonic population of 512.

We may learn, too, from this table something of the *morale* of Masonry in the United States—that is, always supposing that the returns have been correctly made. Thus, we find, upon a close calculation, that in the whole of the masonic jurisdictions of the Union, taken in the aggregate, about one Mason in every 62 is subjected to masonic discipline. In some jurisdictions, however, it appears, either that there is a greater want of discipline, or a less frequent violation of masonic law than in others. Our statistics give us no way of discovering the true cause, but we may suppose, from the great difference discoverable, that it is more probable that the

lodges are less severe in some places, than that there should be so great a diversity of masonic character. Thus, this table shows us, by a little calculation, that only one Mason in every 688 was subjected to discipline, or found worthy of it, whatever may have been the case, in Vermont; 1 in every 650 in South Carolina; 1 in 512 in Delaware; 1 in 496 in Connecticut; and 1 in 323 in New York. But as a set-off to this apparently healthy condition of our morality, or to this looseness of discipline, we find that the proportion of masonic delinquents to the whole masonic population of the jurisdiction was, 1 in 87 in Arkansas, 1 in 80 in Florida, 1 in 55 in New Jersey, 1 in 48 in Oregon, 1 in 40 in Pennsylvania, 1 in 33 in Georgia, and 1 in 28 in Wisconsin. Our brethren in Indiana must be very strict in the infliction of masonic discipline, for we find that the proportion of delinquents in that jurisdiction is 1 in 23. This, however, is beaten by Kansas, where the proportion is 1 in 21.

There are many more suggestions which might be deduced from this table, by the aid of a little calculation, but we imagine that we have furnished enough for present thought.

POLITICAL QUALIFICATIONS.

BRO. BARBER, the able Grand Master of Arkansas, in his address at the last communication of the Grand Lodge of that jurisdiction, advances the following views on the subject of the political qualifications of candidates :

" A question of some novelty, as well as of apparent interest, has arisen within our jurisdiction : How far the political opinions of a candidate constitute a legal disqualification ? I suppose that no political opinions can be pronounced a legal disqualification, unless they are such as lead to a violation of the charge as to the civil government, given to the Entered Apprentice, and repeated in the Master's installation. Merely speculative opinions, however wild or repugnant to the general sense of the community, can scarcely be so termed. But there are still other considerations to influence the vote of each individual member. For myself, I would consent to the admission of no person into our mystic brotherhood, however intelligent he might be, however good his intentions, however irreproachable as to his moral character, if the opinions entertained by him, whether political or otherwise, were such as to prevent a cordial fraternal intercourse. Some men of extensive literary attainments, of good moral character, of many virtues, are in some respects so constituted by nature, or by education, as to render them unfit for any social organization. In such case, or whenever the general principles regulating the life and conduct of the candidate are such as would not, in my opinion, promote the good order and well-being of the fraternity, I should consider it my duty to reject him, though no legal qualification should exist. I recognize no one's right to become a member of the fraternity, and shall give my consent to the admission of none whom I cannot receive as friends and brothers."

This is a novel doctrine, but it is a bold one, and perhaps not indefensible. It is certain that, morally speaking, no political opinions or political conduct can be viewed as a masonic offence. The Old Charges expressly lay down this principle; and if a Mason cannot be punished for entertaining any peculiar class of political opinions, it seems to follow, as a natural deduction, that a candidate should not be rejected for that which would not affect his masonic standing after his initiation. All this is clear enough. But BRO. BARBER takes, we think, the right view of the subject when, after admitting that " no political opinions can be pronounced a legal disqualification," he claims the right to black-ball any candidate for this very cause if he has reason to believe that his political opinions are of such a nature that his admission " would not promote the good order and well-being of the fraternity."

The first great qualification of a candidate is that his admission into the lodge shall not " spoil its harmony or hinder its freedom." To this qualification all others

must succumb ; and, therefore, no matter how good, or how wise, or how influential a candidate may be, if any one of the members feels that his acceptance would be the means of destroying that harmony and peace which should ever exist in a lodge of Masons, it is the duty of such member, by the exercise of the black-ball, to prevent that admission, and to preserve the peace and harmony of the brethren.

A great deal has been said of the impropriety of permitting personal pique or prejudice to control any member in the ballot. Undoubtedly it is wrong for any man to permit himself to be the victim of such unworthy passions ; but yet, if A, a member of a lodge, has such inveterate dislike to B, a candidate, that it is impossible for him to hail him as a brother, no matter how unfounded in reason that dislike may be, who shall say that A must make himself a martyr for the sake of gratifying a fancy of B's, and by consenting to his admission, expatriate himself? Here it is presumed that the admission of B will be the signal for the withdrawal of A. Nay, more ; who shall say that other members, as C, and D, and E, knowing that the initiation of B would be the introduction of discordant elements into the lodge, or the compulsory dimission of A, are not also bound to prevent such a result?

The great misapprehension in relation to the principle which should govern the rejection of candidates arises, we imagine, from the mistaken supposition that such a rejection is a wrong inflicted on the candidate. But this is by no means the case. A wrong is defined by the jurists to be "a privation of right." Now no man possesses the right of initiation ; it is only a favor to be asked, and to be granted or refused at the good pleasure of those who have the power to grant or refuse. If it were a right, then the lodge would be bound in every case of rejection to enquire into the motives which led to it, because a wrong would have been inflicted, and such wrong must have its remedy. But as it is only a favor, every member has the inalienable prerogative to cast his vote for giving or withholding it ; and no human tribunal can enquire into his reasons or motives. His conscience must be the only judge, and thus the secrecy and independence of the ballot is preserved. And, therefore, we agree with Bro. BARBER, in holding that no matter whether the disqualification be personal, moral, or political, if it be of such a nature as to render the admission of the candidate inexpedient, any member is entitled, with these views, to vote for his rejection.

HIRAM OF TYRE.

ANDERSON, in the Book of Constitutions, says : "The tradition is, that King HIRAM had been Grand Master of all Masons ; but when the temple was finished, HIRAM came to survey it before its consecration, and to commune with SOLOMON about wisdom and art ; and finding that the GREAT ARCHITECT of the Universe had inspired SOLOMON above all mortal men, HIRAM very readily yielded the pre-eminence to SOLOMON JEDEDIAH, the beloved of God.

THE VEILS OF THE TABERNACLE.

ACCORDING to JOSEPHUS, the veils of the Tabernacle, which were composed of four different colors, were emblematic of the four elements, earth, water, air, and fire. The white or fine linen represented earth, because it was made of flax, the produce of the earth ; the purple represented water, because it was stained by the blood of the murex, a marine shell fish ; the blue represented the air, because it was the color of the sky ; and the scarlet, for a similar reason, represented the fire.

DIGGINGS IN THE RUBBISH.

THE old Magazines, Reviews, and other periodicals of the last century, which have been long out of print, and are now to be found only in some hidden nook of the shelves of old libraries, wholly inaccessible to the mass of readers, and passed by, too often, with neglect by those who, though they can reach them, know nothing of their value, contain many important items of masonic history—items that can no where be found, and which will soon be for ever lost to the fraternity unless preserved by the industrious research of some inveterate book-monger—some *heluo librorum*, who is wont to make old books a part of his dally food. Under the appropriate title of “Diggings in the Rubbish,” we propose hereafter, from time to time, to preserve, in the pages of this Magazine, some of the most valuable of these records of the deeds and thoughts of the past. The future historian of Freemasonry will find his advantage in the suggestions that are to be derived from these old extracts. We present, therefore, in the present number, an article taken from the 6th volume of the *Monthly Magazine and British Register*, published at London in October, 1798. It contains a brief history of the condition of Freemasonry in England at that time, and of events that occurred from 1760 to the date of the article. The signature of the writer, “Z. H., J.,” which will at once be recognized as the initials of the three Principals of an English Royal Arch Chapter, would indicate that he held an office in the Order; and in a previous article, he claims to be an experienced and studious Mason and “a zealous lover of the Order.” As some of the facts which he details are interesting and important, and are not to be found in the works of CALCOTT, SMITH, PRESTON, or any other of the masonic historians of that day, we do not hesitate to copy the whole of the historical part of the article, as being well worthy of preservation in the pages of the *Freemason's Monthly Magazine*, and as the first fruits of our *diggings in the rubbish*:

“Agreeably to my promise, I now send you some further particulars on the subject of the abuses of Freemasonry.

“From about the year 1760 this Order has greatly declined in England; I mean with respect to its reputation. Indeed, the causes of its declension may be traced somewhat further back. In the year 1739, a great breach was made in the society by the setting up of an independent Grand Lodge, the members of which called themselves Ancient Masons, and treated their brethren who adhered to the new regulations as juniors and innovators; while these again, being more numerous and more powerful, anathematized the Ancients as schismatics, if not, in fact, as impostors. The dissension between these two societies was very bitter and unbecoming, and so continued for many years. This naturally begat in the minds of those who belonged to neither a contemptuous idea of that extraordinary pretension to brotherly love and charity which was set up by both parties. The multiplication of lodges was the source of considerable irregularities; in consequence of which many were yearly struck off the list, and offending brethren were expelled. These things weakened the reputation of the Order very considerably, especially when it was observed that immorality was a less cause of offence being taken by the heads of the fraternity than a non-compliance with certain rules and orders of no moment. In the year 1747 a circumstance occurred that greatly injured the interests of the society, at least for a time. It had been usual for the Grand Lodge, on their anniversary meeting, to make a very pompous procession from the hall in which they met for business, and which was generally one of the city halls, to the tavern where the business of the day was concluded. About the time of the grand feast in that year, some disappointed Masons (as it is said) caused a whimsical procession to parade most of the streets of London, made up of an immense number of the lowest of the rabble, as chimney-sweepers, dustmen, &c., clothed with the regalia of the Order, and preceded by a numerous train of musicians playing charmingly on salt-boxes, bullocks' horns, with marrow-bones and cleavers, &c. This motley crew, some on foot, some in carts, some on asses, entertained the gaping crowd with various signs and other manœuvres in derision of the Freemasons. The name given to these brothers was that of *Scall'd Miserables*. In consequence of the ridicule thus put upon the Order, the Grand Lodge prudently (as Anderson says) resolved to discontinue for the future the usual public procession of the society on the feast day.

"Whether this affair gave occasion to other persons to be witty at the society's expense, I know not; but it is certain that from this period various caricature prints were produced to ridicule the Order, and many publications appeared, pretending to discover all its secrets. It is somewhat remarkable, that though the ingenious HOGARTH was a member of the fraternity, and actually served the office of Grand Steward in 1735, yet he could not refrain from exercising his pencil and graver in derision of the society. In his picture of 'Night,' one of the most conspicuous figures is that of a Master of a lodge led home drunk by the tyler.

"About the year 1766, a new society sprung up, and affected to assume an independence of the Grand Lodge, under the name of the Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons. Before that time, every lodge conceived itself competent to improve itself to the utmost extent in Masonry, and to exercise all the higher branches of the Order by virtue of that authority which it derived from the Grand Lodge. But now, some brethren in London, thinking themselves wiser than the rest, contrived to form themselves into a distinct body, and to issue out dispensations for holding Chapters in this Order. One innovation begets another. The Royal Arch Chapter made a good deal of money by the credulity of the brethren at large. This prompted some other ingenious Masons to erect still higher and more dazzling institutions, as points of a more sublime nature in Masonry. The next improvement was the formation of a Royal and Grand Conclave of Knights Templars of St. John of Jerusalem, which was independent of both the Grand Lodge and the Royal Arch Chapter. It must be admitted that Royal Arch Masonry connects itself extremely well with what is called *Craft Masonry*, and suitably supplies those deficiencies which every intelligent brother must see reason to complain of in it. There is also a degree of moral elegance and even piety in the degree of Royal Arch, both with respect to its lectures, ceremonies, and form of admission. This, however, is far from being the case with that which is called the Order of Knights Templars."

So far only is this article valuable as an historical document. The remainder of it is occupied with a condemnation of the obligations and ceremonies of the Knights Templars, which, as it is founded on a misrepresentation of the character of that Order, and if true, in the particular instance, is to be attributed only to the abuse of a good institution, we forbear to republish. What has already been given will assist in throwing light on the condition of Masonry about the middle of the last century, and on the true era at which the disavowance took place between the Master's degree and its consummation—the Royal Arch.

MASONIC MESSENGER.

WE are in the receipt of the first number of the *Masonic Messenger*, a monthly journal published by WILLIAM BLOOMFIELD, Jr., at New Orleans. It is a well printed 8vo. of 40 pages, the prospectus of which was circulated a year ago, although the present number was not issued until July last, a delay for which the editor apologises. The first number is almost exclusively occupied with matters relating to the masonic schism in Louisiana, an important and interesting subject; for the full exposition of which we willingly forego the usual variety. We welcome the *Messenger* into the rank of masonic periodicals, and wish its conductor, whose name has not been given, a happy time in the editorial chair. There is talent enough in Louisiana to conduct a masonic journal, with ability and zeal, sufficient to support it with success.

GRAND LODGE OF IOWA.

THE Grand Lodge of Iowa held its annual communication on the 7th of June, terminating it on the 10th. Its proceedings have not yet been received; but we learn that Bro. J. R. HARTSOCK was re-elected Grand Master, and Bro. PARVIN, of course, Grand Secretary. What could Iowa do without PARVIN on the left of the Grand Master's chair?

HOW THEY DO THINGS IN FRANCE.

ALMOST all of our masonic journals have been publishing an article with the astonishing caption, "Lady MORGAN, a Freemason"—which would lead to the inference that there is some place in the world where women can be admitted into the mystic fraternity. Lady MORGAN, who gives a history of the whole transaction, in her "Diary" lately published, seems to have been inclined to the same opinion, for after the ceremony was over, she writes in her Diary with great complacency: "Well, here I am, a 'Free and Accepted Mason,' according to the old Irish masonic song." She ought, by the by, as a Mason, to have known that the song is English and not Irish, having been written by Matthew Birkhead of London.

Let us give the true history of the transaction, which was absurd enough in all conscience, without making it more absurd by publishing the lady all over America as a veritable Freemason, when, instead of the true diamond, she only got a bit of paste, and a bad imitation at that. We may remark, in passing, that although our contemporaries have seized the recital with great avidity as something interesting in the way of masonic news, the transaction has by no means the charm of novelty to recommend it, since it occurred so far back as the year 1819, and sixteen years ago CLAVEL referred to it and gave some account of the meeting in his "Histoire Pittoresque."

Lodges of adoption were first established in France, about the middle of the last century. They were the offspring of French gallantry, and were instituted, says CLAVEL, by the Masons as a fair means of enabling their wives and daughters to participate in the pleasures which they enjoyed in their mystic fetes. Lodges of adoption were engrafted on the legitimate Order; each lodge was attached to and placed under the control of some regularly constituted lodge, whose Master presided over its meetings, assisted by a Grand Mistress. A ritual was invented, consisting of four degrees, but not assimilated in the remotest degree as to form or design to that of Freemasonry, except that it inculcated moral truths by means of symbols and ceremonies. Under these regulations a lodge of adoption was attached in 1775 to the lodge of St. Antoine at Paris, and was held under the presidency of the Duke of CHARTRES and the Duchess of BOURBON. Another lodge of adoption was held in 1805 at Strasburg, under the warrant of the lodge of Francs Chevaliers, on which occasion Baron DIETRICK presided, assisted by no less a personage, as Grand Mistress, than the Empress JOSEPHINE.

The lodge of adoption in which Lady MORGAN was not made a Freemason, but received the degrees of the adoptive rite at Paris, in the year 1819, was called "Belle et Bonne," which our French readers need not be informed means "Beautiful and Good." This was the pet name which long before had been bestowed by VOLTAIRE upon the Marchioness de VILLETTE, under whose presidency and at whose residence the lodge was held; and hence the name with which all France was familiarly acquainted as the popular designation of Madame de VILLETTE.

An American Mason who wants to understand the true nature of this initiation of Lady MORGAN will best comprehend the idea when he is told that she received a female side degree. With these explanatory remarks, rendered necessary by the repeated announcement within the last few months, that Lady MORGAN was made a Freemason, we proceed to give her own account of the ceremonial of her initiation, which will, besides, supply a very good general notion of the character of these lodges of adoption:

"When we drove to the solitudes of the Rue Vaugirard, Fanbourg St. Germaine, we found the court of the Hotel la Villette and all the *remises* full of carriages. 'BELLE ET BONNE,' magnificently dressed in white satin and diamonds, with VOLTAIRE's picture round her neck, set in brilliants, received us in the *salon* with a sort of solemn grace, very unlike her usual joyous address. Madame la General For, the wife of the popular militaire, stood beside her. His Royal Highness Prince PAUL of Wurtemberg; the Bishop of Jerusalem; TALMA; Count de la ROCHEFOU-

CAULT, in full dress, looking very like his illustrious ancestor of 'Les Maximes'; DENON; the Count de CAZES, *pair de France* (brother to the premier, the Duc de Cazes); General FAVIER, and many others whom we knew, were assembled, and muttered their conversation in little groups. At half-past eight they all proceeded to hold the Chapter for the installation of the 'Dames Ecossaises du Temple,' according to the programme; we, *les dames postulantes*, remaining behind till we were called for. I really began to feel some trepidation, and the stories that I had heard from my childhood upwards, of the horror of the trial of a Freemasonic probation, rose to my mind, red-hot poker included! At nine o'clock we were summoned to attend the 'Ouverture de la cour des grand commandeurs.' When the battants were thrown open, a spectacle of great magnificence presented itself. A profusion of crimson and gold, marble busts, a decorated throne and altar, a profusion of flowers, incense of the finest odor filling the air, and, in fact, a spectacle of the most scenic and dramatic effect presented itself. Such of the forms as are permitted to reach ears profane are detailed in the programme. We took the vows, but as to the secret—it shall never pass these lips, in holy silence sealed. That so many women, young and beautiful, and worldly, should never have revealed the secret, is among the miracles which the much-distrusted sex are capable of working. When the great mysteries had been celebrated, and the novices were seated, and silence reigned, there was a sudden outburst of harmony; through all of which, from time to time, the strange musical eccentricities of the half-mad, half-inspired BOUCHER were distinctly heard, and only quelled by the melodious harp-invocations of his wife, the finest harpist of her time. After the overture, we had an oration by the Grand Chancellor. The *loge* lasted two hours. During the whole time, my eyes were fixed on the Archimandrite of Jerusalem, and TALMA, who had precisely the same expression of countenance which he had worn in 'Neron' when bothered by one of AGRIPPA's lectures, which was a *stern ennui* personified. The archbishop tried to look pious, but as it was the piety of the Greek Church, I did not understand it; had it been an Irish priest, I should have been *au fait*. When the *loge* was closed, we adjourned processionally to the *salle de recreation*, and the ball was opened. The priestesses had thrown off their officiating robes, and the *grande maitresse en seconde* opened the ball with Prince PAUL of Wurtemberg."

TO DEMIT.

THE word *demit* is not confined to the technical language of Masonry. It is also to be found in the Scottish dialect with precisely the same signification. Thus, Mr. BANNATTYNE, in a list of Scotticisms published in 1798, has the following definition: "To demit an office; to resign." Yet, in the spelling, both the Masons and the Scotchmen are wrong. The word is not derived from the Latin verb *demitto*, "to let fall," but from *dimitto* "to leave," and hence should be spelt with an *i* in the first syllable, and not with an *e*, as is the usual practice. But so strong is the force of custom, as the law of language, that it is doubtful whether, notwithstanding the efforts of a few modern writers to establish the correct orthography, the Craft will ever generally abandon the old mode of spelling.

LODGE PRAYER.

It was the custom of the Druids to open and close their bardic circles with a formula of prayer, the words of which have been preserved, and would form a beautiful formula to be adopted by masonic lodges for the same purpose. The prayer is as follows:

"O God, grant us thy protection; and with protection, strength; and with strength, discretion; and with discretion, justice; and with justice, love; and with love, the love of God; and with the love of God, the love of all living things."

THE
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O C E O L A :

A Romance of the History of Florida and the Seminole War.

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CHAPTER XXVI. — A FRONTIER FORT.

THE word "fort" calls up before the mind a massive structure, with angles and embrasures, bastions and battlements, curtains, casemates, and glacis—a place of great strength, for this is its essential signification. Such structures have the Spaniards raised—in Florida as elsewhere—some of which are still standing,¹ while others, even in their ruins, bear witness to the grandeur and glory that enveloped them at that time, when the leopard flag waved proudly above their walls.

There is a remarkable dissimilarity between the colonial architecture of Spain and that of other European nations. In America, the Spaniards built without regard to pains or expense, as if they believed that their tenure would be eternal. Even in Florida, they could have had no idea their lease was to be so short—no forecast of so early an ejectionment.

After all, these great fortresses served them a purpose. But for their protection, the dark Yemassee, and, after him, the conquering Seminole, would have driven them from the flowery peninsula long before the period of their actual rendition.

The United States has its great stone fortresses; but far different from these are the "forts" of frontier phraseology, which figure in the story of border wars, and which at this hour gird the territory of the United States as with a gigantic chain. In these are no grand battlements of cut rock, no costly casemates, no idle ornaments of engineering. They are rude erections of hewn logs, of temporary intent, put up at little expense, to be abandoned at as little loss—ready to follow the ever-flitting frontier in its rapid recession.

Such structures are admirably adapted to the purposes which they are required to serve. They are types of the utilitarian spirit of a republican government, not permitted to squander national wealth on

¹ Forts Picolata on the St John's, Fort San Augustine, and others at Pensacola, St Mark's, and elsewhere.

such costly toys as Thames Tunnels and Britannia Bridges, at the expense of an overtaxed people.

The best way to fortify against the ravages of an Indian enemy is to obtain a few hundred trees; cut them to lengths of eighteen feet; split them up the middle; set them in a quadrangle side by side, flat faces inward; batten them together; point them at the tops; loop-hole eight feet from the ground; place a staging under the loop-holes; dig a ditch outside; build a pair of bastions at alternate corners, in which plant your cannon; hang a strong gate—and you have a frontier fort.

It may be a triangle, a quadrangle, or any other polygon best suited to the ground.

You need quarters for your troops and stores. Build strong block-houses within the enclosure—some at the angles, if you please; loop-hole them also—against the contingency of the stockade being carried; and this done, your fort is finished.

Pine-trees serve well. Their tall, branchless stems are readily cut and split to the proper lengths; but in Florida is found a timber still better for the purpose—in the trunk of the “cabbage palm.” These, from the peculiarity of their endogenous texture, are less liable to be shattered by shot, and the bullet buries itself harmlessly in the wood. Of such materials was Fort King.

Fancy, then, such a stockade fort. People it with a few hundred soldiers—some in jacket uniforms of faded sky-color, with white facings, sadly dimmed with dirt—the infantry; some in darker blue, bestriped with red—artillery; a few adorned with the more showy yellow—the dragoons; and still another few in the sombre green of the rifles. Fancy these men lounging about, or standing in groups, in slouched attitudes, and slouchingly attired—a few of tidier aspect, with pipe-clayed belts and bayonets by their sides, on sentry, or forming the daily guard—some half-score of slattern women, their laundress-wives, mingling with a like number of brown-skinned squaws—a sprinkling of squalling brats—here and there an officer hurrying along, distinguished by his dark-blue undress frock²—half a dozen gentlemen in civilian garb—visitors or non-military *attachés* of the fort—a score less gentle-looking—sutlers, beef-contractors, drovers, butchers, guides, hunters, gamblers, and idlers—some negro servants, and friendly Indians—perhaps the pompous commissioner himself—fancy all these before you, with the star-spangled flag waving above your head, and you have the *coup d'œil* that presented itself as I rode into the gateway of Fort King.

Of late not much used to the saddle, the ride had fatigued me. I heard the *reveille*, but not yet being ordered on duty, I disregarded the call, and kept my bed till a later hour.

The notes of a bugle bursting through the open window, and the quick rolling of drums, once more awoke me. I recognised the parade music, and sprang from my couch. Jake at this moment entered to assist me in my toilet.

² Chamærops palmetto.

³ An American officer is rarely to be seen in full uniform—still more rarely when on campaigning service, as in Florida.

"Golly, Massa George!" he exclaimed, pointing out by the window: "lookee dar! dar's tha whole Indy-en ob tha Seminole nay-shun—ebbery red skin dar be in ole Floridy. Whugh!"

I looked forth. The scene was picturesque and impressive. Inside the stockade, soldiers were hurrying to and fro—the different companies forming for parade. They were no longer, as on the evening before, slouched and loosely attired; but, with jackets close buttoned, caps jauntily cocked, belts pipe-clayed to a snowy whiteness, guns, bayonets, and buttons gleaming under the sunlight, they presented a fine military aspect. Officers were moving among them, distinguished by their more splendid uniforms and shining epaulets; and a little apart stood the general himself, surrounded by his staff, conspicuous under large black chapeaus with nodding plumes of white and scarlet feathers. Alongside the general was the commissioner—himself a general—in full government uniform.

This grand display was intended for effect on the minds of the Indians.

There were several well-dressed civilians within the enclosure, planters from the neighborhood, among whom I recognised the Ring-golds.

So far the impressive. The picturesque lay beyond the bounds of the stockade.

On the level plain that stretched to a distance of several hundred yards in front, were groups of tall Indian warriors, attired in all their savage finery—turbaned, painted, and plumed. No two were dressed exactly alike, and yet there was a similarity in the style of all. Some wore hunting-shirts of buckskin, with leggings and moccasins of like material—all profusely fringed, beaded, and tasselled; others were clad in tunics of printed cotton stuff, checked or flowered, with leggings of cloth, blue, green, or scarlet, reaching from hip to ankle, and girt below the knee with bead-embroidered gaiters, whose tagged and tasselled ends hung down the outside of the leg. The gorgeous wampum belt encircled their waists, behind which were stuck their long knives, tomahawks, and in some instances pistols glittering with a rich inlay of silver—relics left them by the Spaniards. Some, instead of the Indian wampum, encircled their waists with the Spanish scarf of scarlet silk, its fringed extremities hanging square with the skirt of the tunic, adding gracefulness to the garment. A picturesque head dress was not wanting to complete the striking costume; and in this the variety was still greater. Some wore the beautiful coronet of plumes—the feathers stained to a variety of brilliant hues; some the "toque" of checked "bandanna;" while others wore shako-like caps of fur—of the black squirrel, the bay lynx, or racoon—the face of the animal often fantastically set to the front. The heads of many were covered with broad fillets of embroidered wampum, out of which stood the wing-plumes of the king-vulture, or the gossamer feathers of the sand-hill crane. A few were still further distinguished by the nodding plumes of the great bird of Afric.

All carried guns—the long rifle of the backwoods hunter, with horns and pouches slung from their shoulders. Neither bow nor arrow was to be seen, except in the hands of the youth—many of whom were upon the ground, mingling with the warriors.

Further off, I could see tents, where the Indians had pitched their camp. They were not together, but scattered along the edge of the wood, here and there in clusters, with banners floating in front—denoting the different clans or sub-tribes to which each belonged.

Women in their long frocks could be seen moving among the tents, and little dark-skinned "papooses" were playing over the grassy sward in front of them.

When I first saw them, the warriors were assembling in front of the stockade. Some had already arrived, and stood in little crowds conversing, while others strode over the ground, passing from group to group, as if bearing words of counsel from one to the other.

I could not help observing the upright carriage of these magnificent men. I could not help admiring their full free port, and contrasting it with the gingerly step of the drilled soldier! No eye could have looked upon both without acknowledging this superiority of the *savage*.

As I glanced along the line of Saxon and Celtic soldiery—starched and stiff as they stood, shoulder to shoulder, and heel to heel—and then looked upon the plumed warriors without, as they proudly strode over the sward of their native soil, I could not help the reflection that to conquer these men we must needs *outnumber* them!

I should have been laughed at had I given expression to the thought. It was contrary to all experience—contrary to the burden of many a boasting legend of the borders. The Indian had always succumbed; but was it to the superior strength and courage of his white antagonist? No; the inequality lay in numbers—oftener in arms. This was the secret of our superiority. What could avail the wet bowstring and ill-aimed shaft against the death-dealing bullet of the rifle?

There was no inequality now. Those hunter-warriors carried the fire-weapon, and could handle it as skilfully as we.

The Indians now formed into a half-circle in front of the fort. The chiefs, having aligned themselves so as to form the concave side of the curve, sat down upon the grass. Behind them, the sub-chiefs and more noted warriors took their places, and still further back, in rank after rank, stood the common men of the tribes. Even the women and boys drew near, clustering thickly behind, and regarding the movements of the men with quiet but eager interest.

Contrary to their usual habits, they were grave and silent. It is not their character to be so; for the Seminole is as free of speech and laughter as the clown of the circus ring; even the light-hearted negro scarcely equals him in joviality.

It was not so now, but the very reverse. Chiefs, warriors, and women—even the boys who had just forsaken their play—all wore an aspect of solemnity.

No wonder. That was no ordinary assemblage—no meeting upon a trivial matter—but a council at which was to be decided one of the dearest interests of their lives: a council whose decree might part them for ever from their native land. No wonder they did not exhibit their habitual gaiety.

It is not correct to say that all looked grave. In that semicircle of chiefs were men of opposite views. There were those who wished

for the removal—who had private reasons to desire it—men bribed, suborned, or tampered with—traitors to their tribe and nation.

These were neither weak nor few. Some of the most powerful chiefs had been bought over, and had agreed to sell the rights of their people. Their treason was known or suspected, and this it was that was causing the anxiety of the others. Had it been otherwise—had there been no division in their ranks—the patriot party might easily have obtained a triumphant decision; but they feared the defection of the traitors.

The band had struck up a march—the troops were in motion, and filing through the gate.

Hurrying on my uniform, I hastened out; and took my place in the staff of the general.

A few minutes after, we were on the ground, face to face with the assembled chiefs.

The troops formed in line, the general taking his stand in front of the colors, with the commissioner by his side. Behind these were grouped the officers of the staff, with clerks, interpreters, and some civilians of note, who, by courtesy, were to take part in the proceedings.

Hands were shaken between the officers and chiefs; the friendly calumet was passed round; and the council at length inaugurated.

CHAPTER. XXVII. — THE COUNCIL.

FIRST came the speech of the commissioner.

It is too voluminous to be given in detail. Its chief points were, an appeal to the Indians to conform peaceably to the terms of the Ocala treaty—to yield up their lands in Florida—to move to the west—to the country assigned them upon the White River of Arkansas—in short, to accept all the terms which the government had commissioned him to require.

He took pains to specify the advantages which would accrue from the removal. He painted the new home as a perfect paradise—prairies covered with game, elk, antelopes, and buffalo—rivers teeming with fish—crystal waters, and unclouded skies. Could he have found credence for his words, the Seminole might have fancied that the happy hunting-grounds of his fancied heaven existed in reality upon the earth.

On the other hand, he pointed out to the Indians the consequences of their non-compliance. White men would be settling thickly along their borders. Bad white men would enter upon their lands; there would be strife, and the spilling of blood; the red man would be tried in the court of the white man, where, according to law, his oath would be of no avail; and *therefore he must suffer injustice!*

Such were in reality the sentiments of Mr Commissioner Wiley Thompson,* uttered in the council of Fort King, in April, 1835. I shall give them in his own words; they are worthy of record, as a specimen of fair dealing between white and red. Thus spoke he:

* Historically true.

"Suppose—what is, however, impossible—that you could be permitted to remain here for a few years longer, what would be your condition? This land will soon be surveyed, sold to, and settled by the whites. *There is now a surveyor in the country.* The jurisdiction of the government will soon be extended over you. Your laws will be set aside—your chiefs will cease to be chiefs. Claims for debt and for your negroes would be set up against you by bad white men, or you would perhaps be charged with crimes affecting life. You would be hailed before the white man's court. The claims and charges would be decided by the white man's law. White men would be witnesses against you. Indians would not be permitted to give evidence. Your condition in a few years would be hopeless wretchedness. You would be reduced to abject poverty, and when urged by hunger to ask—perhaps from the man who had thus ruined you—for a crust of bread, you might be called an Indian dog, and spurned from his presence. For this reason it is that your 'Great Father (1)' wishes to remove you to the West—to save you from all these evils."

And this language in the face of a former treaty—that of Camp Moultrie—which guaranteed to the Seminoles their right to remain in Florida, and the third article of which runs thus:

"The United States will take the Florida Indians under their care and patronage; and will afford them protection against all persons whatsoever."

O tempora, O mores!

The speech was a mixture of sophistry and implied menace—now uttered in the tones of a petitioner, anon assuming the bold air of the bully. It was by no means clever—both characters having been overdone.

The commissioner felt no positive hostility towards the Seminoles. He was indignant only with those chiefs who had already raised opposition to his designs, and one, in particular, he *hated*; but the principal *animus* by which he was inspired was a desire to do the work for which he had been delegated—an ambition to carry out the wish of his government and nation, and thus gain for himself credit and glory. At this shrine he was ready—as most officials are—to sacrifice his personal independence of thought, with every principle of morality and honor. What matters the cause so long as it is the king's? Make it "congress" instead of "king's," and you have the motto of our Indian agent.

Shallow as was the speech, it was not without its effects. The weak and wavering were influenced by it. The flattering sketch of their new home, with the contrasted awful picture of what might be their future condition, affected the minds of many. During that spring the Seminoles had planted but little corn. The summons of war had been sounding in their ears; and they had neglected seed-time: there would be no harvest—no maize, nor rice, nor yams. Already were they suffering from their improvidence. Even then were they collecting the roots of the China briar,* and the acorns of the

* *Smilax pseudo-China*. From its roots the Seminoles make the *conté*, a species of jelly—a sweet and nourishing food.

live oak. How much worse would be their condition in the coming winter?

It is not to be wondered at that they gave way to apprehension; and I noticed many whose countenances bore an expression of awe. Even the patriot chiefs appeared to evince some apprehension for the result.

They were not dismayed, however. After a short interval, Hoitlemattee, one of the strongest opponents of the removal, rose to reply. There is no order of precedence in such matters. The tribes have their acknowledged orators, who are usually permitted to express the sentiments of the rest. The head chief was present, seated in the ring, with a British crown upon his head—a relic of the American revolution. But "Onopa" was no orator, and waved his right to reply in favor of Hoitlemattee—his son-in-law.

The latter had the double reputation of being a wise councillor and brave warrior; he was, furthermore, one of the most eloquent speakers in the nation. He was the prime-minister of Onopa, and, to carry the comparison into classic times, he might be styled the Ulysses of his people. He was a tall, spare man, of dark complexion, sharp aquiline features, and somewhat sinister aspect. He was not of the Seminole race, but, as he stated himself, a descendant of one of the ancient tribes who peopled Florida in the days of the early Spaniards. Perhaps he was a Yamassee, and his dark skin would seem to favor this supposition.

His powers of oratory may be gathered from his speech:

"At the treaty of Moultrie, it was engaged that we should rest in peace upon the land allotted to us for twenty years. All difficulties were buried, and we were assured that if we died, it should not be by the violence of the white man, but in the course of nature. The lightning should not rive and blast the tree, but the cold of old age should dry up the sap, and the leaves should wither and fall, and the branches drop, and the trunk decay and die.

"The deputation stipulated at the talk on the Oclawaha to be sent on the part of the nation, was only authorized to *examine* the country to which it was proposed to remove us, and bring back its report to the nation. We went according to agreement, and saw the land. It is no doubt good land, and the fruit of the soil may smell sweet, and taste well, and be healthy, but it is surrounded by bad and hostile neighbors, and the fruit of bad neighborhood is blood that spoils the land, and fire that dries up the brook. Even of the horses we carried with us, some were stolen by the Pawnees, and the riders obliged to carry their packs on their back. You would send us among bad Indians, with whom we could never be at rest.

"When we saw the land we said nothing; but the agents of the United States made us sign our hands to a paper which *you* say signified our consent to remove, but *we considered* we did no more than say we liked the land, and when we returned, the *nation would decide*. We had no authority to do more.

"Your talk is a good one, but my people cannot say they will go. The people differ in their opinions, and must be indulged with time to reflect. They cannot consent now; they are not willing to go. If their tongues say yes, their hearts cry no, and call them liars. We

are not hungry for other lands—why should we go and hunt for them? We like our own land, we are happy here. If suddenly we tear our hearts away from the homes round which they are twined, our heart-strings will snap. We cannot consent to go—no, white man, *we will not go!*”

A chief of the removal party spoke next. He was “Omatla,” one of the most powerful of the tribe, and suspected of an “alliance” with the agent. His speech was of a pacific character, recommending his red brothers not to make any difficulty, but to act as honorable men, and comply with the treaty of the Oclawaha.

It was evident this chief spoke under restraint. He feared to show too openly his partiality for the plans of the commissioner, dreading the vengeance of the patriot warriors. These frowned upon him as he stood up, and he was frequently interrupted by Arpiucki, Coa Hajo, and others.

A bolder speech, expressing similar views, was delivered by Lusta Hajo—the Black-Clay. He added little to the argument; but by his superior daring, restored the confidence of the traitorous party and the equanimity of the commissioner, who was beginning to exhibit signs of impatience and excitement.

“Holata Mico” next rose on the opposite side—a mild and gentlemanly Indian, and one of the most regarded of the chiefs. He was in ill health, as his appearance indicated; and in consequence of this, his speech was of a more pacific character than it might otherwise have been; for he was well known to have been a firm opponent of the removal.

“We come to deliver our talk to-day. We were all made by the same GREAT FATHER, and are all alike his children. We all came from the same mother, and were suckled at the same breast; therefore we are brothers; and, as brothers, should not quarrel, and let our blood rise up against each other. If the blood of one of us, by each other’s blow, should fall upon the earth, it would stain it, and cry aloud for vengeance from the land wherever it had sunk, and call down the frown and the thunder of the Great Spirit. I am not well. Let others who are stronger speak, and declare their minds.”

Several chiefs rose successively and delivered their opinions. Those for removal followed the strain of Omatla and the Black Clay. They were “Ohala”—the big warrior, the brothers Itolassee, and Charles Omatla, and a few others of less note.

In opposition to these, spoke the patriots, “Acola,” “Yaha Hajo,” “Echa Matta,” “Poshalla,” and the negro “Abram.” The last was an old refugee from Pensacola, but now chief of the blacks living with the Micosauc^e tribe, and one of the counsellors of Onopa, over whom he held supreme influence. He spoke English fluently; and at the council—as also that of the Oclawaha—he was the principal interpreter on the part of the Indians. He was a pure negro, with the thick lips, prominent cheek-bones, and other physical peculiarities of his race. He was brave, cool, and sagacious; and though only an adopt-

^e The Micosauc (Mikosaukee) or tribe of the “redstick,” was the largest and most warlike clan of the nation. It was under the immediate government of the head chief Onopa—usually called “Miconopa.”

ed chief, he proved to the last the true friend of the people who had honored him by their confidence. His speech was brief and moderate; nevertheless, it evinced a firm determination to resist the will of the agent.

As yet, the "king" had not declared himself, and to him the commissioner now appealed. Onopa was a large, stout man, of somewhat dull aspect, but not without a considerable expression of dignity. He was not a man of great intellect, nor yet an orator; and although the head "mico" of the nation, his influence with the warriors was not equal to that of several chiefs of inferior rank. His decision, therefore, would by no means be regarded as definitive, or binding upon the others; but being nominally "mico-mico," or chief chief, and actually head of the Micosauks—his vote would be likely to turn the scale, one way or the other. If he declared for the removal, the patriots might despair.

There was an interval of breathless silence. The eyes of the whole assemblage, of both red men and white men, rested upon the king. There were only a few who were in the secret of his sentiments; and how he would decide, was to most of those present a matter of uncertainty. Hence the anxiety with which they awaited his words.

At this crisis a movement was observed among the people who stood behind the king. They were making way for some one who was passing through their midst. It was evidently one of authority, for the crowd readily yielded him passage.

The moment after, he appeared in front—a young warrior, proudly caparisoned, and of noble aspect. He wore the insignia of a chief; but it needed not this to tell that he was one; there was that in his look and bearing which at once announced him a leader of men.

His dress was rich, without being frivolous or gay. His tunic, embraced by the bright wampum sash, hung well and gracefully; and the close-fitting leggings of scarlet cloth displayed the perfect sweep of his limbs. His form was a model of strength—terse, well-knit, symmetrical. His head was turbaned with a shawl of brilliant hues; and from the front rose three black ostrich plumes, that drooped backward over the crown till their tips almost touched his shoulders. Various ornaments were suspended from his neck; but one on his breast was most conspicuous. It was a circular plate of gold, with lines radiating from a common centre. It was a representation of the rising sun.

His face was stained of a uniform vermilion red; but despite the levelling effect of the dye, the lineaments of noble features could be traced. A well-formed mouth and chin, thin lips, a jawbone expressive of firmness, a nose slightly aquiline, a high, broad forehead, with eyes that, like the eagle's, seemed strong enough to gaze against the sun.

The appearance of this remarkable man produced an electric effect upon all present. It was similar to that exhibited by the audience in a theatre on the *entrées* of the great tragedian for whom they have been waiting.

Not from the behavior of the young chief himself—withal right modest—but from the action of the others, I perceived that he was in reality the hero of the hour. The *dramatis personæ* who had already

performed their parts were evidently but secondary characters; and this was the man for whom all had been waiting.

There followed a movement—a murmur of voices—an excited tremor among the crowd—and then, simultaneously, as if from one throat, was shouted the name:

“OCEOLA!”

CHAPTER XXVIII.—THE RISING SUN.

Yes, it was Ogeola, “the Rising Sun”—he whose fame had already reached the furthest corner of the land—whose name had excited such an interest among the cadets at college—outside the college—in the streets—in the fashionable drawing-room—everywhere; he it was who had thus unexpectedly shown himself in the circle of chiefs.

A word about this extraordinary young man.

Suddenly emerging from the condition of a common warrior—a sub-chief, with scarcely any following—he had gained at once, and as if by magic, the confidence of the nation. He was at this moment the hope of the patriot party—the spirit that was animating them to resistance, and every day saw his influence increasing. Scarcely more appropriate could have been his native appellation.

One might have fancied him less indebted to accident than design for the name, had it not been that which he had always borne among his own people. There was a sort of prophetic or typical adaptation in it, for at this time he was in reality the rising sun of the Seminoles. He was so regarded by them.

I noticed that his arrival produced a marked effect upon the warriors. He may have been present upon the ground all the day, but up to that moment he had not shown himself in the front circle of the chiefs. The timid and wavering became reassured by his appearance, and the traitorous chiefs evidently cowered under his glance. I noticed that the Omatlas, and even the fierce Lusta Hajo regarded him with uneasy looks.

There were others besides the red men who were affected by his sudden advent. From the position in which I stood, I had a view of the commissioner's face; I noticed that his countenance suddenly paled, and there passed over it a marked expression of chagrin. It was clear that with him the “Rising Sun” was anything but welcome. His hurried words to Clinch reached my ears—for I stood close to the general, and could not help overhearing them.

“How unfortunate!” he muttered in a tone of vexation. “But for him, we should have succeeded. I was in hopes of nailing them before he should arrive. I had told him a wrong hour, but it seems to no purpose. Deuce take the fellow! he will undo all. See! he is earwigging Onopa, and the old fool listens to him like a child. Bah! he will obey him like a great baby, that he is. It's all up, general; we must come to blows.”

On hearing this half-whispered harangue, I turned my eyes once more upon him who was the subject of it, and regarded him more at-

⁷ Ogeola—written Osceola, Asseola, Assula, Hasseola, and in a dozen other forms of orthography—in the Seminole language, signifies the Rising Sun.

tentively. He was still standing behind the king, but in a stooping attitude, and whispering in the ear of the latter—scarcely whispering, but speaking audibly in their native language. Only the interpreters could have understood what he was saying, and they were too distant to make it out. His earnest tone, however—his firm, yet somewhat excited manner—the defiant flash of his eye as he glanced toward the commissioner, all told that he himself had no intention to yield; and that he was counselling his superior to like bold opposition and resistance.

For some moments there was silence, broken only by the whisperings of the commissioner on one side, and the muttered words passing between Ogeola and the mico on the other. After awhile, even these sounds were hushed, and a breathless stillness succeeded.

It was a moment of intense expectation, and one of peculiar interest. On the words that Onopa was about to utter, hung events of high import—important to almost every one upon the ground. Peace or war, and therefore life or death, was suspended over the heads of all present. Even the soldiers in the lines were observed with outstretched necks in the attitude of listening; and upon the other side, the Indian boys, and the women with babes in their arms, clustered behind the circle of warriors, their anxious looks betraying the deep interest they felt in the issue.

The commissioner grew impatient; his face reddened again. I saw that he was excited and angry—at the same time he was doing his utmost to appear calm. As yet he had taken no notice of the presence of Ogeola, but was making pretence to ignore it, although it was evident that Ogeola was at that moment the main subject of his thoughts. He only looked at the young chief by side-glances, now and again turning to resume his conversation with the general.

This by-play was of short duration. Thompson could endure the suspense no longer.

"Tell Onopa," said he to the interpreter, "that the council awaits his answer."

The interpreter did as commanded.

"I have but one answer to make," replied the taciturn king, without deigning to rise from his seat. "I am content with my present home; I am not going to leave it."

A burst of applause from the patriots followed this declaration. Perhaps these were the most popular words that old Onopa had ever uttered. From that moment he was possessed of real kingly power, and might command in his nation.

I looked round the circle of the chiefs. A smile lit up the gentlemanly features of Holata Mico; the grim face of Hoitle-mattee gleamed with joy; the "Alligator," "Cloud," and Arpiucki exhibited more frantic signs of their delight; and even the thick lips of Abram were drawn flat over his gums, displaying his double tier of ivories in a grin of triumphant satisfaction.

On the other hand, the Omatlas and their party wore black looks. Their gloomy glances betokened their discontent; and from their gestures and attitudes, it was evident that one and all of them were suffering under serious apprehension.

They had cause. They were no longer suspected, no longer trai-

tors only attainted; their treason was now patent—it had been declared.

It was fortunate for them that Fort King was so near—well that they stood in the presence of that embattled line. They might need its bayonets to protect them.

The commissioner had by this time lost command of his temper. Even official dignity gave way, and he now descended to angry exclamations, threats, and bitter invective.

In the last, he was personal, calling the chiefs by name, and charging them with faithlessness and falsehood. He accused Onopa of having already signed the treaty of the Oclawaha; and when the latter denied having done so, the commissioner told him he *lied*.^{*} Even the savage did not reciprocate the vulgar accusation, but treated it with silent disdain.

After spending a portion of his spleen upon various chiefs of the council, he turned towards the front, and in a loud angry tone cried out:

“It is *you* who have done this—*you*, Powell!”

I started at the word. I looked to see who was addressed—who it was that bore that well-known name.

The commissioner guided my glance both by look and gesture. He was standing with arm outstretched, and finger pointed in menace. His eye was bent upon the young war-chief—upon Ogeola.

All at once a light broke upon me. Already strange memories had been playing with my fancy; I thought that through the vermilion paint I saw features I had seen before.

Now I recognised them. In the young Indian hero, I beheld the friend of my boyhood—the preserver of my life—the brother of Matmee!

CHAPTER XXIX. — THE ULTIMATUM.

YES—Powell and Ogeola were one; the boy, as I had predicted, now developed into the splendid man—a hero.

Under the impulsive influence of former friendship and present admiration, I could have rushed forward and flung my arms around him; but it was neither the time nor place for the display of such childish enthusiasm. Etiquette—duty forbade it; I kept my ground, and as well as I could the composure of my countenance, although I was unable to withdraw my eyes from what had now become doubly an object of admiration.

There was little time for reflection. The pause created by the rude speech of the commissioner had passed; the silence was again broken—this time by Ogeola himself.

The young chief, perceiving that it was he who had been singled out, stepped forth a pace or two, and stood confronting the commissioner, his eyes fixed upon him, in a glance, mild, yet firm and searching.

“Are you addressing me?” he inquired in a tone that evinced not the slightest anger or excitement.

^{*} Again historically true—the very word used.

"Who else than you?" replied the commissioner abruptly. "I called you by name—Powell."

"My name is *not* Powell."

"Not Powell?"

"No!" answered the Indian, raising his voice to its loudest pitch, and looking with proud defiance at the commissioner. "You may call me Powell, if you please, *you General Wiley Thompson*"—slowly, and with a sarcastic sneer, pronouncing the full titles of the agent; "but know, sir, that I scorn the white man's baptism. I am an Indian; I am the child of my mother;* my name is Ogeola."

The commissioner struggled to control his passion. The sneer at his plebeian cognomen stung him to the quick, for Powell understood enough of English nomenclature to know that "Thompson" was not an aristocratic appellation; and the sarcasm cut keenly.

He was angry enough to have ordered the instant execution of Ogeola, had it been in his power; but it was not. Three hundred warriors trod the ground, each grasping his ready rifle, quite a match for the troops at the post; besides the commissioner knew that such rash indulgence of spleen might not be relished by his government. Even the Ringgolds—his dear friends and ready advisers—with all the wicked interest they might have in the downfall of the Rising Sun, were wiser than to counsel a proceeding like that.

Instead of replying, therefore, to the taunt of the young chief, the commissioner addressed himself once more to the council.

"I want no more talking," said he with the air of a man talking to inferiors; "we have had enough already. Your talk has been that of children, of men without wisdom or faith; I will listen to your words no longer.

"Hear, then, what your Great Father says, and what he has sent me to say to you. He has told me to place before you this paper." The speaker produced a folded parchment, opening it as he proceeded, "It is the treaty of the Oclawaha. Most of you have already signed it. I ask you now to step forward, and confirm your signatures."

"I have not signed it," said Onopa, urged to the declaration by Ogeola, who stood behind him. "I shall not sign it now. Others may act as they please; I shall not go from my home. I shall not leave Florida."

"Nor I," added Hoitle-mattee in a determined tone. "I have fifty kegs of powder; so long as a grain of it remains unburned, I shall not be parted from my native land."

"His sentiments are mine," added Holata.

"And mine!" exclaimed Arpiucki.

"And mine!" echoed Poshalla the dwarf, Coa Hajo, Cloud, and the negro Abram.

The patriots alone spoke; the traitors said not a word. The signing was a test too severe for them. They had all signed it before at the Oclawaha; but now in the presence of the nation they dared not confirm it. They feared even to advocate what they had done. They remained silent.

* The child follows the fortunes of the mother. The usage is not Seminole only, but the same with all the Indians of America.

"Enough!" said Ogeola, who had not yet publicly expressed his opinion, but who was now expected to speak, and was attentively regarded by all. "The chiefs have declared themselves; they refuse to sign. It is the voice of the nation, that speaks through its chiefs, and the people will stand by their word. The agent has called us children and fools; it is easy to give names. We know that there are fools among us, and children too, and worse than both—*traitors*! But there are men, and some as true and brave as the agent himself. He wants no more talk—be it so; we have no more for *him*—he has our answer. He may stay or go.

"Brothers!" continued the speaker, facing to the chiefs and warriors, and as if disregarding the presence of the whites, "you have done right; you have spoken the will of the nation, and the people applaud. It is false that we wish to leave our homes and go west. They who say so are deceivers, and do not speak our mind. We have no desire for this *fine land* to which they would send us. It is not as fair as our own. It is a wild desert, where in summer the springs dry up, and water is hard to find. From thirst the hunter often dies by the way. In winter, the leaves fall from the trees, snow covers the ground, frost stiffens the clay, and chills the bodies of men, till they shiver in pain—the whole country looks as though the earth were dead. Brothers! we want no cold country like that; we like our own country better. If it be too hot, we have the shade of the live-oak, the big laurel," and the noble palm-tree. Shall we forsake the land of the palm? No! Under its shadow have we lived; under its shadow let us die!"

Up to this point the interest had been increasing. Indeed, ever since the appearance of Ogeola, the scene had been deeply impressive never to be effaced from the memory, though difficult to be described in words. A painter, and he alone, might have done justice to such a picture.

It was full of points, thoroughly and thrillingly dramatic: the excited agent on one side, the calm chiefs on the other; the contrast of emotions; the very women who had left their unclad little ones to gambol on the grass and dally with the flowers, while they themselves, with the warriors, pressed closely around the council, under the most intense yet subdued interest; catching every look as it gleamed from the countenance, and hanging on every word as it fell from the lips of Ogeola. The latter—his eyes calm, serious, fixed—his attitude manly, graceful, erect—his thin, close-pressed lip, indicative of the "mind made up"—his firm, yet restrained tread, free from all stride or swagger—his dignified and composed bearing—his perfect and solemn silence, except during his sententious talk—the head thrown backward, the arms firmly folded on the protruding chest—all, all instantaneously changing, as by an electric shock, whenever the commissioner stated a proposition that he knew to be false or sophistical. At such times, the fire-flash of his indignant eye—the withering scorn upon his upturned lip—the violent and oft-repeated stamping of his foot—his clenched hand, and the rapid gesticulation of his uplifted arm—the short quick breathing and heaving of his agitated bosom,

¹⁰ *Magnolia grandiflora*. So styled in the language of the Indians.

like the rushing wind and swelling wave of the tempest-tossed ocean, and these again subsiding into the stillness of melancholy, and presenting only that aspect and attitude of repose wherewith the ancient statuary loved to invest the gods and heroes of Greece.

The speech of Ogeola brought matters to a crisis. The commissioner's patience was exhausted. The time was ripe to deliver the dire threat—the ultimatum—with which the president had armed him; and, not bating one jot of his rude manner, he pronounced the infamous menace:

"You will not sign?—you will not consent to go? I say, then, you *must*. War will be declared against you—troops will enter your land—you will be forced from it at the point of the bayonet."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Ogeola with a derisive laugh. "Then be it so!" he continued. "Let war be declared! Though we love peace, we fear not war. We know your strength: your people outnumber us by millions—but were there as many more of them, they will not compel us to submit to injustice. We have made up our minds to endure death before dishonor. Let war be declared! Send your troops into our land; perhaps they will not force us from it so easily as you imagine. To your muskets we will oppose our rifles, to your bayonets our tomahawks; and your starched soldiers will be met face to face by the warriors of the Seminole. Let war be declared! We are ready for its tempest. The hail may rattle, and the flowers be crushed; but the strong oak of the forest will lift its head to the sky and the storm, towering and unscathed."

A yell of defiance burst from the Indian warriors at the conclusion of this stirring speech; and the disturbed council threatened a disruption. Several of the chiefs, excited by the appeal, had risen to their feet, and stood with lowering looks, and arms stretched forth in firm, angry menace.

The officers of the line had glided to their places, and in an undertone ordered the troops into an attitude of readiness; while the artillerymen on the bastions of the fort were seen by their guns, as the tiny wreath of blue smoke told that the fuse had been kindled.

For all this, however, there was no danger of an outbreak. Neither party was prepared for a collision at that moment. The Indians had come to the council with no hostile designs, else they would have left their wives and children at home. With them by their sides, they would not dream of making an attack; and their white adversaries dared not, without better pretext. The demonstration was only the result of a momentary excitement, and quickly subsided into that of a calm.

The commissioner had stretched his influence to the utmost. His threats were now disregarded as much as had been his wheedling appeal; and he saw that he had no longer the power to effect his cherished purpose.

But there was still hope in time. There were wiser heads than his upon the ground, who saw this: the sagacious veteran Clinch and the crafty Ringgolds saw it.

These now gathered around the agent, and counselled him to the adoption of a different course.

"Give them time to consider," suggested they. "Appoint to-mor-

row for another meeting. Let the chiefs discuss the matter among themselves in private council, and not as now, in presence of the people. On calmer reflection, and when not intimidated by the crowd of warriors, they may decide differently, particularly now that they know the alternative; and perhaps," added Arens Ringgold—who, to other bad qualities, added that of a crafty diplomatist—"perhaps the more hostile of them will not stay for the council of to-morrow—you do not want *all* their signatures."

"Right!" replied the commissioner, catching at the idea. "Right—it shall be done;" and with this laconic promise, he faced once more to the council of chiefs.

"Brothers!" he said, resuming the tone in which he had first addressed them; "for, as the brave chief Holata has said, we are all brothers. Why, then, should we separate in anger? Your Great Father would be sad to hear that we had so parted from one another. I do not wish you hastily to decide upon this important matter. Return to your tents—hold your own councils—discuss the matter freely and fairly among yourselves, and let us meet again to-morrow: the loss of a day will not signify to either of us. To-morrow will be time enough to give your decision; till then, let us be friends and brothers."

To this harangue several of the chiefs replied. They said it was "good talk," and they would agree to it; and then all rose to depart from the ground.

I noticed that there was some confusion in the replies. The chiefs were not unanimous in their assent. Those who agreed were principally of the Omatla party; but I could hear some of the hostile warriors, as they strode away from the ground, declare aloud their intention to return no more.

CHAPTER XXX.—TALK OVER THE TABLE.

OVER the mess-table I gathered much knowledge. Men talk freely while the wine is flowing, and under the impulse of champagne the wisest grow voluble.

The commissioner made little secret either of his own designs or the views of the president, but most already guessed them.

He was somewhat gloomed at the manner in which the day's proceedings had ended, and by the reflection that his diplomatic fame would suffer—a fame ardently aspired to by all agents of the United States government. Personal slights, too, had he received from Ogeola and others—for the calm cold Indian holds in scorn the man of hasty temper; and this weakness had he displayed to their derision throughout the day. He felt defeated, humiliated, resentful against the men of red skin. On the morrow, he flattered himself he would make them feel the power of his resentment—teach them that, if passionate, he was also firm and daring.

As the wine warmed him, he said as much in a half-boasting way; he became more reckless and jovial.

As for the military officers, they cared little for the *civil* points of the case, and took not much part in the discussion of its merits. Their speculations ran upon the probability of strife—war, or no war?

That was the question of absorbing interest to the men of the sword. I heard much boasting of our superiority, and decrying of the courage and strength of the prospective enemy. But to this there were dissentient opinions expressed by a few old Indian fighters who were of the mess.

It is needless to say that Ogeola's character was commented upon; and about the young chief, opinions were as different as vice from virtue. With some, he was the "noble savage" he seemed; but I was astonished to find the majority dissent from this view. "Drunken savage," "cattle thief," "impostor," and such like appellations were freely bestowed upon him.

I grew irate; I could not credit these accusations. I observed that most of those who made them were comparative strangers—new-comers—to the country, who could not know much of the past life of him with whose name they were making so free.

The Ringgolds joined in the calumny, and they must have known him well; but I comprehended *their* motives.

I felt that I owed the subject of the conversation a word of defence; for two reasons: he was absent—he had saved my life. Despite the grandeur of the company, I could not restrain my tongue.

"Gentlemen," I said, speaking loud enough to call the attention of the talkers, "can any of you prove these accusations against the brave young Indian?"

The challenge produced an awkward silence. No one could prove exactly either the drunkenness, the cattle-stealing, or the imposture, as charged against him.

"Ha!" at length ejaculated Arens Ringgold, in his shrill squeaky voice, "you are his defender, are you, Lieutenant Randolph?"

"Until I hear better evidence than mere assertion that he is not worthy of defence."

"Oh! that may be easily obtained," cried one; "everybody knows what the fellow is, and has been—a regular cow-stealer for years."

"You are mistaken there," I replied to this confident speaker; "I do not know it—do you, sir?"

"Not from personal experience, I admit," said the accuser, somewhat taken aback by the sudden interrogation.

"Since you are upon the subject of cattle-stealing, gentlemen, I may inform you that I met with a rare incident only yesterday, connected with the matter. If you will permit me, I shall relate it."

"Oh! certainly—by all means, let us have it."

Being a stranger, I was indulged with a patient hearing. I related the episode of Lawyer Grubbs's cattle, omitting names. It created some sensation. I saw that the commander-in-chief was impressed with it, while the commissioner looked vexed, as if he would rather I had held my tongue. But the strongest effect was produced upon the Ringgolds—father and son. Both appeared pale and uneasy; perhaps no one noticed this but myself, but I observed it with sufficient distinctness to be left under the full impression that both knew more of the matter than I myself!

The conversation next turned upon "runaways"—upon the number of negroes there might be among the tribes—upon the influence they would exert against us in case of a conflict.

These were topics of serious importance. It was well known there were large numbers of black and yellow men located in the reserve: some as agriculturists—some graziers—not a few wandering through the savannas and forests, rifle in hand—having adopted the true style of Indian hunter-life.

The speakers estimated their numbers variously; the lowest put them at five hundred, while some raised the figure to one thousand. *All these would be against us to a man.* There was no dissent to that proposition.

Some alleged they would fight badly; others, bravely; and the latter spoke with more reason. All agreed that they would greatly aid the enemy and give us trouble; and a few went so far as to say that we had more to fear from the black runaways than the red runaways. In this expression there was a latent jest."

There could be no doubt that the negroes would take up arms in the pending struggle; and no more, that they would act with efficiency against us. Their knowledge of the white man's ways would enable them to do so. Besides, the negro is no coward; their courage has been oftentimes proved. Place him in front of a *natural* enemy—a thing of flesh, bone, and blood, armed with gun and bayonet—and the negro is not the man to flinch. It is otherwise if the foe be not physical, but belonging to the world of Obeah. In the soul of the unenlightened child of Africa, superstition is strong indeed; he lives in a world of ghosts, ghouls, and goblins, and his dread of these supernatural spirits is a real cowardice.

As the conversation continued on the subject of the blacks, I could not help noticing the strong animus that actuated the speakers—especially the planters in civilian garb. Some waxed indignant—even wroth to vulgarity—threatening all sorts of punishment to such runaways as might be captured. They gloated over the prospect of restoration, but as much at the idea of a not distant revenge. Shooting, hanging, burning, *barbecuing*, were all spoken of, besides a variety of other tortures peculiar to this southern land. Rare punishments—no lack of them—were promised in a breath to the unfortunate absconder who should chance to get caught.

You who live far away from such sentiments can but ill comprehend the moral relations of caste and color. Under ordinary circumstances, there exists between white and black no feeling of hostility—quite the contrary. The white man is rather kindly disposed toward his colored brother: but only so long as the latter opposes not his will. Let the black but offer resistance—even in the slightest degree—and then hostility is quickly kindled, justice and mercy are alike disregarded—vengeance only is felt.

This is a general truth; it will apply to every one who is a owner of a slave.

Exceptionally, the relation is worse. There are white men in the southern states who hold the life of a black at but slight value—just the value of his market-price. An incident in the history of young

"The Seminoles were originally of the great tribe of Muscogees (Creeks.) Seceding from these, for reasons not known, the Seminoles passed southward into Florida; and obtained from their former kindred the name they now bear, which in their own tongue has the signification of "runaway."

Ringgold helps me to an illustration. But the day before, my squire, Black Jake, had given me the story.

This youth, with some other boys of his acquaintance, and of like dissolute character, was hunting in the forest. The hounds had passed beyond hearing, and no one could tell the direction they had taken. It was useless riding further, and the party halted, leaped from their saddles, and tied their horses to the trees.

For a long time the baying of the heagles was not heard, and the time hung heavily on the hands of the hunters. How were they to pass it?

A negro boy chanced to be near, chopping wood. They knew the boy well enough—one of the slaves on a neighboring plantation.

"Let's have some sport with the darcy," suggested one.

"What sport?"

"Let us hang him for sport."

The proposal of course produced a general laugh.

"Joking apart," said the first speaker, "I should really like to try how much hanging a nigger *could* bear without being killed out and out."

"So should I," rejoined a second.

"And so I too," added a third.

The idea took; the experiment promised to amuse them.

"Well, then, let us make trial; that's the best way to settle the point."

The trial *was* made—I am relating a *fact*—the unfortunate boy was seized upon, a noose was adjusted about his neck, and he was triced up to the branch of a tree.

Just at that instant a stag broke past with the hounds in full cry. The hunters ran to their horses, and in the excitement forgot to cut down the victim of their deviltry. One left the duty to another, and all neglected it.

When the chase was ended, they returned to the spot; the negro was still hanging from the branch—he was dead!

There was a trial—the mere mockery of a trial. Both judge and jury were the relatives of the criminals; and the sentence was, that the negro *should be paid for!* The owner of the slave was contented with the price; justice was satisfied, or supposed to be; and Jake had heard hundreds of white Christians, (!) *who knew the tale to be true*, laughing at it as a capital joke. As such, Arens Ringgold was often in the habit of detailing it!

You on the other side of the Atlantic, hold up your hands and cry "Horror!" You live in the fancy you have no slaves—no cruelties like this. You are sadly in error. I have detailed an exceptional case—an individual victim. Land of the workhouse and the jail! your victims are legion.

Smiling Christian! you parade your compassion, but you have made the misery that calls it forth. You abet with easy concurrence the *system* that begets all this suffering; and although you may soothe your spirit by assigning crime and poverty to *natural causes*, nature will not be impugned with impunity. In vain may you endeavor to shirk your individual responsibility. For every cry and canker you will be held responsible in the sight of God,

The conversation about runaways naturally guided my thoughts to the other and more mysterious adventure of yesterday ; having dropped a hint about this incident, I was called upon to relate it in detail. I did so—of course scouting the idea that my intended assassin could have been Yellow Jake. A good many of those present knew the story of the mulatto, and the circumstances connected with his death.

Why was it, when I mentioned his name, coupled with the solemn declaration of my sable groom—why was it that Arens Ringgold started, turned pale, and whispered some words in the ear of his father ?

CHAPTER XXXI. — THE TRAITOR CHIEFS.

Soon after, I retired from the mess-table, and strolled out into the stockade.

It was now after sunset. Orders had been issued for no one to leave the fort ; but, translating these as only applicable to the common soldier, I resolved to sally forth.

I was guided by an impulse of the heart. In the Indian camp were the wives of the chiefs and warriors—their sisters and children—why not she among the rest ?

I had a belief that she was there—although during all that day, my eyes had been wandering in vain search. She was not among those who had crowded around the council : not a face had escaped my scrutiny.

I resolved to seek the Seminole camp—to go among the tents of the Micosauks—there, in all likelihood, I should find Powell—there I should meet with Matimee.

There would be no danger in entering the Indian camp—even the hostile chiefs were yet in relations of friendship with us ; and surely Powell was still *my* friend ? He could protect me from peril or insult.

I felt a longing to grasp the hand of the young warrior, that of itself would have influenced me to seek the interview. I yearned to renew the friendly confidence of the past—to talk over those pleasant times—to recall those scenes of halcyon brightness. Surely the sterner duties of the chief and war-leader had not yet indurated a heart, once mild and amiable ? No doubt the spirit of my former friend was embittered by the white man's injustice ; no doubt I should find him rancorous against our race ; he had reason—still I had no fears that I myself was not an exception to this wholesale resentment.

Whatever the result, I resolved to seek him, and once more extend to him the hand of friendship.

I was on the eve of setting forth, when a summons from the commander-in-chief called me to his quarters. With some chagrin, I obeyed the order.

I found the commissioner there, with the officers of higher rank—the Ringgolds and several other civilians of distinction.

On entering, I perceived they were in caucus, and had just ended the discussion of some plan of procedure.

"The design is excellent," observed General Clinch, addressing

himself to the others; "but how are Omatla and "Black Dirt"¹ to be met? If we summon them hither, it may create suspicion; they could not enter the fort without being observed."

"General Clinch," said the elder Ringgold—the most cunning diplomatist of the party—"if you and General Thompson were to meet the friendly chiefs outside ——?"

"Exactly so," interrupted the commissioner. "I have been thinking of that. I have sent a messenger to Omatla, to inquire if he can give us a secret meeting. It will be best to see them outside. The man has returned; I hear him."

At this moment a person entered the room, whom I recognised as one of the interpreters who had officiated at the council. He whispered something to the commissioner, and then withdrew.

"All right, gentlemen," exclaimed the latter, as the interpreter went out; "Omatla will meet us within the hour. Black Dirt will be with him. They have named the 'Sink' as the place. It lies to the north of the fort. We can reach it without passing the camp, and there will be no risk of being observed. Shall we go, general?"

"I am ready," replied Clinch, taking up his cloak, and throwing it over his shoulders; "but, General Thompson," said he, turning to the commissioner, "how about your interpreters? Can they be intrusted with a secret of so much importance?"

The commissioner appeared to hesitate.

"It might be imprudent," he replied at length in a sort of half-soliloquy.

"Never mind then—never mind," said Clinch; "I think we can do without them. Lieutenant Randolph," continued he, turning to me, "you speak the Seminole tongue fluently."

"Not fluently, general; I speak it, however."

"You could interpret it fairly?"

"Yes, general; I believe so."

"Very well, then; that will do. Come with us."

Smothering my vexation at being thus diverted from my design, I followed in silence, the commissioner leading the way, while the general, disguised in cloak and plain forage-cap, walked by his side.

We passed out of the gate, and turned northward around the stockade. The tents of the Indians were upon the south-west, placed irregularly along the edge of a broad belt of "hommocky" woods that extended in that direction. Another tract of hommock lay to the north, separated from the larger one by savannas and open forests of pine-timber. Here was the "Sink." It was nearly half a mile distant from the stockade; but in the darkness we could easily reach it without being observed from any part of the Seminole camp.

We soon arrived upon the ground. The chiefs were before us. We found them standing under the shadows of the trees by the edge of the pond.

My duty now began. I had little anticipation that it was to have been so disagreeable.

"Ask Omatla what is the number of his people, also those of Black Dirt, and the other chiefs who are for us."

¹ So Lusta Hajo was called by the Americans. His full name was Fuchta-Lusta-Hajo, which signifies "Black Crazy Clay."

I put the question as commanded.

"One-third of the whole Seminole nation," was the immediate reply.

"Tell them that ten thousand dollars shall be given to the friendly chiefs, on their arrival in the west, to be shared among them as they deem best—that this sum is independent of the appropriation to the whole tribe."

"It is good," simultaneously grunted the chiefs, when the proposition was explained to them.

"Does Omatla and his friends think that all the chiefs will be present to-morrow?"

"No—not all."

"Which of them are likely to be absent?"

"The mico-mico will not be there."

"Ha! Is Omatla sure of that?"

"Sure. Onopa's tents are struck; he has already left the ground."

"Whither has he gone?"

"Back to his town."

"And his people?"

"Most of them gone with him."

For some moments the two generals communicated together in a half-whisper. They were apart from me; I did not hear what they said. The information just acquired was of great importance, and seemed not to discontent them.

"Any other chief likely to be absent to-morrow?" they asked, after a pause.

"Only those of the tribe of 'redsticks.'""

"Hoitle-mattee?"

"No—he is here—he will remain."

"Ask them if they think Ogeola will be at the council to-morrow."

From the eagerness with which the answer was expected, I could perceive that this was the most interesting question of all. I put it directly.

"What!" exclaimed the chiefs, as if astonished at the interrogatory. "The Rising Sun! He is sure to be present; he will *see it out!*"

"Good!" involuntarily ejaculated the commissioner, and then turning to the general, he once more addressed him in a low tone. This time I overheard what passed between them.

"It seems, general, as if Providence was playing into our hands. My plan is almost sure to succeed. A word will provoke the impudent rascal to some rudeness—perhaps worse—at all events, I shall easily find a pretext for shutting him up. Now that Onopa has drawn off his followers, we will be strong enough for any contingency. The hostiles will scarcely outnumber the friendlies, so that there will be no chance of the rascals making resistance."

"Oh! that we need not fear."

"Well—with *him* once in our power, the opposition will be crush-

¹³ A name given to the Micosauks, from their custom of setting up red poles in front of their houses when going to war. A similar custom exists among other tribes; hence the name "Baton rouge," applied by the French colonists.

ed—the rest will yield easily—for, beyond doubt, it is he that now intimidates and hinders them from signing.”

“True,” replied Clinch in a reflective tone; “but how about the government, eh? Will it endorse the act, think you?”

“It will—it must—my latest dispatch from the president almost suggests as much. If you agree to act, I shall take the risk.”

“Oh, I place myself under your orders,” replied the commander-in-chief, evidently inclined to the commissioner’s views, but still not willing to share the responsibility. “It is but my duty to carry out the will of the executive. I am ready to coöperate with you.”

“Enough then—it shall be done as we have designed it. Ask the chiefs,” continued the speaker, addressing himself to me, “ask them if they have any fear of signing to-morrow.”

“No—not of the signing, but *afterwards*.”

“And what afterwards?”

● “They dread an attack from the hostile party.

“What would they have us do?”

“Omatla says, if you will permit him and the other head chiefs to go on a visit to their friends at Tallahassee, it will keep them out of danger. They can stay there till the removal is about to take place. They give their promise that they will meet you at Tampa, or elsewhere, whenever you summon them.

The two generals consulted together—once more in whispers. This unexpected proposal required consideration.

Omatla added:

“If we are not allowed to go to Tallahassee, we cannot, we dare not, stay at home; we must come under the protection of the fort.”

“About your going to Tallahassee,” replied the commissioner, “we shall consider it, and give you an answer to-morrow. Meanwhile you need not be under any apprehension. This is the war-chief of the whites; he will protect you.”

“Yes,” said Clinch, drawing himself proudly up. “My warriors are numerous and strong. There are many in the fort, and many more on the way. You have nothing to fear.”

“It is good!” rejoined the chiefs. “If troubles arise, we shall seek your protection—you have promised it.”

“Ask the chiefs,” said the commissioner, to whom a new question had suggested itself; “ask them if they know whether Holata Mico will remain for the council of to-morrow?”

“We cannot tell now. Holata Mico has not declared his intention. We shall soon know it. If he design to stay, his tents will stand till the rising of the sun; if not, they will be struck before the moon goes down. The moon is sinking—we shall soon know whether Holata Mico will go or stay.”

“The tents of this chief are not in sight of the fort?”

“No—they are back among the trees.”

“Can you send word to us?”

“Yes, but only to this place; our messenger would be seen entering the fort. We can come back here ourselves, and meet one from you.”

“True; it is better so,” replied the commissioner, apparently satisfied with the arrangement.

A few minutes passed, during which the two generals communicated with each other in whispers, while the chiefs stood apart, silent and immobile as a pair of statues.

The commander-in-chief at length broke silence:

"Lieutenant! you will remain upon the ground till the chiefs return. Get their report, and bring it direct to my quarters."

Salutations were exchanged; the two generals walked off on the path that led to the fort, while the chiefs glided silently away in the opposite direction. I was left alone.

CHAPTER XXXII. — SHADOWS IN THE WATER.

ALONE with my thoughts, and these tainted with considerable acerbity. More than one cause contributed to their bitterness. My pleasant purpose thwarted—my heart aching for knowledge—for a renewal of tender ties—distracted with doubts—wearied with protracted suspense.

In addition to these, my mind was harassed by other emotions. I experienced disgust at the part I had been playing. I had been made the mouthpiece of chicanery and wrong; aiding conspiracy had been the first act of my warlike career; and although it was not the act of my own will, I felt the disagreeableness of the duty—a sheer disgust in its performance.

Even the loveliness of the night failed to soothe me. Its effect was contrary; a storm would have been more congenial to my spirit.

And it was a lovely night. Both the earth and the air were at peace.

Here and there the sky was fleeced with white cirrhi, but so thinly, that the moon's disc, passing behind them, appeared to move under a transparent gauze-work of silver, without losing one ray of her effulgence. Her light was resplendent in the extreme; and, glancing from the glabrous leaves of the great laurels, caused the forest to sparkle as though beset with a million of mirrors. To add to the effect, fire-flies swarmed under the shadows of the trees, their bodies lighting up the dark aisles with a mingled corruscation of red, blue, and gold—now flitting in a direct line, now curving, or waving upward and downward, as though moving through the mazes of some intricate *cotillon*.

In the midst of this glittering array, lay the little tarn, shining, too, but with the gleam of plated glass—a mirror in its framework of fretted gold.

The atmosphere was redolent of the most agreeable perfumes. The night was cool enough for human comfort, but not chill. Many of the flowers refused to close their corollas—for not all of them were brides of the sun. The moon had its share of their sweets. The sassafras and bay trees were in blossom, and dispensed their odors around, that, mingling with the aroma of the aniseed and orange, created a delicious fragrance in the air.

There was stillness in the atmosphere, but not silence. It is never silent in the southern forest by night. Tree-frogs and cicadas utter their shrillest notes after the sun has gone out of sight, and there is a

bird that makes choice melody during the moonlight hours—the famed mimic of the American woods. One, perched upon a tall tree that grew over the edge of the pond, appeared trying to soothe my chafed spirit with his sweet notes.

I heard other sounds—the hum of the soldiery in the fort, mingling with the more distant noises from the Indian camp. Now and then some voice louder than the rest, in oath, exclamation, or laughter, broke forth to interrupt the monotonous murmur.

How long should I have to wait the return of the chiefs? It might be an hour, or two hours, or more? I had a partial guide in the moon. They said that Holata would depart before the shining orb went down, or not at all. About two hours, then, would decide the point, and set me free.

I had been standing for half the day. I cared not to keep my feet any longer; and, choosing a fragment of rock near the water's edge, I sat down upon it.

My eyes wandered over the pond. Half of its surface lay in shadow; the other half was silvered by the moonbeams, that, penetrating the pellucid water, rendered visible the white shells and shining pebbles at the bottom. Along the line where the light and darkness met, were outlined several noble palms, whose tall stems and crested crowns appeared stretching away towards the nadir of the earth—as though they belonged to another and brighter firmament beneath my feet. The trees, of which these were but the illusory images, grew upon the summit of a ridge, which, trending along the western side of the pond, intercepted the rays of the moon.

I sat for some time gazing into this counterpart of heaven's canopy, with my eyes mechanically tracing the great fan-like fronds.

All at once, I was startled at perceiving a new image upon the aqueous reflector. A form, or rather the shadow of one, suddenly appeared among the trunks of the palms. It was upright, and evidently human, though of magnified proportions—beyond doubt, a human figure, yet not that of a man.

The small head, apparently uncovered, the gentle rounding of the shoulders, the soft undulation of the waist, and the long, loose draping which reached nearly to the ground, convinced me that the shadow was that of a woman.

When I first observed it, it was moving among the stems of the palm-trees; presently it stopped, and for some seconds remained in a fixed attitude. It was then I noted the peculiarities that distinguish the sex.

My first impulse was to turn round, and, if possible, get sight of the figure that cast this interesting shadow. I was myself on the western edge of the pond, and the ridge was behind me. Facing round, I could not see the summit, nor yet the palms. Rising to my feet, I still could not see them; a large live oak, under which I had seated myself, intercepting my view.

I stepped hastily to one side, and then both the outlines of the ridge and the palm-trees were before my eyes; but I could see no figure, neither of man nor woman.

I scanned the summit carefully, but no living thing was there;

some fronds of the saw-palmetto, standing along the crest, were the only forms I could perceive.

I returned to where I had been seated ; and, placing myself as before, again looked upon the water. The palm-shadows were there, just as I had left them ; but the image was gone.

There was nothing to be astonished at. I did not for a moment believe myself under any delusion. Some one had been upon the ridge—a woman, I supposed—and had passed down under the cover of the trees. This was the natural explanation of what I had seen, and of course contented me.

At the same time, the silent apparition could not fail to arouse my curiosity ; and instead of remaining seated, and giving way to dreamy reflections, I rose to my feet, and stood looking and listening with eager expectation.

Who could the woman be ? An Indian, of course. It was not probable that a white woman should be in such a place, and at such an hour. Even the peculiar outlines of the shadow were not those that would have been cast by one habited in the garb of civilization ; beyond a doubt, the woman was an Indian.

What was she doing in that solitary place, and at such an hour, alone ?

These questions were not so easily answered ; and yet there was nothing so remarkable about her presence upon the spot. To the children of the forest, time is not as with us. The hours of the night are as those of the day—often the hours of action or enjoyment. She might have many a purpose in being there. She might be on her way to the pond for water, to take a bath ; or it might be some impassioned maiden, who, under the secret shadows of this secluded grove, was keeping assignation with her lover.

A pang, like a poisoned arrow, passed through my heart : "*Might it be Maumee ?*"

The unpleasantness which this conjecture caused me is indescribable. I had been all day the victim of dire suspicions, arising principally from some half-dozen words, casually dropped from the lips of a young officer, and which I had chanced to overhear. They had reference to a beautiful girl among the Indians, apparently well known at the fort ; and I noticed that the tone of the young fellow was that of one either triumphant or boasting. I listened attentively to every word, and watched not only the countenance of the speaker, but those of his auditory, to make out in which of the two categories I should place him. His vanity appeared to have had some sacrifice made to it—at least by his own statement ; and his listeners, or most of them, agreed to concede to him the happiness of a *bonne fortune*. There was no name given—no hint that would enable me to connect the subject of the conversation with that of my own thoughts ; but that the girl was an Indian, and a "beauty," were points that my jealous heart almost accepted as sufficient for identification.

I might easily have become satisfied. A word, a simple question, would have procured me the knowledge I longed for ; and yet I had not the power to say that word. I preferred passing long hours—a whole day—upon the rack of uncertainty and suspicion.

Thus, then, was I prepared for the painful conjectures that sprang into my thoughts on beholding that mirrored form.

The pain was of short duration; almost instantaneous was the relief. A shadowy figure was seen gliding around the edge of the pond; it emerged into the open moonlight, not six paces from where I stood. I had a full and distinct view of it. It was a woman—an Indian woman. It was *not* Matmee.

CHAPTER XXXIII. — HAJ-EWA.

I SAW before me a woman of middle age—somewhere between thirty and forty—a large woman, who once possessed beauty—beauty that had been abused. She was the wreck of a grand loveliness, whose outlines could not be effaced—like the statue of some Grecian goddess, broken by Vandal hands, but whose very fragments are things of priceless value.

Not that her charms had departed. There are men who affect to admire this ripe maturity; to them she would have been a thing of peerless splendor. Time had made no inroad upon those large rounded arms, none upon the elliptical outlines of that noble bust. I could judge of this—for it was before my eyes, in the bright moonlight, nude, from neck to waist, as in the hour of infancy. Alone the black hair, hanging in wild dishevelment over the shoulders, formed a partial shrouding. Nor had time laid a finger upon this; amidst all that profusion of rich raven clusters, not a strand of silver could be detected.

Time could not affect, nor had it, that fine facial outline. The moulding of the chin; the oval of those lips; the aquiline nose, with its delicate spirally curved nostril; the high smooth front; the eye—the eye—what is it? why that unearthly flash? that wild unmeaning glance? Ha! that eye—— Merciful heavens! *the woman is surely mad!*

Alas! it was true—she was mad. Her glance would have satisfied even a casual observer, that reason was no longer upon its throne. But I needed not to look at her eye; I knew the story of her misfortunes, of her wrongs. It was not the first time I had looked upon that womanly form—more than once I had stood face to face with Haj-Ewa,¹⁴ the mad queen of the Micosauks.

Beautiful as she was, I might have felt fear at her presence—still worse than fear, I might have been terrified or awed—the more so on perceiving that her necklace was a green serpent; that the girdle around her waist, that glittered so conspicuously in the light of the moon, was the body of an enormous rattlesnake—living and writhing in all its fury!

Yes, both were alive—the smaller serpent wound about her neck, with its head resting upon her bosom; the more dangerous reptile knotted around her waist, its vertebrated tail hanging by her side, while its head, held in her hand, and protruding through her fingers, exhibited a pair of eyes that scintillated like diamonds.

¹⁴ Literally, "crazy wife," from *Hajo*, crazy, and *Ewa* or *Awah*, wife. Philologists have remarked the resemblance of this Muscogee word to the Hebraic name of the mother of mankind.

On the head of Haj-Ewa was no other covering than that which nature had provided for it; but those thick black clusters afforded ample protection against sun and storm. On her feet she wore moccasins, but these were hidden by the long "hunna" that reached to the ground. This was the only garment she wore. It was profusely adorned with beads and embroidery—with the bright plumage of the green parrot—the skin of the summer-duck, and the fur of various wild animals. It was fastened round her waist, though not by the girdle already described.

Truly, I might have felt terror, had this singular appearance been new to me. But I had seen all before—the green snake and the *cro-talus*, the long hanging tresses, the wild flash of that maniac eye—all before, all harmless, all innocuous—at least to me. I knew it, and had no fear.

"Haj-Ewa!" I called out, as she advanced to where I was standing. "I-e-ela!"¹⁵ she exclaimed with a sort of surprise. "Young Randolph! war-chief among the pale faces! You have not then forgotten poor Haj-Ewa?"

"No, Ewa, I have not. What seek you here?"

"Yourself, little mico."

"Seek *me*?"

"No—I have found you."

"And what want you with me?"

"Only to save your life—your young life, pretty mico—your fair life—your precious life—ah! precious to her, poor bird of the forest! Ah! there was one precious to me—long, long ago. Ho, ho, ho!"

O why did I trust in a pale-faced lover!

Ho, ho, ho!

Why did I meet him in the wild woods' cover?

Ho, ho, ho!

Why did I list to his lying tongue,

That poisoned my heart when my life was young?

Ho, ho, ho!¹⁶

Down, *chilta mico*!"¹⁷ she cried, interrupting the strain, and addressing herself to the rattlesnake, that at my presence had protruded his head, and was making demonstrations of rage—"down, great king of the serpents! 'tis a friend, though in the garb of an enemy—quiet, or I crush your head!"

"I-e-ela!" she exclaimed again, as if struck by some new thoughts; "I waste time with my old songs; he is gone, he is gone! they cannot bring him back. Now, young mico, what came I for? what came I for?"

As she uttered these interrogatives, she raised her hand to her head, as if to assist her memory.

"Oh! now I remember. *Hohuk*." I lose time. You may be killed, young mico—you may be killed, and then — Go! begone, begone, begone! back to the topeke." Shut yourself up; keep with

¹⁵ An expression of astonishment, usually lengthened out in a sort of drawl.

¹⁶ Literally. Yes, yes, yes!

¹⁷ "Chief of the snakes"—the rattlesnake is so styled by the Seminoles, being the most remarkable serpent in their country. They have a superstitious dread of this reptile.

¹⁸ It is bad.

¹⁹ Fort.

your people; do not stray from your blue soldiers; do not wander in the woods! Your life is in danger!"

All this was spoken in a tone of earnestness that astonished me. More than astonished, I began to feel some slight alarm, since I had not forgotten the attempted assassination of yesterday. Moreover, I knew that there were periods when this singular woman was not positively insane. She had her lucid intervals, during which she both talked and acted rationally, and often with extraordinary intelligence. This might be one of those intervals. She might be privy to some scheme against my life, and had come, as she alleged, to defeat its execution.

But who was my enemy or enemies? and how could she have known of their design?

In order to ascertain this, I said to her:

"I have no enemy, Ewa; why should my life be in danger?"

"I tell you, pretty mico, it is—you have enemies. I-e-ela! you do not know it?"

"I never wronged a red man in my life."

"Red—did I say red man? *Cooree*," pretty Randolph, there is not a red man in all the land of the Seminoles that would pluck a hair from your head. Oh! if they did, what would say the Rising Sun? He would consume them like a forest fire. Fear not the red men—your enemies are not of that color."

"Ha! not red men? What then?"

"Some white—some yellow."

"Nonsense, Ewa! I have never given a white man cause to be my enemy."

"*Chepawnee*!" you are but a young fawn, whose mother has not told it of the savage beasts that roam the forest. There are wicked men who are enemies without a cause. There are some who seek your life, though you never did them wrong."

"But who are they? And for what reason?"

"Do not ask, *chepawnee*! There is not time. Enough if I tell you, you are owner of a rich plantation, where black men make the blue dye. You have a fair sister—very fair. Is she not like a beam from yonder moon? And I was fair once—so he said—— Ah! it is bad to be beautiful. Ho, ho, ho!"

Why did I trust in a pale-faced lover?

Ho, ho, ho!

Why did I meet him——

"*Hahouk*!" she exclaimed, again suddenly breaking off the strain; "I am mad; but I remember. Go! begone! I tell you, go; you are but an *echochee*," and the hunters are upon your trail. Back to the *topekee*—go! go!"

"I cannot, Ewa; I am here for a purpose: I must remain till some one comes."

"Till some one comes! *hahouk*! they will come soon."

"Who?"

"Your enemies—they who would kill you; and then the pretty

doe will bleed—her poor heart will bleed: she will go mad—she will be like Haj-Ewa.”

“Whom do you speak of?”

“Of——Hush! hush! hush! It is too late—they come—they come! see their shadows upon the water!”

I looked, as Haj-Ewa pointed. Sure enough there were shadows upon the pond, just where I had seen hers. They were the figures of men—four of them. They were moving among the palm-trees, and along the ridge.

In a few seconds the shadows disappeared. They who had been causing them had descended the slope, and had entered among the timber.

“It is too late now,” whispered the maniac, evidently at that moment in full possession of her intellect. “You dare not go out into the open woods. They would see you—you must stay in the thicket. There,” continued she, grasping me by the wrist, and, with a powerful jerk, bringing me close to the trunk of the live oak, “this is your only chance. Quick—ascend! Conceal yourself among the moss. Be silent—stir not till I return. *Hinklas!*”

And so saying, my strange counsellor stepped back under the shadow of the tree; and, gliding into the umbrageous covert of the grove, disappeared from my sight.

I had followed her directions, and was now ensconced upon one of the great limbs of the live oak—perfectly hidden from the eyes of any one below by festoons of the silvery *tillandsia*. These, hanging from branches still higher up, draped around me like a set of gauze curtains, and completely enveloped my whole body; while I myself had a view of the pond—at least, that side of it on which the moon was shining—by means of a small opening between the leaves.

At first I fancied I was playing a very ridiculous *role*. The story about enemies, and my life being in danger, might, after all, be nothing more than some crazy fancy of the poor maniac’s brain. The men, whose shadows I had seen, might be the chiefs on their return. They would reach the ground where I had appointed to meet them, and not finding me there, would go back. What kind of a report should I carry to head-quarters? The thing was ridiculous enough—and for me, the result might be worse than ridiculous.

Under these reflections, I felt strongly inclined to descend, and meet the men, whoever they might be, face to face.

Other reflections, however, hindered me. The chiefs were only *two*—there were *four* shadows. True, the chiefs might be accompanied by some of their followers—for better security to themselves on such a traitorous mission—but I had noticed, as the shadows were passing over the pond—and notwithstanding the rapidity with which they moved—that the figures were not those of Indians. I observed no hanging drapery, nor plumes. On the contrary, I fancied there were *hats* upon their heads, such as are worn only by white men. It was the observation of this peculiarity that made me so ready to yield obedience to the solicitations of Haj-Ewa.

Other circumstances had not failed to impress me: the strange as

assertions made by the Indian woman—her knowledge of events, and the odd allusions to well-known persons—the affair of yesterday: all these, commingling in my mind, had the effect of determining me to remain upon my perch, at least for some minutes longer. I might be relieved from my unpleasant position sooner than I expected.

Without motion, almost without breathing, I kept my seat, my eyes carefully watching, and my ears keenly bent to catch every sound.

My suspense was brief. The acuteness of my eyes was rewarded by a sight, and my ears by a tale, that caused my flesh to creep, and the blood to run cold in my veins. In five minutes' time I was inducted into a belief in the wickedness of the human heart, exceeding in enormity all that I had ever read or heard of.

Four demons filed before me—demons, beyond a doubt: their looks, which I noted well—their words, which I heard—their gestures, which I saw—their designs, with which I in that hour became acquainted—fully entitled them to the appellation.

They were passing around the pond. I saw their faces, one after another, as they emerged into the moonlight.

Foremost appeared the pale thin visage of Arens Kinggold; next, the sinister aquiline features of Spence; and, after him, the broad brutal face of the bully Williams.

There were *four*—who was the fourth?

"Am I dreaming? Do my eyes deceive me? Is it real? Is it an illusion? Are my senses gone astray—or is it only a resemblance, a counterpart? No—no—no! It is no counterpart, but the man himself!—that black curling hair, that tawny skin, the form, the gait all, all are his. *O God! it is Yellow Jake!*"

TO BE CONTINUED.

RACES AND RELIGIONS.

THE whole North American continent has only 36 millions of inhabitants, hardly as much as France or Austria. The whole of Central and South America has only 23 millions; less, then, than Italy. European Russia, with its 60 millions, has as many inhabitants as America, Australia, and Polynesia together. More people live in London than in all Australia and Polynesia. China proper has more inhabitants than America, Australia, and Africa together; and India has nearly three times as many inhabitants as the whole of the new world. The result is, that our planet bears 1288 millions of mankind, of which sum total 522 millions belong to the Mongolian, 369 millions to the Caucasian, 200 millions to the Malayan, 196 millions to the Ethiopian, and 1 million to the American race. Divided according to their confessions, there are 335 millions of Christians, 5 millions of Jews, 600 millions belonging to Asiatic religions, 160 millions to Mohammedanism, and 200 millions of heathens.

WHEN, where, and under what circumstances we must die, is wisely and most graciously hid from our eyes.

D I F F E R E N T P A T H S .

I LATELY talked with one who strove
 To show that all my way was dim,
 That his alone—the road to Heaven;
 And thus it was I answer'd him:

“Strike not the staff I hold away,
 “You cannot give me yours, dear friend;
 Up the steep hill our paths are set
 In different wise, to one sure end.

“What, though with eagle glance upfix'd
 On heights beyond our mortal ken,
 You tread the broad sure stones of Faith
 More firmly than do weaker men:

“To each according to his strength;
 But as we leave the plains below,
 Let us carve out a wider stair,
 A broader pathway through the snow.

“And when upon the golden crest
 We stand at last together, freed
 From mists that circle round the base,
 And clouds that but obscure our creed:

“We shall perceive that though our steps
 Have wander'd wide apart, dear friend,
 No pathway can be wholly wrong
 That leads unto one perfect end.”



S O U L C O N F L I C T S .

DEFEATED! but never disheartened!
 Repulsed! but unconquered in will,
 Upon dreary discomfitures building
 Her virtue's strong battlements still,
 The Soul in the siege of temptations
 Yields not unto fraud, nor to might;
 Unquelled by the rush of the passions
 Serene 'mid the tumults of fight!

She sees a grand prize in the distance,
 She hears a glad sound of acclaims,
 The crown wrought of laurels immortal,
 The music far sweeter than fame's,
 And so, 'gainst the rush of the passions
 She lifts the broad buckler of right,
 And so, through the gloom of temptation,
 She walks in a splendor of light!

THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

HAVING a past life to be proud of, Parliament is pleasantly remarkable for rigid settlement into the innumerable little habits and ceremonies natural to any orderly body of advanced years. Of these little ceremonies we shall here act as master.

The year of the birth of the British Parliament is an interesting mystery. The good old body does not live in single blessedness. Parliament comprises the whole substance of the government of the great British empire. It includes the Queen herself. Five hundred years ago, the Pope having asked homage and arrears of a grant made by King John to the Holy See, Edward the Third laid the demand before Parliament. The prelates, dukes, counts, barons, and commons, thereupon answered and said, with one accord, that no King could put himself, or his kingdom, or people, in such subjection without their assent. Even in the time of Queen Elizabeth, who pushed royal prerogative to the utmost, a prominent writer upon our political system taught that "the most high and absolute power of the realm of England consisteth in the Parliament," and then proceeded to assign to the Crown the same place in Parliament that has been assigned to it by statute since the Revolution. Her Majesty is then a member of Parliament.

Still the Queen is supreme. The assembly of the House of Commons takes place in obedience to royal will expressed by the Queen's writ, and that body may be dissolved at any moment by her Majesty. When so dissolved, the law only requires that a new House be summoned within three years. But, as the House of Commons keeps the public purse, the state has need of its annual assistance. It is only by votes of the House of Commons annually passed, that money necessary for the use of government—and covering no more than a year's wants—can be obtained.

Lords spiritual and temporal sit together in a house of their own; but the Commons—the whole people of Great Britain not being peers or spiritual lords—are, as every body knows, the last and chief estate which forms the British Parliament; and they are there represented by the knights, citizens, and burgesses whom they elect.

The first knights of the shire probably are to be found among the lesser barons, who, forbearing to attend in mass, elected some rich members of their own body to represent them. King John asked, by a writ to the sheriff of each county, to send four discreet knights to confer with him concerning the affairs of his kingdom. This very likely means that, in each county, the sheriff was at that time sole elector. Even in *Magna Charta*, the great charter of King John, there is nothing to show how the people had been represented. But of the main constitution of our Parliament, that charter, six hundred and forty-four years old, exhibits the earliest outline. This we find in the promise of the king, "to summon all archbishops, bishops, abbots, earls, and greater barons personally, and all other tenants-in-chief under the Crown, by the sheriff and bailiffs, to meet at a certain place, with forty days' notice, to assess aids, and scutages when necessary." It is difficult to say how far the more essential part of this promise was kept. The first absolutely clear evidence of the recognition of

the Commons as an estate of the realm was supplied not quite six hundred years ago, in the reign of Henry the Third, when Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, issued writs to the sheriffs, directing them to return two knights for each county, and two citizens or burgesses for every city and borough. It was Edward the First who, in a memorable statute, admitted to the Commons their sole right to tax themselves. Such was the beginning of health in this strong constitution.

The number of the members of the House of Commons used to be variable. Fresh privileges were from time to time granted by charter; returns were omitted or suppressed by negligence or corruption of sheriffs, or at the wish of poor communities unwilling to furnish the day's wages to which representatives were formerly entitled. Such wages were, in the reign of Edward III, four shillings for a county and two shillings for a borough member; which would be equal, perhaps, to two guineas and one guinea of present money. The House of Commons, in that reign, contained about two hundred representatives. In the reign of Henry the Sixth there were three hundred. Between the reigns of Henry the Eighth and Charles the Second one hundred and eighty new members were added. Forty-five Scotch members came in at the union with Scotland, and a hundred Irish at the union with Ireland. The number of the members was raised to six hundred and fifty-eight, and was not altered by the Reform Acts of 1832. But the disfranchisements of Sudbury and St Albans afterwards caused a deduction of four from the list.

Parliament has imperial authority, extending over all her Majesty's dominions. It is a ruling power, bound by no charter, and pledged to no basis of a constitution. It has in itself sole right to make and alter British law. Queen, Lords, and Commons might consent to destroy the whole existing order of things, and to create a crossing-sweeper out of Seven-dials the sole irresponsible Emperor of Great Britain and her dependencies. Such a proceeding is impossible, but if it were possible, it would not be illegal. The only check upon extravagance in the Imperial Parliament, beyond its own inherent wisdom, is the power of the nation to assert itself on fit occasion; the determination of the English people to maintain rational freedom.

As it is the prerogative of the Crown to dissolve and summon Parliament, so it is the duty of the Crown, by a royal speech, to give a starting-point to the business of a new session by making known the causes of the summons. This being done, each House asserts its dignity, by reading, for the first time, some bill of its own before it takes the royal speech into consideration.

It is only upon the death of a sovereign that Parliament can meet without a summons. In that event it is bound to meet and sit immediately. It so met on a Sunday, on the death of William the Third, and it has happened that the deaths of Queen Anne, of George the Second, and of George the Third, also made Sunday sittings imperative.

The Lords have a peculiar position as a court of justice, constituting the supreme court of appeal from other law courts. This right they trace back to their ancient rank as the king's council, that heard causes, assisted by the judges.

In case of impeachment, the Commons, as the inquest of the nation, find the crime; and then, as prosecutors, put the impeached man on his trial, and the Lords are at once jurymen and judges in the matter. In the sixty or seventy years before the Revolution there were forty cases of impeachment. For the last hundred years there have been only two.

An important right maintained by the Commons—next in importance, perhaps, as a safeguard, to the right of free speech and the voting supplies—is the right of determining the fitness of elections. But the House cannot coerce a constituency which is exercising any of its rights within the bounds of law. It may expel a member; but, if he be in other respects legally eligible, his constituency is at liberty to re-elect him. A contest of that kind occurred in the case of John Wilkes, who was repeatedly expelled and re-elected. Mr Luttrell, a member of the House, then resigned his seat by acceptance of the Chiltern Hundreds, and came forward to contest Wilkes's election. He was beaten, and petitioned against the return. The House finished the plot by declaring that, although Wilkes had the majority of votes from the Middlesex electors, Luttrell was elected. This was a reversal of law, not by the whole Parliament, which is permissible; but by a single estate of the realm, which is usurpation. Public opinion asserted itself; and, a few years afterwards, the objectionable resolution was, by the House of Commons itself, expunged from the journals as "subversive of the rights of the whole body of electors of this kingdom."

The internal machinery of Parliament is regulated in accordance with unwritten law, established from its rolls and records by precedents and continued experience. Its privileges are whatever it has been the custom to observe as such. But this must be old custom. More than one hundred and fifty years ago the Lords, at a conference, communicated to the Commons a resolution "that neither House of Parliament has power, by any vote or declaration, to create to itself new privileges not warranted by the known laws and customs of Parliament." To this the Commons gave assent, and by this principle Parliament has abided now for many generations.

But Parliament always has been active in the maintenance of its established privileges. The House of Commons commits any one to prison for contempt of its authority, and punishes instantly any resistance to the Serjeant-at-Arms or his officers in execution of its orders. The Lords also protect their servants. The last case of this kind in which the House of Lords asserted its importance was the great Umbrella Case. On the twenty-sixth of March, in the year of Grace one thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven, complaint was made to the assembled Lords Spiritual and Temporal that John Bell had sued F. Plasse, doorkeeper of their House, in the Westminster Court of Requests for the value of an umbrella lost when it had been left in his charge at the door during a debate. The Court of Requests having ordered payment of the value of the umbrella, with costs, John Bell, the plaintiff, and the clerks of the delinquent court were called before the Lords and reprimanded.

The Commons in one year sent to the Tower a Lord Mayor and Alderman, who had convicted one of its messengers of an assault in

capturing a person whom the House had ordered him to seize. On a like occasion, when two judges in a court of law had given judgment against the Serjeant-at-Arms for arresting certain persons in obedience to the orders of the House of Commons, that House immediately put under arrest the two judges themselves—Sir F. Pemberton and Sir T. Jones—giving them into the custody of the same Sergeant-at-Arms against whose power they had decided. Yet there are bounds of law beyond which the House does not follow its servant. In the case of Sir Francis Burdett it was declared, by the law courts, to be within the duty of the officers of Parliament to break into a dwelling-house and use armed force, if needful, for the seizure of their prisoner; but an attorney a few years ago obtained damages of a hundred pounds, because the Serjeant-at-Arms, finding him from home, remained for some hours in his house awaiting his return, and so made capture. Whoever is committed for a breach of privilege is altogether in the hands of Parliament. The judges have no power of investigation, and the prisoners cannot be bailed.

It is a breach of the privilege of Parliament to publish its debates, and either House may, by enforcing that part of its old customary law, at any moment stop the parliamentary reports. This is not only customary law, but it has been from time to time asserted formally by orders of the House. At different times the Commons have ordered, "That no news-letter writers do, in their letters or other papers that they disperse, presume to intermeddle with the debates or other proceedings of this House;" or, "That no printer or publisher of any printed newspapers do presume to insert in any such papers, any debates or other proceedings of this House;" or again, "That it is an indignity to, and a breach of the privilege of, this House, for any person to presume to give, in written or printed newspapers, any account or minute of the debates or other proceedings. That upon discovery of the authors, printers, or publishers of any such newspaper, this House will proceed against the offenders with the utmost severity." Yet now, reporters' galleries are built into the two Houses, and there is even private complaint made if a report be not full enough. Of false reports there is parliamentary notice taken in the true parliamentary way, by complaint, not that there is a report that is false, but that there is a report at all, and that reporting is a breach of privilege.

Libellous reflections upon the character or proceedings of Parliament, or of any individual of either House, have always been punished as breaches of privilege. Once upon a time the interpretation of the word libel was more comprehensive than it is to-day. In sixteen hundred and twenty-eight, Henry Aleyn was committed for a libel on the last Parliament. In sixteen hundred and forty-three, the Archdeacon of Bath was committed for abusing the last Parliament. In seventeen hundred and one, Thomas Colepepper was committed for reflections upon the last House of Commons; and the Attorney-General was directed to prosecute him. These were such libels as we now read in public prints every week.

To offer any bribe of money to a member of the House, though it be only a guinea fee to a lawyer and M.P. for drawing up a petition to the House, is breach of privilege. Members proved to have re-

ceived money-bribes suffer expulsion. At the close of the seventeenth century, the Speaker of the House of Commons, the Secretary to the Treasury, and the Chairman of the Committee on the Orphans Bill, received from the City of London upon the passing of that bill, one of them a thousand, one two hundred, and the other twenty guineas. They were all expelled from the House as guilty of high crime and misdemeanor.

The Lords, claiming to be a Court of Record, punish by imprisonment for a fixed time, and impose a fine. The Commons imprison in Newgate or the Tower, but for no specified period; and of late years they have not imposed fines. But since fees have to be paid on release from imprisonment, the punishment inflicted by the House of Commons still includes what is in fact a fine.

Freedom of speech is, of course, an essential privilege of Parliament. In the reign of Richard the Second, Haxey, a member of the Commons, having displeased the king by offering a bill to reduce the excessive charge of the royal household, was condemned in Parliament as a traitor. But, on the accession of Henry the Fourth, Haxey on his part, and the Commons on their part, urged their privilege, and the judgment passed, in derogation of the privilege of parliament, was "annulled and held to be of no force and effect" by the whole Legislature. Since that time there have been days in which the Parliament has fought hard for this essential privilege. It was directly impeached for the last time by Charles the First, in the case of Sir John Elliot, Denzil, Hollis, and Benjamin Valentine. This was, indeed, one of the illegal acts for which that king finally suffered. The last formal confirmation of this privilege was at the revolution of sixteen hundred and eighty-eight, in the ninth article of the Bill of Rights, which declares "that the freedom of speech, and debates or proceedings in Parliament, ought not to be impeached or questioned in any court or place out of Parliament." It is to be observed, however, that since published speeches are not recognised by Parliament, they cannot be protected by its privileges.

The privilege of freedom from arrest in civil cases or distress of goods is enjoyed by members of Parliament, in accordance with most ancient custom. Freedom from arrest was granted also formerly to fair-goers and others. It is now enjoyed by members of the Legislature during the existence of a Parliament, and for a convenient time before and after it, which fairly answers to the forty days allowed for going to and coming from the great assembly. Freedom from arrest in criminal cases can form no part of this privilege. To witnesses and other persons summoned upon business of the House in going, staying, and returning, the same privilege of freedom from arrest also extends. No statement made to Parliament in the course of its proceedings can be made the ground of action at law. There is still, however, a wide margin of debatable land between the jurisdiction of the law courts and the privileges of the courts of Parliament. Public opinion has of late years checked the number of disputes between the legislators and the law. The House of Commons has been chilled in the ardor of its self-assertion, and in its most recent battle ignominiously wreaked vengeance upon the sheriff who had executed judg-

ment of the court opposed to it ; but shrank from a committal of the judges by whom the obnoxious judgment was pronounced.

The swearing-in of members, while there were oaths necessary to be taken, though repugnant to some consciences, has, in all recent parliaments before the present one, made one or two representatives who could not represent. Baron Rothschild was thus for eleven years Member of Parliament without a seat or vote ; he might indeed vote at the election of Speakers, which occurs before the taking of the oath, for the oaths must be taken in a full House, before the Speaker in his chair, between the hours of nine in the morning and four in the afternoon. An oath taken at nine in the evening would not be valid. For this reason, except on Wednesday, when the House of Commons meets from twelve to six, a quarter before the magic hour of four is the time appointed for the ordinary meeting of the House of Commons. Four years ago some members took the oaths, when, the Speaker being ill, the Chairman of Ways and Means fulfilled his duties. Question arose as to the validity of oaths so taken, and they were sanctified by an especial Act of Parliament.

The Queen's speech opens the work of a session. No business of legislation can be done until the Crown has opened Parliament. Therefore, the Speaker, when awaiting summons of the Commons to the House of Lords to hear the speech read, goes, after prayers, to the Clerk's table in the middle of the room, and sits there. He does not sit in his own chair until her Majesty has set the state clock on the move.

The address in answer to the speech having been voted, it is the glorious privilege of the House of Commons to proceed to the palace through the central mall in St James's Park. The Lords are obliged to advance by the ordinary carriage road. A privilege of the Commons more to be prized is exemption from the necessity of solemnly appearing at court in burlesque attire. They are allowed to wear the ordinary dress of English gentlemen. Upon one point only are they restricted. They may not bring into the presence of her Majesty sticks or umbrellas.

The House of Commons has a holiday on Saturday. The House of Lords has holidays on Wednesdays and on Saturdays. But the Saturday holiday of the Commons has to be secured from week to week by formal adjournment from Friday until Monday. It is in the power of any member who sees less than forty members in the House to ask that they be counted. Strangers are then ordered to withdraw. The two-minute glass on the clerk's desk is turned, as in the case of a division ; and, while the sand runs, there is time for any members in adjoining rooms to hurry to their places. If the time has expired, and the Speaker is yet left unable to count forty members, there is an end of business till next day. A count out on Friday night now and then leaves the House bound to meet again on Saturday. Therefore it prudently secures its holiday by moving at some early stage of Friday's business that the House at its rising do adjourn to Monday.

Until six years ago, a part of the foundation of the British Constitution was the bodily constitution of the Speaker of the House of Commons. He was essential to the lawfulness of the assembly, and bound to preside from the first to the last minute over all its sitting

when not in committee. A healthy Speaker was essential to the nation's health. It is only four years since a really adequate authority has been given to the Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, to occupy, in case of need, the Speaker's place, without making any act of the House invalid.

The Committee of Ways and Means just mentioned is, together with the Committee of Supply, a form of the House. The House in Committee, with a chairman to preside, inquires and deliberates. Informal sitting with the Speaker in the chair it legislates. There is always in the royal speech a clause demanding annual provision for the public service, and acquainting gentlemen of the House of Commons that her Majesty has directed the estimates to be laid before them. When the speech is discussed, it is upon a formal motion, "That a supply be granted to her Majesty." On a subsequent day the whole House resolves itself into a Committee to "consider of the supply." This Committee has to discover how much money is wanted, and for that purpose inquires into the estimates.

After the first report of the Committee of Supply, concerning money wanted, has been received, a day is appointed for the House to resolve itself into a committee to "consider of ways and means for raising the supply." One committee asks what money must be raised; the other inquires how to raise it, and is helped in its inquiry by the budget of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The first act of the Committee of Supply is to elect its chairman for the session, who presides in both committees. He is called Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, and he it is who is authorised to vote, when necessary, as the Speaker's deputy.

When the House is in committee, if any formal public business should arise—for example, if there be a summons from the Usher of the Black Rod to attend her Majesty—Mr Speaker must at once resume the chair. When sudden disorder has arisen, the Speaker has now and then, by resuming the chair, suddenly quelled it. In the old stormy days of the seventeenth century, a disturbance arose in a grand committee, threatening to end in bloodshed. Then "the Speaker, very opportunely and prudently rising from his seat near the bar, in a resolute and slow pace, made his three respects through the crowd, and took the chair." The mace, like the sounding cane of the schoolmaster, having been forcibly laid upon the table, disorder ceased, and the disputants went to their places.

Among the Lords, the woosack is without the pale of their House, and the Lord Chancellor, who acts as their Speaker, may, as was the case for a short time with Mr Brougham, be a commoner. He is no lawgiver to the Lords on points of order; they decide such questions among themselves. He is not formally addressed by the Lords who speak, and he can only himself speak or vote as a Lord by coming down from his official seat outside the House and taking his place as a peer within the sacred limits.

We have introduced the reader to a very few only of the old-fashioned customs which bear witness to the antiquity of Parliament. It is right to observe that there has during the last few years been a disposition to get rid of those which produce useless embarrassment. A conspicuous example of such innovation is the freedom given to the

House to work under a Deputy Speaker. As an example of the smaller reforms, we may take a change in the way of conveying messages between the Lords and Commons. The Lords used to send messages to the Commons by judges or masters in Chancery; the Commons to the Lords by solemn deputation of eight members. Every bill sent was to be made the subject of a distinct deputation; but twelve years ago the Lords agreed, by a formal resolution, to receive bundles of bills in one message, and to consider their dignity sufficiently respected by a deputation of five members. The Commons, in return, declared themselves ready to receive messages by one master in Chancery instead of two. For four years past the whole message business has been done quietly among themselves, at their own tables, by the clerks of the respective Houses.

T H E M O T H E R .

By a lone and cheerless hearth,
Waits a widow for her child—
Waits her only son's return,
From the haunts of comrades wild.

Like a statue, pale she sits,
Burning thoughts within her brain,
List'ning for his well-known step,
But, alas! she lists in vain.

She heareth but the mournful wind,
Sighing, wailing as it goes;
And the tapping of the rain,
Which louder at the lattice grows.

No refreshing balmy tears,
Now upspring to calm her grief;
Years of sorrow have drunk up
Those pearly treasures of relief.

Bitter now her cup of life,
And, like the basin at the spring—
Hourly drank from—ever full,
Yet to life she still doth cling.

One, two, three, comes on the wind
In strange foreboding tone—
Slowly as a funeral march,
Faintly as an infant's moan.

Still she sits, but heareth not
The bell-notes, nor the wild wind roar;
Nor her son's impatient knock,
Oft repeated at the door.

Her long, patient spirit,
Long to pain and sorrow wed,
Hath taken flight, to dwell with Him,
Who for a sinful people bled.

CHOICE EXTRACTS.¹

THE LECTURES.

In too many instances our lodges are so crowded with work, that they scarce ever find time to *lecture*. The candidate is hurried through the degrees with all possible speed, and, in many cases, important explanations left out, and at last he is informed that there is a lecture connected with the degree, to which he is *entitled*, and which, alas! in too many instances, this "convenient season" never comes. The candidate is, therefore, imperfectly instructed in his duties, his O. B.'s, and in the real secrets of the Order.

A continuance in this practice of omitting the lectures belonging to the degrees, in time begets *rustiness* in the lectures. This rustiness is a serious evil. In such a lodge nothing can be done unless there is work. Members excuse themselves from attending the meeting when there is no work, because they are getting so rusty in the lectures that it is no use to attempt them.

This practice, then, of attempting so much work that it cannot be properly finished, by filling our ranks with half-instructed members, seriously endangers the perpetuity of the institution, and, by a continuance of the practice, we may be certain that, ere long, there will be little left of Masonry except the *name*, and, perhaps, not even so much as that.

MATERIALS.

We are too apt to act as if we may and *ought* to receive every man that applies for admission, who is not openly and publicly an immoral or scandalous man. Some, whose habits were dangerously irregular, have been admitted because they were "good-hearted fellows," and perhaps Masonry would be the means of mending them. In such cases, we forget the important fact that our lodges are not, should not, and cannot be *moral reform associations*. The Ancient Charges distinctly aver, that only "good men and true" should be permitted to gain an entrance within the veil of the tabernacle. Ours is a *spiritual* edifice, in the construction of which no rotten or crooked sticks, no rough, broken, cracked, stained, or superfluous cornered stones should be allowed a place. Great care should be taken that their defects be found out before they have been removed from the mountain and the quarry, that our workmen be not impeded in their labors by time wasted upon material wholly unfit for use.

We should be extremely cautious that our "partiality for our friend" does not lead us to propose those who are unworthy of our confidence and respect, and whose admission will only work evil and trouble, and that continually. It is not enough that we know no *hurt* of a petitioner; that we never heard anything *against* his moral character. The question should rather be, do we know any *good* of him? He should not be merely *neutral* in his morality and goodness, but positively and actively a "good and true man." These neutrals in the moral world are not fit subjects for Freemasonry. They only serve to swell our numbers at the expense of quality, and occupy

¹ From an Address delivered by Bro. G. W. CHASE, P. G. M., before the Grand Lodge of New Hampshire, in June, 1857.

room that might be, and should be filled by *living* stones. As they were out of the Order, so will they be in it—"lukewarm, neither hot nor cold"—and we know that this was once deemed a grave charge, and sufficient to destroy a whole Church.

Our honors were intended for worthy men, and worthy men alone; and they are safe in no other hands. No moral or mental hermaphrodite should ever be allowed among us, any more than one physically such.

This train of thought leads us to consider how we can prevent the admission of unworthy material, and how a few, or perhaps even *one* faithful sentinel, can preserve the lodge from the dangerous contact.

The Ancient Charges, from whose decision there is no appeal, and by whose directions we are solemnly bound, say that

"The persons admitted members of a lodge must be good and true men, free-born, and of mature and discreet age; no bondmen, no women, no immoral or scandalous men, but of good report." And the "General Regulations," adopted at the same time, specify *how* they are to be admitted.

"No man can be made or admitted a member of a particular lodge, without previous notice one month before given to the lodge, in order to make due inquiry into the reputation and capacity of the candidate;" and further—

"But no man can be entered a brother in any particular lodge, or admitted to be a member thereof, without the unanimous consent of all the members of that lodge then present when the candidate is proposed, and their consent is formally asked by the Master; and they are to signify their consent or dissent in their own prudent way, either virtually or in form, but with unanimity. Nor is this inherent privilege subject to a dispensation; because the members of a lodge are the best judges of it; and if a fractious member should be imposed on them, it might spoil their harmony, or hinder their freedom; or even break and disperse the lodge; which ought to be avoided by all good and true brethren."

We have here enough to guide us safely through the dangerous seas of our present popularity, if we will only steer by these landmarks which our fathers have set.

THE BALLOT.

No man can be admitted without the consent of every brother, even the *humblest* in the lodge then present when the candidate is proposed. This is an "inherent privilege," say these ancient regulations. Not even subject to a "*dispensation*"—that patent medicine of Masonry, so common and so popular, and so frequently resorted to in these latter days.

The *ballot*, therefore, has been wisely called the great bulwark of Masonry. It is our stronghold. It is the outer wall, to defend us from the approach of the unworthy. And the key to the gate is in the hands of each individual member, and none can enter without his consent. What a power! What an important trust is committed to each individual of us! The very existence of the institution depends on our fidelity and faithfulness.

But let us notice some of the minor points connected with the ballot.

The regulation just quoted does not specify *how* the ballot is to be taken, but leaves the mode to the lodges.

Universal custom seems to have adopted, or made use of white and black balls for this purpose; one of the latter being sufficient, in nearly every Masonic jurisdiction to reject an applicant.

And it is further provided by custom, that the ballot shall be a *secret* one; not merely virtually secret, but actually and really secret.

This is one of the most vital points connected with the subject of balloting.

At the present day, when such multitudes are pressing for admission, so many influences from without and from within are brought to bear, that, even with a secret ballot, weak brethren are found to consent to the admission of those they know and believe unworthy. And how much greater would be the danger if this veil of secrecy was removed. We might almost as safely dispense with *all* balloting, as to dispense with this very secrecy.

No one has a right to know or even inquire how another has or will ballot. Each brother has the right—and should ever be protected in that right—to deposit his ballot according to his best judgment, unawed by fears of exposure to the ill-will of any, either inside or outside the lodge. The only exception masonic authorities allow to the rule seems to be, that if an *objecting* brother *chooses* to give his reasons for objecting, either before or after a ballot, he has a right to do so. Having done so, the objections are the property of the lodge, and if a majority decide that they are not sufficient, the brother is morally and masonically bound to withdraw them. So long as he keeps them to himself, they are his own private property, but as soon as they are divulged to the lodge, they become the property of the lodge, to be disposed of as the lodge may see fit to determine. But it is not proper for an *assenting* brother to make his vote known, either before or after ballot, because if one can do so, all can do so, and by all assenting brothers claiming their vote, the objecting ballot is traced to its source, and thus the secrecy of the ballot violated and utterly destroyed.

RECONSIDERING THE BALLOT.

Closely connected with this part of the subject of balloting, is that of a "*reconsideration* of the ballot." Sometimes, if one or more blackballs appear upon a ballot, the box is passed a second time, and even a third time; and sometimes the ballot is "postponed" or "adjourned" or "deferred" to the next meeting. And cases are no wise uncommon where at the same or a subsequent meeting, after a rejection, a "motion to *reconsider*" is made, entertained, and carried, and a new ballot ordered, which is pronounced clear, and the candidate received and invested with the secrets.

This last proceeding is totally at variance with masonic and even common justice, and a violation of the most sacred rights of a member.

In this, and most other jurisdictions, *one* blackball is sufficient to reject. If, then, upon the first ballot there is found a negative, the candidate is virtually rejected. But upon the *supposition* that the negative might be cast by mistake, it is considered correct and proper

to pass the box the second time. This is only to make it certain that there was no mistake made on the first ballot. In some cases, even a third ballot may be passed, if in the opinion of the W. M. there may have been a mistake on the first and second ballot. But according to our best authority, a third ballot is always *final*, and, if, upon the first or second more than one negative appear, the candidate must be declared rejected.

The practice of "adjourning" or "postponing" a ballot after it has been once passed, or of "reconsidering" it when once declared, is a bad one. It is fraught with evil, and only evil. In nearly every case in which it is resorted to, the object is to override the negative of the objecting brother, and smuggle in a person obnoxious to him. This one fact alone is sufficient to stamp the act as inexcusably unmasonic.

I have thus very briefly noticed the important subject of the admission of candidates—one of the very first in importance, if we wish to preserve the purity of our Order, and transmit it, without addition or subtraction, to those who come after us.

I enjoin it upon you, then, Masters and Wardens, that you urge upon your members to let no partiality for friends, no fear of offence, lead them to consent to the admission of unworthy persons into the Order. And in the same earnest manner would I have them to know that no "private pique," no frivolous objection, should induce them to reject a worthy man, who declares that he comes "uninfluenced by any unworthy motives;" that he "freely and voluntarily offers himself" for admission, and, if accepted, will cheerfully "conform to all the established usages and customs of the Fraternity." If you are so unfortunate as to have one among you who, for real or apparent unworthy motives, *wilfully* objects to any or all who apply for admission, deal gently and carefully with him. He is an unfinished block. He has never been thoroughly instructed in all the sublime principles of charity and brotherly love, and, above all, justice. Make haste, therefore, to *finish* him, and doubt not that, when done as your work should be done, the cement of brotherly love and affection will keep him in his proper place.

ORIGIN OF THE LECTURES.

I have alluded to the *Lectures* of Masonry as something that every candidate should be instructed in when he receives his degrees.

From the lectures we gain a knowledge of the divine doctrines of Freemasonry. We there learn *why* it is that our peculiar forms and mystic signs and ceremonies have been adopted. We there learn how to prove ourselves possessed of the talismanic secrets of the Order, and how to prove others. The lectures, therefore, form an important part of the information belonging to the degrees, and to which the candidate is entitled by virtue of his acceptance. The ceremony is incomplete and the instruction imperfect without them, and no candidate should ever be considered as having received his degrees until he has received the lectures in full. Having paid for the *whole* of the degrees, it is wrong to cheat or defraud him out of any part of them, as for him to deprive others of what rightfully belongs to them.

Perhaps, in this connection, it may not be unprofitable briefly to

notice the origin and progress of the present form of what are technically called the "Lectures" of Masonry.

Previous to about the year 1720, when a person was initiated, passed, or raised, the secrets were communicated to him, and the explanations given him in such language as the Master could command at the time. But about this time, as an assistance to masters of lodges, Drs Anderson and Desaguliers, two eminent Masons, compiled or arranged the information necessary to be given to candidates into the form of questions and answers, still preserving the name that had been previously applied to the usual instructions of the Master—that of "Lectures."

So favorably were these received, that the Grand Lodge of England adopted the form, and ordered them to be given in the lodges.

In the year 1732, the lectures of Anderson and Desaguliers were revised by Martin Clare, who added a brief allusion to the human senses and the theological ladder.

A few years later, Thomas Dunkerly, who was considered the most intelligent Mason of his day, extended and improved the lectures, and, among other things, *first* gave to the theological ladder its three most important rounds.

These continued to be used until 1763, when Rev. Wm. Hutchinson gave them an improved form. Hutchinson explained the three lights by "the three great stages of Masonry: the knowledge and worship of the God of nature in the purity of Eden; the service under the masonic law when divested of idolatry; and the Christian revelation. But most especially our lights are typical of the Holy Trinity."

Again, in 1772, these lectures were revised and improved by Preston, whose system was the standard in England until the union of 1813, when Dr Hemming established the system now generally practised in the English lodges.

The Preston lectures were early introduced into this country, and were considerably modified by T. S. Webb, whose system has been the basis of all those taught since his day in the lodges of the United States.

We have thus seen whence the lectures originated, and are prepared, in a measure, to charge infringements upon the ancient landmarks—if there be any in them—upon their authors. And if, as many brethren believe, the doctrines of the lectures are ALL "landmarks," we are prepared to say who have added to the landmarks.

THE LECTURES NOT LANDMARKS.

But the lectures, as a whole, are *not* landmarks of the Order. They are the simple *text* of Masonry—"a course of instruction in which the ceremonies, traditions, and moral instructions appertaining to the degree are set forth, while the extended illustrations which are given to them by an intelligent master or lecturer—and which he can only derive from a careful study of scripture, of history, and of the published works of learned masonic writers—constitute the *commentary*, without which the simple text is comparatively barren and uninteresting." These commentaries are the *philosophy* of Masonry, without a knowledge of which no brother can claim our technical title of "*a bright Mason*."

While, therefore, the intelligent Mason will give the text in the language prescribed for him by his Grand Lodge, he will not feel himself rigidly confined to *this alone*, in imparting instructions to his less informed brethren.

The ritual contains but a small part of the "body of Masonry," and most certainly a very small quota of its history and philosophy; and the Mason whose only knowledge of the institution and its doctrines has been derived from this source, can hardly lay claim to an intelligent knowledge of Freemasonry.

It is only when the mind has become expanded by a perusal of the "Great Light of Masonry," which is ever open in the lodge—when we have carefully studied the moral precepts inculcated by the degrees—when we have considered well the great doctrines taught in the third degree, that we begin to see that the mission of Freemasonry is not the mere transmission and preservation of forms and ceremonies, of signs and tokens; that our work as Free and Accepted Masons is not to be confined to conferring the degrees upon candidates. We then begin to have more exalted ideas of the institution, and of its mighty power as a means of good. Then we begin to appreciate the idea of brotherly love, of relief and truth. Then we begin to understand *why* temperance, fortitude, prudence, and justice should be constantly kept in view by all the members of the Order. Then we realize that, as a science of religious symbolism, Freemasonry has no equal; that its emblems seem invested with new properties—and that the light—the real light of truth—breaks in upon our enraptured vision. We then see, not a mere childish play, founded it may be on a myth, a fable, an improbability—but we learn, that although our path is beset with dangers, and though we must all fall by the hand of death, and be deposited in the silent tomb, yet we shall finally be raised to new life, and be allowed an entrance into that celestial lodge above, where our supreme Architect presides.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

Brethren, I have spoken, but necessarily with much brevity, of a few things that concern us as Freemasons. I have acknowledged to you that the present unparalleled prosperity of our Order is a *dangerous* popularity for us; that never before in our history has there been a time when the virtues of fortitude and prudence were more needed than at the present moment. I have read to you from authority that only good men and true should participate in our labors. I have pointed out how the unworthy can be kept out, and how alone it can be done. I have urged time and patience in finishing all work undertaken, as necessary to preserve our institution from change and decay. I have acknowledged my belief that the mission of Freemasonry is an exalted one, and well worthy our best wishes and earnest efforts. In stead of seeking out honeyed words of flattery and praise to induce you to lull yourselves asleep upon your posts in the delusion that danger is far from you, that "all is well," I have chosen rather to speak the words of truth and soberness.

And, may I not hope that these thoughts and suggestions, brief and unconnected though they be, have fallen upon willing ears, have

taken root in willing hearts ; and will sometime bear fruit, even if it be only a few fold.

To us is committed a valuable treasure. Those who left it with us have many of them gone a long journey. Let us be careful that when it is called for, we may be able to give a good account of our stewardship.

Those who come after us will receive their instruction through us. How important, then, that we instruct them carefully and thoroughly in the important duties devolving upon them as Freemasons ; that our and their faith may be evinced in a correct moral walk and deportment ; that our hope be bright as the glorious mysteries that will be revealed hereafter ; and our charity boundless as the wants of our fellow-creatures.

While we live, let us meet upon the *level*, let us act upon the *plumb*, and let us part upon the *square*.

In the beautiful language of a poet brother :

"There's a world where all are equal,
We are hurrying towards it fast ;
We shall meet upon the level there,
When the gates of death are past.
We shall stand before the Orient,
And our Master will be there—
To try the blocks we offer
By His own unerring square.

Let us meet upon the level, then,
While laboring patient here ;
Let us meet and let us labor,
Though the labor be severe.

Already in the western sky
The signs bid us prepare
To gather up our working tools,
And part upon the square.

Hands round, ye faithful Masons,
Form the bright fraternal chain ;
We part upon the square below,
To meet in Heaven again ;
What words of precious meaning,
These words masonic are :
We meet upon the level,
And part upon the square."

KINDNESS TO LITTLE ONES.

A CHILD, when asked why a certain tree grew crooked, replied :
"Somebody trod upon it, I suppose, when it was small."

He who checks a child with terror,
Stops its play, and stills its song,
Not alone commits an error,
But a grievous moral wrong.

Give it play, and never fear it ;
Active life is no defect ;
Never, never, break its spirit,
Curb it—only to direct.

Would you stop the flowing river,
Thinking it would cease to flow ?
Onward must it flow for ever—
Better teach it where to go.

KINDNESS is stowed away in the heart like rose-leaves in a drawer,
to sweeten every object around them.

I W A I T F O R T H E E !

THE hearth is swept—the fire is bright,
 The kettle sings for tea ;
 The cloth is spread—the lamp is light,
 And white cakes smoke in napkins white,
 And now I wait for thee.

Come, come, love, home, thy task is done ;
 The clock ticks listeningly ;
 The blinds are shut, the curtain down,
 The warm chair to the fireside drawn,
 The boy is on my knee.

Come home, love, come ; his deep, fond eye
 Looks round him wistfully,
 And when the whispering winds go by,
 As if thy welcome step were nigh,
 He crows exultingly.

In vain—he finds the welcome vain,
 And turns his glance on mine,
 So earnestly, that yet again
 His form unto my heart I strain,
 That glance is so like thine.

Thy task is done—we miss thee here,
 Where'er thy footsteps roam,
 No heart will spend such kindly cheer,
 No beating heart, no listening ear,
 Like those who wait thee home.

Ah, now along the crisp walk fast
 That well-known step doth come ;
 The bolt is drawn, the gate is past,
 The babe is wild with joy at last—
 A thousand welcomes home !



T H E D Y I N G B O Y .

"PRAY," said a mother to her dying child :
 "Pray ;" and in token of assent, he smiled.
 Most willing was the spirit, but so weak
 The failing frame that he could hardly speak.
 At length he cried : "Dear mother, in God's book
 Is it not written, 'Unto Jesus look ?
 I can look up ; I have no strength for prayer.
 'Look unto Me, and be ye saved,' is there."
 "It is, my child, it is ; thus saith the Lord,
 And we may confidently trust His word."
 Her son looked up—to Jesus raised his eyes,
 And flew, a happy spirit, to the skies.

NURSE PARKET'S STORY.

NURSE PARKET had lived with us ever since our mother's death, and we—my sister Bella, myself, and little Lucy—loved her dearly. It was she who had taken us all to wish our dear mother good-by, when, lying on her great high bed, in the shade of its heavy curtains, she looked so pale and transparent of form and hue, that we could be hardly persuaded she was not already a spirit. To little Lucy, who was too young to recollect her otherwise, she always appeared afterwards, in memory and in dreams, as she looked then. But Bella and I could remember her when her soft gold hair hung in curly clusters round a healthy smiling face, and so sometimes we could see her fresh and blooming as she used to be, though never without a certain subdued light on her beauty; thrown, as it seemed, neither by actual grief nor actual trouble, but by a chastened memory of both.

Nurse Parket, in a plain, homely, but deep, earnest way, strove to fill our mother's place towards us, her little orphans; for our father, a quiet country gentleman, given up to antiquarian pursuits, although kind and amiable of heart, hardly noticed us in an ordinary fatherly way. He was, however, always ready to listen to Nurse Parket's suggestions, and we had grown up, under governesses whom she had reminded him to secure, until Lucy was sixteen, when, the lesson-book part of our education being finished, we were left alone with our father and Nurse Parket.

No; not quite alone. A gentleman, neither young nor old, a very great friend, or rather companion, of my father, as fond of antiquarian lore as he, but not half as amiable, was in the habit of making such long visits at Coombe Uplands—the name of our old place—that he might be said to live there for half the year. Mr Joachim was this gentleman's name—a gentleman of a gloomy turn of character, and his aspect was quite in unison with it. He had a grave, saturnine expression about his long, dark face, and a searching, suspicious look in his unfathomable eyes, the color of which could never have been determined by the most scrutinising observer, but wherein could be seen, at times, a dull glare, as of smouldering fire never permitted to flash out, that made me shrink involuntarily whenever I looked at him, while, as for little Lucy—we called her "little," because she was the youngest, and our pet—she could scarcely bear his immediate presence.

It was far otherwise with Bella. She was always a fearless, daring child, strangely attracted towards anything peculiar—a part of her character which she might have derived from her father, though she was, in other respects, most unlike him, he being quiet and grave, and she high-spirited and full of life—and it was, perhaps, on this account that she alone among us liked our dark, strange visitor, Mr Joachim.

It became quite certain, in the course of time, that, in his own odd, undemonstrative way, he liked her; for he proposed himself to her as a husband, and, to our unspeakable regret, she accepted him. I shall never forget the day she did so, for Lucy, and I, and Nurse Parket, when she came up into the nursery to be congratulated, kissed and cried over her to that degree that it might have been supposed she was going to die instead of marry.

Bella cried too, at first, but after a while she got almost angry with us for our compassion and silence—for we could none of us say a word—and went down to join her lover in the library, where he was poring over some musty old books with my father, who had recently purchased them at a great cost. I think they must have sent her up again, for she very soon reappeared with tears in her eyes, very unlike those she had shed before she went down. They had flowed fast and free, as relieving her heart of the burden of her new happiness, while those then on her face were quiet and repressed, as if her heart had been somewhat hurt.

When we were going to bed that night, I said to Nurse Parket, lingering behind with her in the nursery,

“Nurse, dear, what do you think of Bella’s engagement?”

“My dear Miss Alice,” she answered, “don’t ask me.”

“Ah! then, nurse, I know you don’t like it!”

“Well, dear, we will hope for the best. Perhaps, after all, Miss Bella mayn’t marry him.”

“But Bella loves him, nurse—what then?”

“My dear, she thinks she loves him, there isn’t a doubt, but I have seen mistakes made before now.”

We said no more at that time, but I recollect going to bed very unhappy, and dreaming restlessly, with nightmare oppressiveness, of Mr Joachim, who seemed a kind of grim, gloomy phantom, formless and indescribable, but always overshadowing Bella with a black, mysterious mantle, whenever she was going to smile or speak to me.

About this time a surprising thing occurred. Never, since we had all had the measles together, in our childhood, had my father come up-stairs into our nursery; but, one day he presented himself at the door, and entered, for the purpose of giving us a piece of intelligence. The intelligence, unexpected as it was, hardly surprised us so much as my father’s appearance in the nursery. It was, however, to the effect that our aunt Dorothea—the only aunt we had—of whom we had heard from time to time from Nurse Parket, and very occasionally from my father, as living in Italy with her invalid husband, was to be expected at Coombe Uplands in the course of a week. She had returned to England, having lost her husband, and my father had asked her to come and take up her residence with us, at what used to be, when they were boy and girl together, her old home.

Long before he got through all this, my father began to look dreamy and abstracted, as was his wont, and to give it out in short half sentences, with absent pauses between. A world of expectation arose among us on hearing this news. We knew very few people besides the clergyman and his wife, and Mr Joachim, and the idea of having our unknown aunt to live with us caused quite an excitement in our minds.

Mr Joachim had not been over to our house for a week or two when one afternoon, two or three days before aunt Dorothea was expected, looking out from the window of the nursery where Lucy and I were sitting, I saw him walking with Bella about the lawn and shrubberies. They seemed so strange a pair—she, in her frank youth and freshness, and he in his stiff, dull middle-age, with not a grace to relieve the gloom and secrecy which pervaded his whole face and

figure, that I could but look at them, wondering what might be the end of such a betrothal. It was a late autumn day. There were so many trees about Coombe Uplands that it fell dusk there sooner than in many other places, and, at little more than five o'clock, I could not see to do another sprig of the fancy-work on which I was engaged. Lucy still stood straining her eyes over the volume of poems in the declining light at the window, when Bella, with a springless step unlike her own, wearily entered the room.

I could hardly see her face except in its general outline, but something in the turn of her head, and in the whole air of her figure as she drooped into a low seat by the fire, told me that her mood was very sad. Lucy, closing her book regretfully, came and seated herself on the hearthrug by Bella's side. Presently, as if she too instinctively perceived that something was amiss, she laid her head against Bella's lap and drew one of her passive arms about her neck, trying, unobtrusively, to soothe her with love and fondness. I, the eldest, sat on a corner of the couch next the fire on the opposite side, and thought what a quiet sisterly group they made, as the fire-light glanced and flickered on their graceful figures, now showing Bella's grave pale face in its sad reflective aspects, now lighting up Lucy's pretty head of golden curls—she inherited our mother's style and beauty—that fell around her neck, about which Bella's arm was twining. We had lived lonely and retired enough, it is true, but we had seldom sighed for pleasures beyond our quiet country life, among the woods and the fields of Coombe Uplands, and, bound with the chain of our sisterly love, we had been very happy.

"Can she leave us," I thought, looking at Bella, "for that dark, gloomy Mr Joachim?"

As I was thinking about him, and Bella in connection with him, Nurse Parket entered, and I made her come and sit down with me upon the couch. The quiet, Nurse Parket, and our sisterly companionship in the dear old nursery, led me into thoughts of the past days of our childhood, when, in the same place, at such an hour, we had sat by the uncertain fire-light listening to nurse's stories, and I felt an irresistible desire to revive them once more as far as, in the nature of things, they could be revived.

"Nurse, dear," I said.

"Yes, Miss Alice."

"You used to tell us stories when we were children. We are all very quiet—tell us one now."

"You wouldn't care for Cinderella, nor Goody Two Shoes, now," she said, laughing, "and what else do you think I should have to tell you?"

"I don't know," I answered, "but something, I'm sure. You have lived in different places before you came here, and you must have some grown-up stories to tell if you only think. By the way," I said suddenly, "nurse, dear, had you ever the good fortune to have a sweetheart?"

Nurse Parket smiled, and then looked grave, and passed her hand across her face as she answered,

"Yes, miss, once—but he died long before you were born, my dear. He died before your dear mamma was married."

She paused, and, thinking for a few minutes, said, looking over at Bella, who still sat quiet with Lucy's head against her lap,

"I think I'll try to tell you a story, my dears, about somethin' that happened once, but which you none of you ever heard, when I was almost a young woman. But you must excuse my way of tellin' it, and listen to it only because it is true."

"That we will do most cheerfully," I replied.

We were all fond of stories, especially Lucy; and Bella, rousing herself from her meditative mood, we settled ourselves to listen attentively. Nurse Parket commenced:

The story, my dears, is about a beautiful lady that I once lived with—first, when she was a young lady, as her maid, and afterwards, when she was married and a mother, as her baby's nurse. She was always very fond of me, and I of her. She lived in a large town before she was married, and, her father and mother being company-keepin' people, and she being so very pretty, there was a great many gentlemen admired her, and she might have married *well*, as they call it, at least a dozen times. I'm an old woman, and an old maid, but I think there is only one way of marryin' well, and that is when a woman, or a lady, marries a man, or a gentleman, really suited to her, and when there is real true love on both sides. I told you, Miss Alice, the other night, that I had seen mistakes in marriage, made in my time, and the marriage this young lady made was no doubt one of them.

Bella looked up, and seemed to fancy that nurse and I might have been talking of her on the night alluded to.

Nurse proceeded:

Well; I never could tell how my young lady came to marry the gentleman she did choose after all. He was a good deal older than she. She was gay and sprightly like—he was still and grave. She liked life, and stir, and change—he liked nothin' but readin' and sittin' still. She was as fond of music as a bird—he couldn't tell one tune from another. Often and often I have seen her sittin', singin' and playin', song after song and piece after piece, at the piano in the drawin'-room, and him sittin' over a book by the lamp, never listenin' to a single note. She had been used to praise and company, and every one to love and listen to her, and she must have felt it a great change.

She did feel it a great change—as you shall presently hear—though she tried not to show it, or even to think anything about it for some time.

When they first married, her husband used to sit mostly in the same room with her, though he never hardly noticed what she was doin'; but, after a while, he took to keepin' in another, by himself, and only comin' in to meals with her; and at night he sat up hours, poring over his learning and his books. Well, then was the first of my lady's showin' of herself cast down and melancholy. One day as I passed my master's study door, which was half open, I saw her, all in tears, kneelin' down by his chair, and sayin' somethin' to him that

I could not hear. But I heard him answer, in his grave, even voice, "Well, my dear, if you feel dull, send for your mother and sister, and any one else you like, to make the place gayer to you."

I was nearer guessin' what they had been talkin' about, I thought, than he was what was grievin' her aching heart. He was a good sort of a man, but he couldn't understand it.

In a week or two's time after that, however, the house was full of company. My lady's mother, her sister, her brother, some of their cousins, and others besides. The house seemed turned almost upside down after the still life we'd led; but lookin' at my lady's pale face—which was like a June rose once, but, at this time, only flushed by excitement now and then—I didn't believe she was much the happier for all the company.

However, amongst them there was a great friend of my lady's brother, who was thought to be thinkin' of her sister, and who was one of the cleverest, handsomest, and most accomplished gentlemen I ever saw. There didn't seem to be anything that he couldn't do, or didn't know. He was as much a favorite with all the servants in the house as he was with all the ladies and gentlemen, and appeared as amiable as he was clever and handsome. Even my master would sometimes leave his books and talk to him, but not very often.

He was a beautiful rider on horseback, and broke in a horse for my lady which nobody else could manage. My lady was very fond of riding, and had gone out in a dull way with the groom, because my master didn't use himself to horses, very often for the mere pleasure she had in the exercise. This handsome gentleman and her brother rode with her now, however, and the handsome gentleman always helped her to her saddle. Of an evenin' he sung duets with her, and read aloud for the benefit of the whole company, except my master, who would slip away to his study and his books. When he left, the house seemed very dull, and my mistress too, but especially her sister, though that was for another reason which I didn't think of then, but she found out something long before any one else would have done. It was only natural, for she loved him very much, and had hoped he loved her. She died, poor thing, in a deep decline, two or three years afterwards.

Well, the handsome gentleman knew some of the families in the neighborhood, and from our house he went to stay with one of them, and so, occasionally, we saw him still; but at last he went away altogether, and so did all our company, and we were very quiet again for some months.

One day, some time after this, something came to my mistress, that I hoped would make her happy after all—a dear little baby, and I was its nurse—but it did not. Something else had come to her, I suppose. We are all weak creatures, my dears, and the best of us cannot stand in our own strength; and if we let wrong wishes and thoughts come into our minds without strivin' against them with more than our poor might, they mostly will come, and make certain prey of us. Something of this sort had warped my poor dear lady's mind, I fear. She was very young—had been praised, petted, and almost spoiled from her childhood—and her husband, though not unkind, neglected her.

Nurse stopped a moment, and I, getting strangely excited, moved closer to her on the couch, and took hold of her hand. She resumed, glancing down at me :

Not but what she loved her baby. She loved it dearly—but with a poisoned mind. I saw how it all was, when the handsome gentleman I had once liked so much, coming to stay again with that family in the neighborhood, rode over so often to call upon my master, but stayed so long with my lady in the drawin'-room.

It might have been only fancy, but I thought him not nearly so handsome as he was.

Well. He came and went in the neighborhood for some time, and my lady grew sadder, and her husband saw nothing, or said nothing, all the while, but appeared to grow more busy and quiet-like every day. Except for the baby, then a year old, and able to talk a little, listlessly, her life was very lonely. Sometimes, for days, she would scarcely leave the nursery. At others, she seemed to enter it with a faltering step, and a tremble running through her figure, and then, with a frightened face kissing the little innocent, she would hasten away to hide the tears in her eyes and the aching at her heart.

Though I never saw them together—I mean my lady and the handsome gentleman—about this time, I knew by instinct—for I loved her, and had done from a child—that they sometimes met. At last I knew it for certain, and I was never so unhappy in my whole life. No, not even when I had a great sorrow of my own.

It was a beautiful autumn evening. My master was gone from home to a meeting of some society connected with what he was always reading about, and there was no soul about the house, as far as I knew, except the servants and my mistress, who was, I thought, in the drawing-room. Having a very bad headache, after I had put my baby to bed and left the housemaid in the nursery to watch it, I went out to get a breath of air in the kitchen garden and about the back ways behind the shrubberies. Everything was very still, except that a soft breeze went sighing and whispering through the great plantations of fir-trees, and I, quite alone, and feeling my head grow better and lighter as I walked, kept listenin' to the sound and thinkin', I remember, at the time, what a nice sound it would be to send a baby to sleep with. As I listened, presently I heard voices. At first they were hardly louder than the fir whispers, but, gradually, I heard my own dear lady's voice answer some low words, too low for me to catch, aloud, in a tone of agony :

"Oh no!" she cried; "Gerald, do not tempt me!—for Heaven's sake do not tempt me to leave my little child!" Her voice, although not a high one, rang through the stillness with such an echo that I trembled lest any one should hear it beside myself. He seemed to hush her, and to try to soothe her, as I gathered from the few words I could overhear.

I knew it was the handsome gentleman, for Gerald was his name, and oh, what a horror I felt of him!

I had never played the listener on purpose before in my life, but I was now determined to hear all I could, and I stood as still as death almost, in my place behind the shrubberies: for was I not her maid

when she was little more than a child?—didn't she love me, and might I not try to save her? Besides, I was her own baby's nurse. Anyhow, I stopped.

I heard but very little more, except just at the last. They appeared about to part, and then, in his voice, I heard these words: "Tomorrow night, then, my own, whether you come or not, at eleven of the clock I shall be here." And, after that, only the sound of stealthy footsteps carefully going over the fallen leaves, and of a low weeping that broke out between whiles when the footsteps were gone.

I waited, perhaps, half an hour, perhaps not quite so long. I hardly knew, I was in such a tremor. Then I went in by the kitchen passage door, and up the back staircase round to my darling's nursery, in the front of the house, next to my lady's dressin'-room. There was a door through it into the nursery, and, in about an hour or so, I heard my mistress come up there, and, as it was bedtime, I knocked and went in to help her to undress as I was always used to do.

She was sitting before her glass, washing her face with some rose-water, and she started as I opened the door. She didn't need to try and deceive me, poor thing, into thinking that she hadn't been weeping.

"How you startled me, nurse!" she said.

I answered, "But I knocked, ma'am—didn't you hear me?"

"I suppose I was not thinking about you, Mary," she said, hurriedly.

I said, "I don't think you are in spirits this evening, ma'am. You will feel it lonesome to-night without master. Shall I leave the doors open through to the nursery, so as you can easily hear me and the baby?"

I wanted her to think something about the baby. But she said, sorrowfully.

"No, thank you, Mary. I'm used to being lonely."

I still wanted her to think about the baby; and, pretending that I heard it stirring, I went back through the open door into the nursery for a moment, and after pretending to soothe it, called her to come and look at it.

"O dear, ma'am," I said, "do come and look at the dear child. I don't know that ever I saw it look so pretty in its sweet, innocent sleep!"

She came in her white dressing-gown, which she had loosely put on, but her face, that had flushed to a deep red as she first looked at the child, grew almost whiter than her gown, while she stood silently by the little bed.

"Dear me, ma'am," I said, "what is so innocent and beautiful to look at as a little sleeping babe! I can't think how any one can ever hurt a child! I do think, if I was to hurt a baby through cruelty or passion, I couldn't never say my prayers again hardly."

My lady stooped over the child until her long hair, which was all hangin' loose, fell over its face and her own, and quite hid them both from my sight, as she answered something that I couldn't hear.

Looking at the nursery clock, I said,

"But, dear me, ma'am, you must be tired. It is now upon the stroke of eleven."

At the mention of the hour she half started from her low posture, no doubt remembering when she had last heard the mention of eleven o'clock, and, in the start she gave, she awoke the baby from its repose. Throwing out its little arms, the child caught at some of her bright long hair as it floated away from her, and began to cry.

I wouldn't quiet it. I left it all to her. And oh, how I hoped the child's voice might call her back to what she used to be, before that dark handsome face had been seen in our house. She might not have been happy, but she was innocent then!

"The baby will always leave off crying best for you, ma'am," I said. "I will just go and put out some water for you into the basin, and unfold your night-dress ready."

She could not but take the crying baby, and I left her hushing it to rest. When I came back the child was asleep in her arms, but the tears were raining down from my lady's eyes upon its little night-dress. I thought I heard her crying.

Taking the child from her, I laid it into bed, and then said, as my lady tried in vain to stop her tears,

"O my dear mistress, I am sure you can't be well. What can I do for you?"

"Nothing, Mary, dear," she answered.

"Shall I send for my master?" I asked. "I am sure he would grieve dreadfully if you was ill."

"Mary!" she exclaimed, reproachfully.

But I went on:

"Yes, ma'am, you may not think so, because master is so quiet like, but I know he would feel it very much, in his way, *if anything happened to you.*"

How strong I tried to speak these words!

"He is so fond of the baby too," I said, "though he seldom notices it, for when I took it to the study window the other day, when I was out with it in the garden, he took it in his arms and played with it a long time."

She took upon her to seem quite haughty all at once, as she rose and told me that I need not say any more; but I didn't mind, I only said,

"Dear mistress, you surely won't be offended with me, who have waited on you so long?"

"I am tired, Mary," she answered, "and shall go to bed now." And she shut her dressin'-room door, saying that I need not come in again to help her in undressing, for that the baby was not yet quite sound.

I never went to sleep that night, and I got out of bed several times to listen at her door, which, when I heard her go through into her bedroom, I had set ajar. She was always stirring, never still. And in the middle of the night, I heard her crying as she had done among the fir-trees in the shrubbery. She seemed to sleep once for a short time, but awoke herself in calling out, "Gerald, do not tempt me!" in a nightmare dream.

In the morning I rose with a feeling as if a great weight were upon me which I must remove by some great endeavor before the night and eleven o'clock came. I wanted, if possible, that my dear mistress

should take it off herself, without my having to show her that I knew what had passed in the shrubbery the night before. I said to myself, "Surely she will think many times before she will go out from these doors to-night. Perhaps she will think better of it. Perhaps she has never meant to go. Anyhow, I know the time appointed, and I can watch, and, at the last, I can but speak."

My lady spent almost all day in her dressin'-room, and I fancied she was writing. I was glad she kept there, because it was next the nursery, and I made the baby crow merrily, and talk in her pretty way continually, so as to keep the dear little creature in her mind. The child had learnt to say "Mamma" quite plain, and, going up to the dressin'-room door with her little uncertain footsteps, many times through the day she called to her to come in, with her sweet tender little voice. My lady did not come, however, but kept her own room closely; and I began to think that she was afraid to look at the dear baby any more—that she really meant to leave it.

The day wore on. My mistress, who had breakfasted up stairs, only went down to dinner at five o'clock, and she remained in the drawin'-room afterwards instead of coming, as she most times did, to bid the baby good night and see me undress and put it to bed. We were a very regular household, and, by ten o'clock, all the servants were settled for the night. My lady, looking into the nursery with her dressin'-gown on—for she had been in her room for some little time—told me that I might go to bed, for that she had something she wished to read, and might, perhaps, sit up late. I made answer, "Very well, ma'am," and that was all. My lady never looked toward the little bed where the baby was sleeping.

I didn't undress, but I got into bed with my clothes on, and lay waiting and listening. We always burnt a candle in the nursery on account of the baby, and I often recall that troubled wakeful hour when, by its dim light, I lay listening to every sound in my lady's dressin'-room, while the queer shadows of the night-shade danced and flickered on the ceiling.

My mistress, to seem quite careless like, had left the door of the dressin'-room partly open, and as she sat there, I could hear the leaves of a book turned over and over for a length of time. The hour seemed for ever long. Nothing to listen to but the ticking of the nursery clock and the turning of the pages of my lady's book. Nothing to look at but the shadow of the night-shade on the ceiling. I guessed that my mistress had left her own bedroom door open to the staircase, and that she would leave a light still burning in the dressin'-room, and go down, and out by way of the garden passage, as we called it, at the end of which was a side-door, very easy to open, and almost out of hearing of any one in the house.

The nursery clock struck eleven, and still I heard my mistress in the dressin'-room; but I knew she must be going soon now. Presently there was a sound as if she had risen from her chair, and I fancied she was listening to hear if all was still. Then I heard the door from the dressin'-room into the bedroom shut very gently.

That was the moment for me to get up. I did get up; and, taking the sleeping child in my arms, I went softly, without my shoes, out into the landing—for I had left my door ajar as my mistress had done

hers—and down the broad staircase, along the hall, and into the garden passage before she had left her room. The baby still slept, and I stood quite still, close by the garden door. In less than ten minutes my mistress, with a candle in her hand, came down the passage too. She was dressed completely, with a bonnet on. She came so hurriedly, so fearfully, and so often looking back, and I stood so much in shadow, in a corner of the doorway, that she didn't see me until she was within a yard or two from me. But, when she did see me, and saw in my face that I knew or guessed all, and when, above everything, I held the little sleeping baby towards her in my outstretched arms, as though it were the real bar, the real chain, which was to hold her back, she stopped, and, with a strong shiver, sank down powerless on the stone floor of the passage at my feet. I had seized the candle as it fell from out her trembling hand, and set it on a bracket fastened to the wall. Then I kissed her, and cried over her, and said I was sure she would not go. She would let me take a letter out to him—we never spoke his name then, nor afterwards—but she would never go and leave the dear, dear baby! Down in that stone passage, in the dead of night—for it was long past the appointed hour—when all the house were dreaming and at rest, my dear lady and I wept and sobbed together; and all the while the tempter waited in the moonlight, among the fir-trees, for her who would never come!

My dears, I can never tell you all that passed between my lady and me that night. The whole thing has always been a secret ever since, from all the world; and even now, when the chief actors in it are dead, I have named no names.

I only tell you that, by God's mercy working on her heart, and by the unexpected sight of her little child at the last moment before the awful step would have been taken, she was saved. She loved the tempter, and, by that bitterness, found out, too late, that she had never loved her husband. But I thank God she was saved from a bitterness greater still; known only to a wretched mother who forsakes her innocent baby, and leaves for it only the memory of her name ruined and disgraced!

She lived, after that terrible night and the illness it cost her were passed, to be cheerful in trying to do her duty, and in time, after a sort, even happy; for she had more children, and loved them as only a dreary wife, with a neglectful, unsuitable husband can. But she died young, after all—no doubt it was for the best—and no one but I ever knew what a great struggle her life had been.

That is my story, my dears. I pray that you may never have to experience what that poor lady had.

We all sat very still, and cried quietly. I think we all *felt* of whom the story was told, but nurse had said it was a secret, and we never afterwards, even to each other, hazarded a guess.

It had its effect. Bella did not marry Mr Joachim. That unsuitable engagement went off, as a dark, unwholesome night will go off before the rising sun. When my aunt Dorothea came, a better and healthier life began for all of us—for she was a delightful woman, who, in the course of her useful life, checkered with many

a trial, had gathered stores of wisdom, sympathy, and kindness, which she exercised abundantly for her nieces' advantage. We are all married now, and, I am thankful to say, congenially and happily. Our father and our aunt Dorothea lie in their quiet graves in the village churchyard; but Nurse Parket survives them all. Very old, but very active; she is the delight of our little children. She lives with me, as the eldest of her nurselings, but often stays with the others, and particularly with Bella, whom she loves as tenderly as she loves me. She often tells my children, and Bella's children, stories that we both well remember; but the one I have recorded she has never told again—nor have I, nor has Bella, in all our long talks with Nurse Parket, ever referred to it by one single word.

A G O O D N I G H T .

BY MRS. H. J. LEWIS.

With the day's garments lay
Thine earthly cares away,
As an o'er-wearied child casts down its toys;
Bid the wild throbbing cease
That broke thy heart's deep peace
Amid life's surging waves of griefs and joys.

Take to thy darkened room
No shade of inward gloom,
Since angels gather there to guard thy rest;
And through the silent night
Gather from fields of light
Some healing herbs to bind unto thy breast.

From life's perplexed affairs,
Its memories, hopes, and prayers,
Thou wilt lie down to slumber sweet and deep;
But who can say for thee
Where shall the wakening be?
Will earth or heaven the future harvest reap?

Go, then, forgiving all,
Upon thy God to call,
Life's crown of thorns no longer on thy brow;
And, fanned by angel's wings,
Dream of all glorious things,
And with thy guides at heavenly altars bow.

Fresh as the morning dew
Begin thy life anew,
If such thy Father's will, upon the earth;
Pluck from the past its flowers
To garland future hours,
But leave the thorns in soil that gave them birth.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

THE trembling dew drops fall
Upon the shutting flowers—like souls at rest—
The stars shine gloriously—and all
Save me is blest.

Mother! I love thy grave!
The violet, with its blossoms blue and mild,
Waves o'er thy head—when shall it wave
Above thy child!

'Tis a sweet flower—yet must
Its bright leaves to the coming tempest bow,
Dear mother, 'tis thy emblem: dust
Is on thy brow.

And I could love to die—
To leave, untasted, life's dark, bitter streams,
By thee, as erst in childhood, lie,
And share thy dreams.

And must I linger here,
To stain the plumage of my sinless years,
And mourn the hopes to childhood dear,
With bitter tears?

Ay, must I linger here,
A lonely branch upon a blasted tree,
Whose last frail leaf, untimely sere,
Went down with thee?

Oft from life's withered bower,
In still communion with the past, I turn
And muse upon the only flower
In memory's urn.

And when the evening pale
Bows like a mourner on the dim blue wave,
I stray to hear the night winds wail
Around thy grave.

Where is thy spirit flown?
I gaze above—thy look is imaged there;
I listen, and thy gentle tone
Is on the air.

O, come—whilst here I press
My brow upon thy grave—and in those mild
And thrilling tones of tenderness,
Bless, bless thy child!

R A N D O M T H O U G H T S .¹

"And a certain man pulled a bow at a venture."

WHAT is Masonry? This is a question that may be answered by some few members—and some few only—in each lodge with school-boy correctness, who may yet, notwithstanding, be utterly unable to explain the several points which form that answer. And even members of many years' standing may be asked this question without being able to give you the simple answer, which they must repeatedly hear while attending the ceremonies of the second degree. Hundreds, nay thousands, who receive the light (?) of Masonry think their task accomplished when they have but imperfectly mastered those signs, tokens, &c., which are the safeguard of the Order, and thus so far accustomed themselves to lodge routine, as to be able to bear, without much discomfort, lodge business and ceremonies. But few there are who can point out to us in what the allegory consists, where is the symbolism, or what peculiarity there is in the morality that is set forth. They are not taught by Past Masters when preparing for the several degrees, or by the after proceedings of most of our lodges, the necessity of knowing these points, and therefore it is that knowledge is so universally neglected. They hear ceremonies pushed through with undue haste, and the most important portion promised "if time will permit"—which it very seldom does—and thus our lectures are seldom heard, and but seldom are the explanations of our beautiful tracing-board given.

But, Masonry was intended for high and useful purposes. The magic initials "P.M."—as at present conferred—are not the only things worth striving for—there are the first principles of Masonry which require fully mastering, ere those letters can have their full meaning and their right signification. A P.M. should be a teacher of his brethren, and that teaching not confined to the mere care of seeing that the officers only correctly perform the ceremonies, but that the meaning of every portion of those ceremonies is well understood by the brethren at large. This is a duty of the Past Master of the lodge, and his aim should be to see that his children are well trained in the mysteries of our glorious old Craft. In some lodges—but, alas! not in many—it is a rule that the Worshipful Master should lecture his brethren on masonic subjects; and it is a rule that might be advantageously adopted by many lodges that now exult in the name of "crack." Crack many of them may be, as far as the mere working is concerned. Correct, they may be, with, perhaps, parrot-like correctness; but unless the different portions of the ceremonies are analyzed and explained at various times, but few can know the real meaning and import of those workings.

We are not peculiar in having a language that the uninitiated world cannot understand. Other times and other people have deemed it necessary to clothe in allegory or symbolism their peculiar discoveries in science, their philosophy, and even their religion. As far back as the reign of the high and mighty kings who built those stupendous erections, the pyramids—which promise to last as long as

¹ From the Freemasons' (London) Magazine.

time and this world exist together—symbolism had full sway. Their philosophy, politics, and religion, were all concealed by hieroglyphics; while even their principles of government were deemed to be so invaluable as to be expressed only by signs and symbols, and these signs and symbols were revealed to their Magi alone, who were bound over to an inviolable secrecy. From the Egyptians we may trace the origin of those societies in which everything associated with their workings was likewise veiled in allegory; and as time rolled on so we believe did these societies improve in their moral aspect, until Masonry, their top stone as it were, sprung out from them—a beautiful system, shining forth in a halo of glory, in which those divine truths may be learned which will lead its true and genuine members to a participation in the glory and happiness of the eternal heavens. Unlike the system of Pythagoras and others who followed him, Masonry is founded upon a rock, and must endure so long as that rock remains upon which its superstructure is based. It stands upon holy ground—it is supported by wisdom, strength, and beauty. Wisdom is in all its paths, and conducts its members in all their deliberations; strength is given to them to pursue their righteous course under difficulties and dangers; while the beauty of the divine laws are exemplified in their workings, and shine forth pre-eminently in every line of her invaluable lectures, and in all the precepts of the glorious old Craft. It is a system that has been railed against, persecuted, and anathematized; but it has come out of the fire purified, even as silver is purified by the hands of the refiner.

There is a rich field here for learned dissertations, and we have men in the Craft who ought to take up these subjects—although not after the Oliverian style—because God has blessed them with the intellect necessary for this task, and the influence required to enable them to be teachers of their brethren. There is one of our illustrations or symbols only that we shall now glance at, and that is the form of a Masons' lodge—which our "authority" tells us is that of an oblong; in length, from east to west; in breadth, from north to south; and yet so simple as is this symbol, and so oft repeated, we never met with one who has given an explanation of it. They repeat the stereotyped words, and content themselves with that; but this taking things as a matter of course is foreign to the true spirit of Masonry. We are forbidden from discussing, in lodge, matters pertaining to politics or religion, but not matters relating to masonic knowledge. On the contrary, we are exhorted to "dedicate ourselves," &c.; and further, to study "such of the liberal arts and sciences as be within the easy compass of our attainment." And as if this were not enough, we are charged to make a "daily advancement in masonic knowledge."

And how can this be done, save by discussing points of interest in our workings and lectures, and making the principles upon which we work, well and generally known to our members. We have many times thought upon this matter, and "random" though they may be, yet the shots may still hit the mark. The first reference to allegory we meet with is a very simple one, relating to the form and shape of the lodge, and yet never have we heard it stated why a Masons' lodge is oblong. The shape thus given to it, shows that our ancient

brethren did not work carelessly or superficially. The shape was intended to convey universality—but how? What peculiarity is there in it to convey such an impression—to make such a conclusion probable? They say that its length is east and west, and its breadth north and south. Now this, we think, gives us a clue to the reason of the peculiar form adopted to convey this idea, for astronomers would at once say it refers to the earth, the very great diversity of the animate and inanimate objects of the creation displayed on this planet being further referred to in our admirable lectures. Thus we can readily understand the claim that this form of a Mason's lodge has to universality, and also the truth of the assertion that it is oblong. The earth is represented as being spherical or round, but it is not in fact a perfect sphere, for from its rapid revolution on its axis—which is from pole to pole—there is a swelling out at the equator, matter having a natural tendency to fly off. This, however, is restrained by the force of gravitation, but notwithstanding this power, there is a sensible difference in the diameter, the equatorial exceeding the polar diameter by many miles. Thus, then, if a sphere of the exact contour of the globe were put into a box, that box must be oblong, in order to receive the greater length of the equatorial diameter; and thus is the truth of the peculiar shape of a Mason's lodge made manifest and clear, proving also that science and its pursuits were no strangers to our ancient brethren.

POSTHUMOUS HONORS.

THESE posthumous honors, lovingly paid to departed worth, are among the compensations which a kind Providence vouchsafes for the unavoidable conflicts of judgment and stern collisions of party, which make the political career always arduous, even when pursued with the greatest success, generally precarious, sometimes destructive of health and even life. It is impossible under free governments to prevent the existence of party; not less impossible that parties should be conducted with spirit and vigor without more or less injustice done and suffered, more or less gross uncharitableness and bitter denunciation. Besides, with the utmost effort at impartiality, it is not within the competence of our frail capacities to do full justice at the time to a character of varied and towering greatness, engaged in an active and responsible political career. The truth of his principles, the wisdom of his counsels, the value of his services, must be seen in their fruits, and the richest fruits are not those of the most rapid growth. The wisdom of antiquity pronounced that no one was to be deemed happy until after death; not merely because he was then first placed beyond the vicissitudes of human fortune, but because then only the rival interests, the discordant judgments, the hostile passions of contemporaries are, in ordinary cases, no longer concerned to question his merits. Horace, with gross adulation, sung to his imperial master, Augustus, that he alone of the great of the earth ever received while living the full meed of praise. All the other great benefactors of mankind, the inventors of arts, the destroyers of monsters, the civilizers of States, found by experience that unpopularity was appeased by death alone.

That solemn event, which terminates the material existence, becomes by the sober revisions of contemporary judgment, aided by offices of respectful and affectionate commemoration, the commencement of a nobler life on earth. The wakeful eyes are closed, the feverish pulse is still, the tired and trembling limbs are relieved from their labors, and the aching head is laid to rest on the lap of its mother earth, like a play-worn child at the close of a summer's day; but all that we honored and loved in the living man begins to live again in a new and higher being of influence and fame. It was given but to a limited number to listen to the living voice, and they can never listen to it again; but the wise teachings, the grave admonitions, the patriotic exhortations, which fell from his tongue will be gathered together and garnered up in the memory of millions. The cares, the toils, the sorrows, the conflicts with others, the conflicts of the fervent spirit with itself, the sad accidents of humanity, the fears of the brave, the follies of the wise, the errors of the learned; all that dashed the cup of enjoyment with bitter drops and strewed sorrowful ashes over the beauty of expectation and promise; the treacherous friend, the ungenerous rival, the mean and malignant foe; the uncharitable prejudice which withheld the just tribute of praise, the human frailty which wove sharp thorns into the wreath of solid merit — all these in ordinary cases are buried in the grave of the illustrious dead; while their brilliant talents, their deeds of benevolence and public spirit, their wise and eloquent words, their healing counsels, their generous affections, the whole man, in short, whom we revered and loved, and would fain imitate, especially when his image is impressed upon our recollections by the pencil or the chisel, goes forth to the admiration of the latest posterity. *Extinctus amabitur idem.*

— Edward Everett.

TRUE CHARITY.

BY MISS FLETCHER.

THINK gently of the erring one!

O let us not forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is our brother yet!

Heir of the same inheritance,
Child of the self-same God,
He hath but stumbled in the path
We have in weakness trod.

Speak gently to the erring ones!
We yet may lead them back,
With holy words and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.

Forget not, brother, thou hast sinned,
And sinful yet may'st be;
Deal gently with the erring heart,
As God hath dealt with thee.

Monthly Masonic Miscellany.

ARRANGED FOR THE AMERICAN FREEMASONS NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, BY ITS CHIEF EDITOR

BRO. ALBERT G. MACKEY, M. D.

ARTICLES OF CONFEDERATION

OF

THE NATIONAL MASONIC CONGRESS.

In order to form a closer union and increase of harmony among the Grand Lodges of America—to secure and cultivate fraternal relations with the Grand Lodges of the world—to extend our knowledge of the History, Work, Symbolism, Philosophy, and Jurisprudence of Craft Masonry; in order that questions of law and jurisdiction may be equitably and permanently adjusted, that all agitated questions of general Masonic interest may be considered and determined for the general benefit of Masonry—we propose the following Articles of Association:

ARTICLE 1. The Grand Lodges of North America do hereby form "A North American Masonic Congress."

ART. 2. This Congress shall consist of three representatives from each Grand Lodge in North America assenting hereto; representatives to be selected as each of the Grand Lodges may severally determine.

ART. 3. The officers shall be a President and a Senior and Junior Vice Presidents and Secretary, who shall be elected at each session; and except the Secretary, the official duties of each shall cease with the close of the session.

ART. 4. There shall also be elected at each session three Permanent Committees, each consisting of five members:

1st. Committee of International Correspondence.

2d. " " Work, Symbolism, and Philosophy.

3d. " " Jurisprudence, embracing Masonic History and Antiquities.

The Chairman of the several Committees shall constitute an Executive Committee to supervise and direct the correspondence, and in connection with the Secretary, prepare reports and present business for the next meeting.

The meetings of the Congress shall be called to order for organization by the Secretary, or in his absence by the Chairman of Committees, in the order named.

ART. 5. Meetings shall be held triennially on the Friday preceding the 2d Tuesday of September, and in such place as the Congress may from time to time determine.

ART. 6. The representatives of a majority of the Grand Lodges associated shall be necessary to form a quorum.

ART. 7. The Congress may take cognizance of all cases of difference which may occur between two or more Grand Lodges; provided the parties shall mutually submit the said difference to its decision.

ART. 8. The Congress may consult and advise on questions of Masonic Law and Jurisprudence, to the end that a uniformity of law and usage may be accomplished; but it shall not assume the exercise of any power in the enforcement of its decrees except such as may result from the mere force of opinion.

ART. 9. It shall be in order at any session of the Congress to provide for the reading of papers or essays, or the delivery of discourses upon Masonic subjects.

ART. 10. The incidental expenses of each Congress, necessary to the transaction of its business, shall be borne by the Grand Lodges, parties thereto, being equally divided among them.

ART. 11. The ratification of these Articles by five Grand Lodges shall be sufficient for the organization of the Congress.

ART. 12. No change in these Articles shall be made without the consent of three-fourths of the Grand Lodges parties thereto.

ART. 13. Any Grand Lodge may become a member of this Congress by adopting the Articles of Association.

ART. 14. Should any Grand Lodge desire to withdraw from this Congress, it can do so; but it is expected as a matter of Masonic courtesy that it will adopt a resolution to that effect in open Grand Lodge, and give notice thereof to the Secretary of the Congress.

SUPPLEMENTARY ARTICLE. When five Grand Lodges shall have ratified these Arti-

cles, pursuant to the provisions of Article 11th, and shall have notified a Secretary to be hereafter elected, of such decision, he shall thereupon issue a circular to the several Grand Lodges specified in Article 2d, inviting them to affiliate with this body, and to assemble in Congress at the city of Memphis, Tennessee, on the Friday preceding the 2d Tuesday of September, 1862.

In testimony whereof, we, the delegates to this Congress, have hereunto set our hands to the foregoing Articles, at Chicago, in the State of Illinois, this 14th day of September, 1859, subject to the ratification thereof by our respective Grand Lodges.

THE following is the Address of the Permanent Committee :

To the Most Worshipful Grand Masters and Grand Lodges of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons on the Continent of North America :

FRATERNAL SALUTATIONS—

By the action of a Convention of Grand Lodges, begun and holden in the city of Chicago, Illinois, the 13th day of September, 1859, in response to a circular issued by the Grand Lodge of Maine, bearing date May, 1857, it is made the duty, as it is the pleasure, of the undersigned to address you and invite your early and earnest attention to the proceedings of the said Convention—asking that you will, after due consideration, take such action thereon as, in your wisdom, the interests of your distinguished Grand body and the interests of Craft Masonry seem to require.

The proceedings of the Convention, which form a part of this circular, so fully define the objects of the organization as to leave little for this Committee to say by way of explanation. The Articles of the Association, in their most essential features, have been before the Grand Lodges of the country for nearly a year, in the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Minnesota, by her M. W. Grand Master, in response to the circular from Maine. A careful comparison of those Articles with these now submitted for your consideration will show the truth of our assertion, that they have been subjected to a patient and searching review by five of our number, as well as the careful scrutiny of a very large Convention, representing nearly all the Grand Lodges of the United States, to which the largest liberty was allowed for criticism and amendment. We certify you that the Articles agreed upon, and the course pursued in their adoption, give ample assurance of our desire to guard the rights, dignity and authority of the several Grand Lodges, and to present the basis of an Association "potent for good and impotent for evil," on which they may safely unite in promoting the progress and prosperity of our ancient and cherished fraternity.

Nor need we devote much time or space to show that Craft Masonry has need of such an organization. In the face of all assertions to the contrary, we array the simple facts unfolded in the history of efforts to secure this object, so fully presented in the proceedings of Minnesota for 1858. We may also appeal to the able circular put forth by the Convention which formed the basis of a National Confederation in the city of Washington, in January, 1855.

If we go back to the formation of our National Union, we find Pennsylvania nominating our distinguished brother, GEORGE WASHINGTON, as General Grand Master of Masons, and desiring the lodges of the country to unite with her in placing him at the head of a General Grand Lodge. Georgia in 1790, South Carolina in 1799, and Pennsylvania in 1809, endeavored to unite the Grand Lodges in a General Grand Lodge. In 1822, as the result of a Convention held in the city of Washington, a resolution was adopted declaring it "expedient and for the general interests of the Order to constitute a General Grand Lodge of the United States." The circular which was sent out to the Grand Lodges was signed by

M. W. JOHN MARSHALL, of Virginia.

M. W. HENRY CLAY, of Kentucky.

M. W. WILLIAM WINDER, of Maryland.

WM. S. CARDELL, of New York.

M. W. JOEL ABBOT, of Georgia.

JOHN HOLMES, of Maine.

HENRY BALDWIN, of Pennsylvania.

JOHN H. EATON, of Tennessee.

M. W. WM. H. SEATON, of Washington.

M. W. H. C. BURTON, of North Carolina.

M. W. CHRISTOPHER RANKIN, of Mississippi.

M. W. REV. THADDEUS MASON HARRIS, of Mass.

As we turn to these early efforts, and look upon these venerable names, most of which are now transferred to "THE RECORDS OF THE SILENT LODGE," we are reminded of the words of one of our own living poets :

"The dead govern—the living but obey."—*Albert Pike.*

The thoughts, the convictions and aspirations of the dead now animate the hopes, inspire the purposes, and direct the energies of the living. It would seem almost disrespectful to their memory to seriously re-argue the question now, which they so well demonstrated in the maturity of their manhood.

It is true, their appeal was unsuccessful. Their cherished object was defeated by adverse action on the part of some Grand Lodges. Some of the arguments by which the Masonic writers of that day defeated this effort have been revived and republished in reply to the Maine circular, as the best possible arguments against it. We mean no disrespect to the living or the dead when we say that the circular signed by JOHN MARSHALL, HENRY CLAY, and their illustrious compeers, remains to this day unanswered and unanswerable—a monument to Masonic fidelity and sagacity worthy of their legal, civic, and literary fame, and their moral worth.

The Committee deem it unnecessary to urge the consideration that the objects aimed at by the Congress are worthy of the most earnest efforts of the ablest minds of the age. These objects are so fully stated in the Articles of Confederation, as to need no enumeration. The whole field of Masonic labor and research, embracing all countries and all time, is before us, affording ample scope for our highest energies, leaving neither time or motive for profitless controversy or arbitrary legislation.

The Masonic fraternity on this continent are in a course of resistless progress in numbers, in mental and moral force, with increasing desires for more light and a broader humanity. Our relations with the older nations, from which waves of population are flowing to us across the two great oceans of the world's commerce, are such as to render it increasingly desirable for us to know the condition and progress of our ancient Craft in those countries where it had long been cultivated before its altars were consecrated on these western shores.

The practical questions which all will weigh are, Will the experiment succeed ? Will the objects aimed at be gained ? If so, will the results justify the endeavor ?

That will depend upon those who make the investment, which need not be very expensive surely, if all or a majority of the Grand Lodges shall cordially unite. The expense of representation need not be a burden, as the meetings will occur but once in three years, and at the same time with the General Grand Masonic bodies. There is an array of talent and learning now in the Order, which if called forth may furnish a rich intellectual banquet at every meeting, and may accumulate rich treasures of Masonic lore to benefit ourselves and those who come after us.

We believe that Freemasonry has yet a mission, an altar, and a priesthood, with a future more glorious than the past ; and that the advancement of Christian civilization, so far from superseding or rendering it obsolete, will but enlarge and elevate the sphere of its labor and make still higher demands for all the consecrated talent and Masonic skill we can train around our altars. Is it too much for us to ask a fair experiment for the organization here proposed ?

May we not hopefully invite all the Grand Lodges on this continent to give their hand and heart to these Articles of Association, and meet us with a full representation of their highest wisdom and skill at the Congress proposed for 1862 ? With this cherished hope we ask that you will give an early response to this circular so soon as your Grand Lodge shall be able to consider and decide upon the subject herein presented.

The Committee also invite suggestions in relation to the subjects within the range of its inquiry that may need the early attention of such a Congress.

All communications in reply to this circular should be addressed to the Chairman of this Committee, care of IRA BERRY, Esq., G. Sec. of the Grand Lodge of Maine, whose office is at Portland, Maine.

CYRIL PEARL, Maine.

A. T. C. PIERSON, Minnesota.

ALBERT G. MACKAY, South Carolina.

JOHN L. LEWIS, Jr., New York.

PHILIP C. TUCKER, Vermont.

GILES M. HILLIER, Mississippi.

BEN. B. FRENCH, District of Columbia.

ELBERT H. ENGLISH, Arkansas.

JOHN FRIZZELL, Tennessee.

GENERAL GRAND CHAPTER OF THE U. S.

THE seventeenth triennial session of the General Grand Chapter of the United States was holden at Chicago, Ill., commencing on Tuesday, the 13th of September, 1859.

The following General Grand Officers were present :

M. E. CHARLES GILMAN, . . .	G. G. H. P.
" " P. C. TUCKER, . . .	D. G. G. H. P.
" " JOHN L. LEWIS, G. G. S., as .	G. G. K.
" " ROBERT P. DUNLAP, as . .	G. G. S.
" " JOHN MCCLELLAND, as . .	G. G. Treas.
" " B. B. FRENCH, . . .	G. G. Sec.
" " JAMES D. HARTSOCK, . . .	G. G. C. H.
" " DAVID CLARK, . . .	G. G. R. A. C.

The G. G. Chapter was opened in form, and the reading of the minutes of the preceding session was dispensed with.

All Royal Arch Masons in good standing were by resolution permitted to be present.

The G. G. H. Priest not being ready with his address, the report of the G. G. Secretary was read, which was laid on the table, and so much as related to the proposed amendments was, with those amendments, ordered to be printed for the use of the members.

A Committee on Credentials was then appointed, and the General Grand Chapter was called off until 3 30 P. M.

EVENING SESSION.—3.30 P. M.

The Committee on Credentials made their report, which was received and adopted.

The G. G. H. Priest then announced the Standing Committees.

The report of the G. G. Secretary was then taken up, and its different subjects appropriately referred to the various Standing Committees.

The proposed amendments to the Constitution were made the order of the day for to-morrow.

A motion that the exemplification of the work be made the special order for seven o'clock to-morrow evening was laid upon the table.

On motion of Comp. ENGLISH, it was

Resolved, 1st. That the Committee on Masonic Jurisprudence be instructed to inquire and report whether the Grand Chapters of North Carolina and Kentucky had the constitutional right to withdraw from the jurisdiction of, and dissolve their connection with, the General Grand Chapter of the United States.

2d. That if the Committee find in the negative, they report what relation said Grand Chapters are to be regarded as sustaining to the Grand Chapters which remain within the jurisdiction of the General Grand Chapter.

On motion of Comp. FELLOWS, it was

Resolved, That three hundred copies of so much of the report of the G. G. Secretary as relates to the amendments to the Constitution, together with the amendments proposed, a list of the Representatives and of the Standing Committees, be printed for the use of the members.

And the G. G. Chapter was called off until to-morrow, at 9 o'clock.

SECOND DAY.—Sept. 14th, 9 A. M.

The General Grand Chapter was called to labor. The morning was principally occupied in the appointment of Committees; and the General Grand Chapter was called off at 12 M., until 9 o'clock to-morrow morning.

THIRD DAY.—Sept. 15th, 9 A. M.

The General Grand Chapter was called to labor. A Committee was appointed

to designate the place for the next meeting. A Committee was also appointed in relation to the deaths of Comp. STEWART, P. G. G. S., and Comp. ADAMS, G. G. K.

The amendments to the Constitution of 1856 were taken up. The first amendment was debated until the G. G. Chapter was called to refreshment until 7 30 P. M.

EVENING SESSION.—7 30 P. M.

The Grand Chapter was called to labor. The G. G. Treasurer's account was presented; he declined re-election.

The election of G. G. Officers was made the special order for to-morrow morning.

The amendments to the Constitution were debated, and, after considerable discussion, the question was put on the first amendment, which was lost.

A motion was made by Comp. ARSTIN, of New York, to re-consider the vote; and, pending that motion, the General Grand Chapter was called off until Friday morning, Sept. 16, at 11 o'clock.

FOURTH DAY.—Sept. 16th, 11 A. M.

The General Grand Chapter was called to labor.

The amendments to the Constitution were again taken up, and the question of re-consideration was put and carried in the affirmative; when the first amendment was adopted by a vote of 77 to 23. This amendment is as follows:

"The General Grand Chapter receives all its powers, faculties, and prerogatives by grant and delegation from the several State Grand Chapters; and it can have and possess no other powers than such as are expressly granted and delegated to it by them, or as are indispensably necessary to the exercise of its general powers, and consistent with the nature of the confederation between the State Grand Chapters. It can exercise no doubtful powers, nor any powers by implication merely; and all masonic powers not hereby granted to it are reserved to the Grand and Subordinate Chapters of the several States.

"It shall have and maintain jurisdiction over all Chapters established by itself in those States, Districts, Republics, and Territories, which recognize this jurisdiction, and where there is no Grand Chapter established.

"It shall have no power of discipline, admonition, censure, or instruction over the Grand Chapters, nor any legislative powers whatever not hereby specially granted, nor any authority to suspend the proceedings of any State Grand Chapter, nor shall it entertain any complaint against a Grand Chapter prepared by any Subordinate Chapter or individual Mason in that jurisdiction or elsewhere; but it may, upon proper reference to it of any matter of controversy between any two or more Grand Chapters, and even where the question is not one of masonic law, custom, or usage, (both or all such Grand Chapters consenting to such reference,) act as final arbiter between them, and settle such controversy."

The General Grand Chapter proceeded to the election of officers, with the following result:

ALBERT GALLATIN MACKAY, G. G. High Priest, Charleston, S. C.

JOHN L. LEWIS, Jr., Dep. G. G. H. P., Penn Yann, New York.

IRA A. W. BUCK, Gen. G. King, Aurora, Ill.

GILES M. HILLYER, G. G. Scribe, Natchez, Miss.

JAMES PENN, G. G. Treas., Memphis, Tenn.

SAMUEL E. RISK, G. G. Secretary, New Orleans, La.

JOHN MCCLELLAN, G. G. C. of Host, Boston, Mass.

WM. HACKER, G. G. R. A. C., Shelbyville, Ind.

The Grand Chapter of California presented certain matters concerning the former action of the General Grand Chapter in relation to California Chapter No. 5, which subject was referred to the Committee on Grievances.

The General Grand Chapter was called off till 11 o'clock on Saturday, Sept. 17.

FIFTH DAY.—Sept. 17th, 11 A. M.

The General Grand Chapter was called to labor.

The Committee to whom had been entrusted the duty of presenting a testimonial to Comp. DUNLAP, P. G. G. H. P., reported that they had performed the duty assigned to them. The testimonial consisted of a service of silver.

A request was made in the name of the Grand Chaplain of Texas to withdraw from the jurisdiction, which request was referred to the Committee on Jurisprudence.

The amendments to the Constitution were then taken up. The second amendment was lost.

The third and fourth amendments were adopted. They are as follows :

Add, at the end of the first paragraph of section 4, Article 1, the following : " If there be but two representatives, the inferior officer or his proxy shall give but his own single vote, and the higher or his proxy shall give the other three. If there be three representatives, the highest officer or his proxy shall give two votes, and the others or their proxies one each."

In section 6, Art. 1, in the ninth line from the beginning, instead of the words " beyond the time," insert the words " beyond the close."

The fifth and sixth amendments were rejected.

The seventh and eighth amendments were adopted. They are as follows :

In section 11 of Art. 1, in the first line, strike out the words " this jurisdiction," and insert in lieu thereof the words " the immediate jurisdiction of this General Grand Chapter."

Add to Art. 1 the following section : " Section 14. An appeal shall in all cases lie to the General Grand Chapter, from the decision of the M. E. General Grand High Priest ; but his opinion and decisions shall stand as the judgment of the General Grand Chapter, unless it is otherwise determined by the concurrent vote of two-thirds of all the members present."

The ninth amendment was rejected.

The tenth and eleventh amendments were adopted. They are as follows :

In section 1, of Article " Miscellaneous," after the word " Priest," in the sixth line, insert the following : " or the High Priest of the same Chapter while it was under dispensation, when he himself shall have been installed."

In section 2, of the same Article, insert at the end of the first line the following : " whether chartered or under dispensation."

The twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth amendments were rejected.

The amendments having been considered, and pending a motion for an exemplification of work during the evening, the Grand Chapter was called off until 3 30 o'clock P. M.

EVENING SESSION.—3.30 P. M.

The General Grand Chapter was called to labor.

The subject of the exemplification of work was taken up. A motion was made for the appointment of a Committee of nine Companions to consider the subject of work and lectures—to act during the recess ; their expenses to be paid by the General Grand Chapter ; which motion was referred to a Select Committee.

Certain amendments to the Constitution were submitted as follows :—One taking away from the Grand Officers the right of voting, except the G. G. H. P. ; also one denying in effect that the General Grand Chapter derived its powers from the State Grand Chapters ; also one striking out the fourth clause in section 2, Art. 2 ; also one amending section 4, Art. 2, in relation to the fees for a charter, abrogating the necessity of those fees being deposited in advance—all which amendments took the usual course and lay over until the next triennial session.

The officers elect were then installed, with the exception of the G. G. K., who was absent.

The thanks of the General Grand Chapter were presented to M. E. CHAS. GILLMAN, P. G. G. H. P., when the General Grand Chapter was called off from labor until Monday, at 9 A. M.

SIXTH DAY.—Sept. 19th, 9 A. M.

The General Grand Chapter was called to labor.

Comp. AUSTIN, of New York, offered an amendment to the Constitution, giving an additional vote to the State Grand Chapters for every fifty Subordinate Chapters in their jurisdiction.

Rules of order for the General Grand Chapter were ordered to be prepared by the G. G. H. P.

The thanks of the General Grand Chapter were tendered to G. G. Sec. FRENCH.

The Committee on Jurisprudence reported as to three subjects referred to them :

First, As to the withdrawal of the Grand Chapters of Kentucky and North Carolina, announcing the opinion that State Grand Chapters had no right to dissolve their connection with this General Grand body except with its permission.

Second, Declining to act on a proposition of withdrawal from the representation of Texas, on the ground of the proposition not proceeding officially from that jurisdiction.

Third, Condemning the action of the State Grand Chapter of Michigan in forming a Chapter within its jurisdiction not in conformity with the Constitution of this General Grand Chapter, and approving the action of the G. G. H. P. in expressing his opinion, by proclamation, that the said act of said State Grand Chapter was null and void.

The first and second propositions reported by the Committee were adopted by the General Grand Chapter upon vote—on the first proposition, yeas 57, nays 21 ; on the second proposition, unanimously.

The third proposition was taken up and debated, when Comp. PIKE, of Arkansas, moved a recommitment of the remainder of the report to the Committee, with instructions to report on the question of whether the Subordinate Chapter, organized by the State Grand Chapter of Michigan, was valid, or was null and void.

The Committee on Grievances presented a report as to certain difficulties between the Grand Chapter of California and one of its Subordinates, relating to dues previously paid in to this General Grand Chapter ; and it was finally ordered that said dues be refunded to said Grand Chapter, provided that said Grand Chapter refund to its Subordinate referred to the amount of its charter fees.

Reports from Special Committees on the deaths of Comp. ADAMS, G. K., and Com. STEWART, P. G. S., were presented, and unanimously adopted.

A resolution was adopted, to the effect that Chapters U. D. come under the jurisdiction of a State Grand Chapter, wherever the same is formed.

The thanks of the General Grand Chapter were presented to Dep. G. G. H. P., P. C. TUCKER, for his official fidelity.

The place of the next meeting of the triennial Convention of the General Grand Chapter was fixed at Memphis, Tenn.

The Grand Chapters of Virginia, Florida, and Pennsylvania, were fraternally invited to unite, with their officers, in the General Grand Chapter under its present Constitution ; and the Grand Chapters of Kentucky, Missouri, and Louisiana were also invited to rescind their action in endeavoring to withdraw from this union of General Grand Chapters.

The G. G. K., IRA A. W. BUCK, was duly installed.

A report was made from the Committee on Work, to the effect that the first four General Grand Officers be requested to act as a Committee on Work and Lectures during the recess of the General Grand Chapter, with payment of their expenses while attending to that duty, and to report at the next triennial session ; pending the consideration of which, the General Grand Chapter was called off until 4 P. M.

EVENING SESSION.—4 P. M.

The General Grand Chapter was called to labor.

The report and resolutions of the Committee on Work, which were before the General Grand Chapter at its calling off, were taken up and adopted.

The subject of the uniform clothing of a Royal Arch Mason was referred to a Committee, who reported that the clothing should be a lambskin, (for which cotton or linen cannot be substituted,) square in form, lined with scarlet silk, and with a narrow edging of scarlet; with a device thereon of a triple tau cross within a triangle, and that within a circle. The official collar of the member is to be worn. If no official collar, then one of scarlet velvet, coming to a point in front, edged with narrow gold lace, from which may be suspended a triple interlaced triangle of gold or yellow metal, as a jewel.

A Committee on Foreign Correspondence was appointed, consisting of Comps. TUCKER, PIKE, and PIERSON, to report at the next triennial session; the chairman to receive a compensation of \$300 for his report.

The Committee on Jurisprudence, to whom had been recommitted a portion of their former report, with instructions, reported that the Subordinate Chapter chartered by the Grand Chapter of Michigan in violation of the Constitution of this General Grand Chapter, was an illegal body. The question was first put upon the report originally made by the Committee, which was adopted. The question then recurring on the second report of the Committee, with its resolution annexed, a substitute for the resolution was offered by Comp. PIKE, and adopted (40 to 17,) to the effect that although the disregard by the Grand Chapter of Michigan of the Constitution of the General Grand Chapter was unwarranted, and ought not to be made a precedent for the future, still, such non-observance did not affect the validity of the act done; but, for the protection of innocent parties, the Subordinate Chapter alluded to must be held to be a regular Chapter.

An amendment was offered to the Constitution, making the time, as well as the place, of the assembling of the General Grand Chapter to be within its power to control; which amendment lies over until the next meeting.

The General Grand Chapter was then closed.

G L O V E S .

In the continental lodges of Europe it is a constantly observed custom to present the Apprentice on the night of his initiation with a pair of white leather gloves, which ceremony is explained to him as symbolically signifying that the life and conduct of the Mason should be as pure and spotless as the gloves he then receives. Another pair is also delivered to him, which he is requested to bestow upon his wife, or, if he be single, upon his affianced mistress or some other lady of his acquaintance, as a token of the sincere esteem which the Fraternity entertain for woman's character, although she herself is refused admission into the lodge by our statutes. Dr PLOTT informs us in his "Natural History of Staffordshire" that a similar practice prevailed among the Masons of England in the seventeenth century, although it has since been abandoned.

We would not be sorry to see it revived. The gallantry and the policy of the latter part of the ceremony no one will deny; and as for the former, the more symbols we have of purity of life and rectitude of conduct, the better will these lessons be impressed upon our candidates. The apron, it is true, teaches the lesson, both by its color and its material, except in those lodges which have fallen into the unpardonable error of using linen instead of lambskin ones; but the pure white gloves would seem to have an especial reference to that passage of scripture which speaks of "clean hands and a pure heart" as proper qualifications for admission into the holy place.

THE blemishes of great men are not the less blemishes; but, unfortunately, they are the parts for imitation.

GRAND LODGE OF CALIFORNIA.

THE Grand Lodge of California commenced its annual communication on the 10th of May, at the city of Sacramento—M. W. Bro. N. GREENE CURTIS, Grand Master, presiding. The session lasted for five days, during which period a large amount of important but chiefly local business was transacted. The address of the Grand Master was of a practical nature, and referred to matters not generally interesting outside of the jurisdiction. It opens with the following elegant and chaste

EULOGIUM OF THE ORDER.

“Our noble Order has a long and glorious history, and its unwritten pages excite the most glowing memories to which the heart of humanity can cling. Down through the dim ages its record is a track of light, where brethren have walked together in safety and felt the genial warmth of kindly sympathies. Its strong arm of brotherhood has been a shield to those of the Craft who have lived before us, and its achievements have been but blessings to our race. As every event adds to the history of the past, and affords a moral, so may our reflections and experience, properly applied, open up new channels by which to approach, unobtrusively, the abodes of want, and add, without a seeming cause, to the general sum of human happiness.”

The next document of interest that attracts our attention is the very full and satisfactory report of Bro. ABELL, as Chairman of the Committee of Foreign Correspondence. It were a work of utter supererogation to say anything in praise of these reports of the accomplished Grand Secretary of California. The present one is a full *resume* of the masonic history of the preceding year, with judicious comments on the opinions and decisions of his contemporaries, with most of which we are disposed most heartily to concur. Notwithstanding one or two crotchets, such for instance as that a Master need not previously have been a Warden, for which his Grand Lodge rather than himself is to blame, and which maturer investigation will, we trust, induce him to lay aside, Bro. ABELL may be considered as one of our soundest masonic jurists. We always are disposed to hesitate before we differ from him in opinion on points of masonic law. Of a document which is itself a review, it is almost impracticable to furnish a summary. But there are a few points in it that are especially well worth copying.

WHO SHALL PREFER CHARGES?

It is and has been a very prevalent opinion among Masons that the Junior Warden is the proper person to prefer charges, and Bro. LEWIS, the Grand Master of New York, has said that “masonic usage has made the Junior Warden the complainant in all charges preferred to a lodge.” On this, Bro. ABELL remarks:

“We can scarcely think that the Grand Master meant all that the language of that decision asserts, when he of course knows that every day, within his own jurisdiction and elsewhere, charges are preferred by any Mason in good standing. It is an existing theory, we believe, that the Junior Warden has a supervision over the Craft during the hours of refreshment; but that none other than himself can prefer complaints against an erring brother, is a restriction which we have not before heard announced. In cases where misconduct of a brother is brought to the knowledge of the Master of a lodge having jurisdiction, and no one offers to present it for examination, we think it proper that he should direct the Junior Warden, as the theoretical guardian of the Craft when not at labor, to prefer the charges necessary for the institution of an investigation; but we had also supposed that any other Mason in good standing might do this also.”

There can be, we imagine, no doubt of the correctness of this principle. The true doctrine, we suppose, is, that as “the superintendence of the Craft during the hours of refreshment” is committed to the Junior Warden, and as he is charged “carefully to observe that none of the Craft be permitted to convert the purposes of refreshment into intemperance and excess,” so he is expected to discharge that duty, first, by counsel and reprimand, and if these are not found to be sufficient, to

bring the delinquent before the lodge for such punishment as the offence may merit. But this, by no means, precludes any other brother from making a complaint or preferring a charge; for the honor and reputation of the Order is entrusted to the keeping of every Mason, and each one is therefore equally bound to bring to the notice of the lodge any conduct which is calculated, in the language of the Old Constitutions, "to bring shame upon the Craft."

APPEALS IN CASES OF ACQUITTAL.

Commenting on the Proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Ohio, Bro. ABELL says :

"The Committee on Grievances report a case where a brother preferred charges against another, which were not sustained by the lodge, whereupon the brother presenting the charges appealed from the action had ; and (the Committee) express the opinion that there is no authority for an appeal 'in cases where the charges are not sustained.' Though it is not so recorded, we infer that the report was concurred in, and cannot avoid suggesting that the position taken is bad law, and might often result in worse justice. Appeals to the Grand Lodge, as we understand them, are taken from the errors of the subordinates ; and it may just as well happen that a lodge has committed a wrong in not sustaining charges as in the opposite event."

Of course, this is the law of appeals, which are by no means to be confined to the accused, but are equally open to the complainant, who may be as much dissatisfied with a verdict of acquittal as the former would have been with a verdict of guilty. And if the Committee of the Grand Lodge of Ohio are at a loss for "authority" on this subject, we refer them to the conclusion of the Charges approved in 1722, where the doctrine is thus explicitly stated : "And if any of them (the brethren) do you injury, you must apply to your own or his lodge, and from thence *you may appeal to the Grand Lodge.*"

RESTORATION BY GRAND LODGES.

Brother ABELL enters very fully into the question of the powers of a Grand Lodge to restore to membership in a lodge as well as to standing in the Order. In reviewing the opinions on this subject expressed by the Grand Secretary of South Carolina, he says :

"Among other things, Bro. MACKAY discusses the right of a Grand Lodge to restore a Mason who has been suspended or expelled by one of its subordinates, not only to his general rights and privileges as a Mason, but to his membership in the particular lodge whence he was ejected. He maintains the right, and, considering the question from the point of view in which he seems to have presented it, we not only cordially coincide with him, but cannot refrain from the expression of surprise that any opposite opinion should ever have been entertained. Not being altogether certain, however, as to the extent to which he proposes that this doctrine should be carried, we take the occasion briefly to express the views which our ideas of justice commend to our own understanding. In the first place, it seems to us that a perversion of terms, in speaking of this subject, is constantly exhibited. It is common to write of a Mason, whose sentence of expulsion or suspension has been *reversed*, by the Grand Lodge, that he has been *restored*. Such is not at all the fact. No trial is concluded in the courts of Masonry, any more than in those of the commonwealth, until the tribunal of last resort, if appealed to, has pronounced its judgment; and if that judgment sets aside the condemnation of the inferior body, it simply declares the action of the subordinate to have been unlawful or unjust, and leaves the subject of that action in the precise position which he occupied when the proceedings were commenced. To say that one has been restored to that of which he has not yet been deprived, seems to us an awkward use of language ; but, if it be proper to call such cases 'restorations,' then every sentiment of justice, every prompting of common sense should teach that the attempted remedy for error should be complete. If the decision of a lodge be illegal or unjust, and the Grand Lodge so declare it, then from no part of the consequences of that decision should the party implicated be a sufferer ; for how monstrous would the proposition be that he who, by the highest tribunal, has been declared innocent of all offence, should yet be adjudged to suffer a portion of the penalty unrighteously decreed by the wrong-doing lodge. The reversal of a judicial decision plainly carries with it

the abrogation of all its possible results ; and we cannot imagine what argument can be adduced in favor of depriving a Mason of membership in his lodge, because that lodge has been guilty of injustice. Thus much for *such* cases of restoration, if reversals of erroneous judgments are thus to be entitled. But there are instances where Masons may properly be said to be *restored*. An expulsion or suspension may have been justly and lawfully decreed, and have gone into complete effect, either for lack of an appeal, or by reason of the affirmation of the Grand Lodge. Years afterwards, perchance, atonement for the error in consequence of which he suffered, an amended walk in life, an assured repentance of his former unmasonic conduct, or any other cause which should make the expelled or suspended brother a proper subject for masonic clemency, might induce the Grand Lodge to terminate his punishment, and restore him to his rights and privileges as a Mason. In such a case, we can see no reason why restoration to membership should necessarily form a part of that act of grace. The original punishment is here acknowledged to have been deserved, and the culprit is conceded to have been properly placed without the pale of Masonry and the lodge. It is therefore a sufficient act of mercy to replace him in such a position as shall enable him in the usual manner to regain a membership ; and it would be an undue exercise of power to force such a brother upon a lodge, he having no more claim to be there than any other non-affiliated Mason. It appears to us that these are the general principles which ought to govern the consideration of this subject ; but, if our views are erroneous, we shall be well pleased to hear the reasons why."

We are happy to say that these are the precise views that we have always maintained. In our "Text Book of Masonic Jurisprudence" we have drawn the distinction between restoration by a Grand Lodge on repentance and petition, which we define to be *ex gratia*, or by favor, and restoration on appeal, by a reversal of the sentence which we call *debito justitiæ*, or a debt due to justice. In the first instance we deny the right of the Grand Lodge to restore to membership in the lodge, though it may to the privileges of Masonry. In the latter case, we not only assert the right, but the duty, of the Grand Lodge to place the appellant in precisely the position which he had occupied before the unjust or illegal sentence of the Subordinate. We are glad to see that Bro. ABELL is enlisted, with PIKE and HILLYER and a few other great and good names, in the sacred cause of obliterating from masonic law that blot upon its escutcheon which permits a lodge to deprive an honest and true man of his membership without cause, and compels the Grand Lodge to stand by and sanction the act of injustice.

PURCHASE OF MOUNT VERNON.

The Grand Lodge of California has declined to take any steps for the collection, within its jurisdiction, of a contribution towards the purchase of Mount Vernon. The reasons assigned for this act by the Committee, to whom the subject had been referred, and whose report was adopted by the Grand Lodge, are as follows :

"Ours is essentially a charitable institution. Its mission is to aid the widow and the orphan, to succor the sick and destitute. To soothe their distresses, to relieve their wants, and to give consolation to their troubled hearts, is the great aim we have in view. To carry out these objects, and secure these ends, it is requisite that we should husband, with special care, the means by which they are to be accomplished ; and the occasions should be rare indeed when the funds, thus dedicated to charity and beneficence, should be permitted to be diverted into any other channel."

We will not quarrel with this conclusion, although we emphatically deny the postulate, and would have preferred that, in the first period, the word "incidentally" had been used instead of "essentially." Freemasonry is something more than a mere almsgiving society. If that be its only or its essential object, its ritual is, to use a coarse but an expressive word, a humbug. No, it is a science of symbolism directed to the search after truth, and its charities are but incidental to its organization as an exclusive association. But we will not enter into a discussion which would entail upon us a thorough investigation of the origin and the design of the institution.

BRO. ENGLISH, the Grand Orator, delivered near the close of the communication. a well-written address, which is published with the proceedings. He selected as his topic the history of the masonic institution, which he traced from the building of the temple, and brought it up, principally by legendary authority, to the present day. We noticed no facts which are not contained in LAWRIE; but the orator condensed them in an excellent style, and his production is undoubtedly superior to the general mass of masonic orations, and proves that he has been a diligent student of Masonry.

O B I T U A R Y.

THE following obituary notice we take a mournful interest in spreading upon our pages. The Fraternity in Rhode Island have sustained a loss in the death of Bro. BARKER they may well deplore :

Office of the Grand Secretary of the M. W. Grand Lodge of Rhode Island.
Providence, October 3d, A. L. 5859.

Editors of the American Freemasons' Magazine :

DEAR SIRS AND BROTHERS—

It is my painful duty to inform you of the death of R. W. WILLIAM C. BARKER, late Grand Secretary of this Grand Lodge, which event took place at his residence in this city, on Tuesday, Sept. 27. A. L. 5859.

BRO. BARKER first received light in Masonry in St. John's Lodge, Providence, in June, A. L. 5821. He was exalted in Providence Royal Arch Chapter in January, A. L. 5826, was created a Knight Templar in St. John's Encampment, Providence, the same year, and received the degrees of Royal and Select Master in Providence Council, February 11, A. L. 5848.

His masonic life has been one of untiring and continued usefulness, filling from time to time the various subordinate offices in the several degrees; he has been also W. Master of the Lodge, High Priest of the Chapter, Commander of the Encampment, Deputy Grand Master, and Grand High Priest.

At the time of his decease he was Secretary of St. John's Grand Lodge, which office he had held for seventeen years; Secretary of the Chapter for the past fourteen years; Recorder of the Council for eleven years; Commander of the Encampment; Secretary of the Rhode Island Convention of High Priests; Grand Secretary of the Grand Chapter for ten years; and Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge for six years.

No member of the Fraternity held so many offices, and no one could have passed away whose loss will be more generally mourned.

During the storm which raged in this State so fiercely against Masonry, he was among the faithful who stood manfully for the right, never faltering in his devotion to the truth.

As a citizen, he was honored and respected by all. As a Christian, he was beloved by the church of which he was a member, and his brethren mourn the loss of one to whom they looked for counsel, and in times of trouble for consolation and sympathy.

His remains were followed to their last resting place by a great number of brethren and mourners, and under the solemn ritual of the Templar service committed to the earth.

"Rest to his ashes and peace to his soul."

By order of M. W. JERVIS J. SMITH, Grand Master.

THOMAS A. DOYLE, Acting G. Sec.

BRO. ALBERT PIKE.

THE Editors of this Journal are happy to announce that its pages will hereafter, from time to time, be enriched with contributions from the pen of this learned and distinguished Mason.

THE
American Freemasons'

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. 4.—DECEMBER, 1859.—No. 24.

O C E O L A :

A Romance of the History of Florida and the Seminole War.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID

CHAPTER XXXIV.—A PRETTY PLOT.

To dispute the identity was to doubt the evidence of my senses. The mulatto was before me—just as I remembered him—though with changed apparel, and perhaps grown a little bigger in body. But the features were the same—the *tout ensemble* the same, as that presented by Yellow Jake, the *ci-devant* woodman of our plantation.

And yet how could it possibly be him? And in the company of Arens Ringgold too, one of the most active of his intended executioners? No, no, no! altogether improbable—utterly impossible! Then must I be deluded—my eyes deceiving me—for as certain as I looked upon man, I was looking upon Jake the mulatto! He was not twenty feet from where I lay hidden; his face was full towards me; the moon was shining upon it with a brilliancy scarcely inferior to the light of day. I could note the old expression of evil in his eyes, and mark the play of his features. It *was* Yellow Jake.

To confirm the impression, I remembered that, notwithstanding all remonstrance and ridicule, the black pertinaciously adhered to his story. He would listen to no compromise, no hypothesis founded on resemblance. He had seen Yellow Jake, or his ghost. This was his firm belief, and I had been unable to shake it.

Another circumstance I now remembered: the strange behavior of the Ringolds during the post-prandial conversation—the action of Arens when I mentioned the mulatto's name. It had attracted my attention at the time, but what was I to think now? Here was a man supposed to be dead, in company of three others who had been active in assisting at his death—one of them the very keenest of his executioners, and all four now apparently as thick as thieves! How was I to explain, in one moment, this wonderful resurrection and reconciliation?

I could not explain it—it was too complicated a mystery to be unravelled by a moment's reflection; and I should have failed, had not the parties very soon after aided me in my endeavor to attain to an elucidation.

I had arrived at the only natural conclusion, and this was, that the mulatto, notwithstanding the perfect resemblance, could not be Yellow Jake. This, of course, would account for everything, after a manner; and had the four men gone away without parley, I should have contented myself with this hypothesis.

But they went not, until after affording me an opportunity of over-hearing a conversation, which gave me to know, that not only was Yellow Jake still in the land of the living, but that Haj-Ewa had spoken the truth, when she told me my life was in danger.

"D——! he's not here, and yet where can he have gone?"

The ejaculation and interrogative were in the voice of Arens Ringgold, uttered in a tone of peevish surprise. Some one was sought for by the party who could not be found. Who that was, the next speaker made manifest.

There was a pause, and then reached my ears the voice of Bill Williams—which I easily recognized, from having heard it only the day before.

"You are sartint, Master Arens, he didn't sneak back to the fort 'long wi' the ginral?"

"Sure of it," replied Master Arens.

"Where was you when the ginral went back to the fort?" asked Williams.

"I was by the gate as they came in. There was only the two—the general and the commissioner. But the question is, did he leave the hommock along with them? There's where we played devil's fool with the business—in not getting here in time, and watching them as they left. But who'd have thought he was going to stay behind them; if I had only known that—— You say," he continued, turning to the mulatto, "you say, Jake, you came direct from the Indian camp? He couldn't have passed you on the path?"

"*Carajo!* Signor Arens! No!"

The voice, the old Spanish expression of profanity, just as I had heard them in my youth. If there had been doubt of the identity, it was gone. The testimony of my ears confirmed that of my eyes. It was Yellow Jake.

"Straight from Seminole come. Cat no pass me on the road; I see her. Two chiefs me meet. I hide under the palmettos; they no see me. *Carrambo!* no."

"Dence take it! where can he have gone? There's no signs of him here. I know he *might have a reason* for paying a visit to the Indians—that I know; but how has he got round there without Jake seeing him?"

"What's to hinder him to hev goerd round the tother road?"

"By the open plain?"

"Yes—that away."

"No—he would not be likely. There's only one way I can explain it: he must have come as far as the gate along with the general, and then kept down the stockade, and past the sutler's house—that's likely enough."

This was said by Ringgold in a sort of half-soliloquy.

"Devils!" he exclaimed in an impatient tone, "we'll not get such a chance soon again."

"Ne'er a fear, Master Arens," said Williams—"ne'er a fear. Plenty o' chances, I kalkerlate—gobs o' chances sech times as these."

"We'll make chances," pithily added Spence, who now spoke for the first time in my hearing.

"Ay, but here was a chance for Jake—he must do it, boys; neither of you must have a hand in it. It might leak out; and then we'd all be in a pretty pickle. Jake can do it, and not harm himself, for *he's dead*, you know, and the law can't reach him! Isn't it so, my yellow boy?"

"*Carrambo! si, senior.* No fear have, Don Aren Ringgol; 'fore long, I opportunity find. Jake you get rid of enemy—never hear more of him; soon Yellow Jake good chance have. Yesterday miss. She bad gun, Don Aren—not worth shuck gun."

"He has not yet returned inside the fort," remarked Ringgold, again speaking in a half soliloquy. "I think he has not. If no, then he should be at the camp. He must go back to-night. It may be after the moon goes down. He must cross the open ground in the darkness. You hear, Jake, what I am saying."

"*Si, senior*; Jake hear all."

"And you know how to profit by the hint, eh?"

"*Carrambo! si, senior.* Jake know."

"Well, then, we must return. Hear me, Jake—if——"

Here the voice of the speaker fell into a half-whisper, and I could not hear what was said. Occasionally there were phrases muttered so loudly that I could catch their sound, and from what had already transpired, was enabled to apprehend something of their signification. I heard frequently pronounced the names of Viola the quadroon, and that of my own sister; the phrases—"only one that stands in our way"—"mother easily consent"—"when I am master of the plantation"—"pay you two hundred dollars."

These, with others of like import, satisfied me that between the two fiends some contract for the taking of my life had already been formed; and that this muttered dialogue was only a repetition of the terms of the hideous bargain.

No wonder that the cold sweat was oozing from my temples, and standing in bead-like drops upon my brow. No wonder that I sat on my perch shaking like an aspen—far less with fear than with horror at the contemplated crime—absolute horror. I might have trembled in a greater degree, but that my nerves were to some extent stayed by the terrible indignation that was swelling up within my bosom.

I had sufficient command of my temper to remain silent; it was prudent I did so; had I discovered myself at that moment, I should never have left the ground alive. I felt certain of this, and took care to make no noise that might betray my presence.

And yet it was hard to hear four men coolly conspiring against one's life—plotting and bargaining it away like a piece of merchandise—each expecting some profit from the speculation!

My wrath was as powerful as my fears—almost too strong for prudence. There were four of them, all armed. I had sword and pistols; but this would not have made me a match for four desperadoes such as they. Had there been only two of them—only Ringgold and the mulatto—so desperate was my indignation, at that moment, that

I should have leaped from the tree and risked the encounter, hand to hand.

But I disobeyed the promptings of passion, and remained silent till they had moved away.

I observed that Ringgold and his brace of bullies went toward the fort, while the mulatto took the direction of the Indian camp.

CHAPTER XXXV. — LIGHT AFTER DARKNESS.

I STIERED not till they were gone—till long after. In fact, my mind was in a state of bewilderment, that for some moments hindered me either from acting or thinking; and I sat as if glued to the branch. Reflection came at length, and I began to speculate upon what I had just heard and seen.

Was it a farce to frighten me? No, no—they were not the characters for a farce—not one of the four; and the reappearance of Yellow Jake, partaking as it did of the wild and supernatural, was too dramatic, too serious, to form an episode in comedy.

On the contrary, I had just listened to the prologue of an intended tragedy, of which I was myself to be the victim. Beyond doubt, the men had a design upon my life.

Four men, too, not one of whom could charge me with ever having done him a serious injury. I knew that all four disliked me, and ever had—though Spence and Williams could have no other cause of ire than what might spring from boyish grudge—long forgotten by me; but doubtless their motive was Ringgold's. As for the mulatto, I could understand his hostility; though mistaken, it was of the deadliest kind.

But what was I to think of Arens Ringgold, the leader in this designed assassination? A man of education—my equal in social rank—a gentleman!

O Arens Ringgold—Arens Ringgold! How was I to explain it? How account for conduct so atrocious, so fiendish?

I knew that this young man liked me but little—of late, less than ever. I knew the cause too. I stood in the way of his relations with my sister—at least so he thought. And he had reason; for, since my father's death, I had spoken more freely of family affairs. I had openly declared that, with my consent, he should never be my brother; and this declaration had reached him. I could easily believe, therefore, that he was angry with me; but anger that would impel a man to such demoniac purpose, I could not comprehend.

And what meant those half-heard phrases he had uttered, coupled with the names of Viola and my sister?

I could give them but one, and that a terrible interpretation—too fearful to dwell upon.

I could scarcely credit my senses, scarcely believe that I was not laboring under some horrid hallucination, some confusion of the brain produced by my having been *en rapport* with the maniac!

But no; the moon had been over them—my eyes upon them—my ears open, and could not have deceived me. I saw what they did—I heard what they said. They designed to kill me!

"Ho, ho, young mico, you may come down. The *honowaro-hukoa*' are gone. *Hinklas!* Come down, pretty mico—down, down down!"

I hastened to obey, and stood once more in the presence of the mad queen.

"Now you believe Haj-Ewa? Have an enemy, young mico? Ho—four enemies. Your life in danger?"

"Ewa, you have saved my life; how am I to thank you for the service you have done me?"

"Be true to *her*—true—true—true."

"To whom?"

"Great Spirit! he has forgotten her! False young mico! false pale-face! Why did I save him? Why did I not let his blood fall to the ground?"

"Ewa!"

"*Huhoak, huhoak!* Poor forest bird! the beauty-bird of all; her heart will sicken and die, her head will go mad."

"Ewa, explain."

"*Huhoak!* better he should die than desert her. Ho, ho! false pale-face, would that he had died before he had broken poor Ewa's heart; then Ewa would have lost only her heart; but her head—her head, that is worse. Ho, ho, ho!"

Why did I trust in a pale-faced lover?

Ho, ho, ho!

Why did I meet him——"

"Ewa," I exclaimed with an earnestness that caused the woman to leave off her wild song, "tell me, of whom do you speak?"

"Great Spirit, hear what he asks! Of whom? of whom? there is more than one. Ho, ho! there is more than one, and the true one forgotten. *Huhoak, huhoak!* What shall Ewa say? What tale can Ewa tell? Poor bird! her heart will bleed, and her brain be crushed. Ho, ho! There will be two Haj-Ewas—two mad queens of the Micosauks."

"For heaven's sake, keep me not in suspense! Tell me, Ewa, good Ewa, of whom are you speaking? Is it——"

The name trembled upon my tongue; I hesitated to pronounce it. Notwithstanding that my heart was full of delightful hope, from the confidence I felt of receiving an affirmative answer, I dreaded to put the question.

Not a great while did I hesitate; I had gone too far to recede. I had long waited to satisfy the wish of a yearning heart; I could wait no longer. Ewa might give me the satisfaction. I pronounced the words:

"Is it—Maumees?"

The maniac gazed upon me for some moments without speaking. The expression of her eye I could not read; for the last few minutes, it had been one of reproach and scorn. As I uttered the name, it changed to a look of bewilderment; and then her glance became fixed upon me, as if searching my thoughts.

"If it be Matmee," I continued, without awaiting her reply—for I was now carried away by the ardor of my resuscitated passion—"if it be she, know, Ewa, that her I love."

"You love Matmee? You still love Matmee?" interrupted the maniac with startling quickness.

"Ay, Ewa—by my life—by my——"

"Cooree, cooree! swear not—his very oath. *Huhook!* and he was false. Speak again, young mico! say you love Matmee—say you are true, but do not swear."

"True—true!"

"*Hinklas!*" cried the woman in a loud and apparently joyful tone—"Hinklas! the mico is true—the pretty pale-faced mico is true, and the *haintchitz*² will be happy."

Ho, ho!
Now for the love, the sweet young love
Under the tal³ tree.
Who would not be like yonder dove—
The wild little dove—
The soft little dove—
Sitting close by his mate in the shade of the grove—
Co-cooling to his mate in the shade of the grove,
With none to hear or see?

"Down, *chitta mico!*" she exclaimed, once more addressing the rattlesnake; "and you, *ocola chitta!*" Be quiet both. It is *not* an enemy. Quiet, or I crush your heads!"

"Good Ewa——"

"Ho! you call me good Ewa. Some day, you may call me bad Ewa. Hear me!" she continued, raising her voice, and speaking with increased earnestness—"hear me, George Randolph! If ever you are bad—false like *him*, like *him*, then Haj-Ewa will be your enemy; the *chitta mico* will destroy you. You will, my king of serpents? you will? Ho, ho, ho!"

As she spoke, the reptile appeared to comprehend her, for its head was suddenly raised aloft, its bright basilisk eyes gleamed as though emitting sparks of fire—its forked, glittering tongue was protruded from its mouth, and the "skir-rr" of its rattles could be heard for some moments sounding continuously.

"Quiet! now quiet!" said she, with a motion of her fingers, causing the serpent to resume its attitude of repose. "Not he, *chitta!* not he, thou king of the crawlers! Quiet, I say!"

"Why do you threaten me, Ewa? You have no cause."

"*Hinklas!* I believe it, fair mico, gallant mico; true, I believe it."

"But, good Ewa, explain to me—tell me of——"

"Cooree, cooree! not now—not to-night. There is no time, *chepavnee!* See! look yonder to the west! *Netle-hasse*⁴ is going to bed. You must be gone. You dare not walk in the darkness. You must get back to the *topekes* before the moon is hid—— Go, go, go!"

² The pretty one.

³ Palm (*Chmarops palmetto*.)

⁴ Green snake.

⁵ The night-sun—the moon.

"But I told you, Ewa, I had business here. I dare not leave until it is done."

"*Hulook!* there is danger then. What business, mico? Ah! I guess. See! they come for whom you wait!"

"True—it is they, I believe."

I said this, as I perceived the tall shadows of the two chiefs flitting along the further edge of the pond.

"Be quick, then; do what you must, but waste not time. In the darkness you will meet danger. Haj-Ewa must be gone. Good-night, young mico; good-night!"

I returned the salutation; and facing round to await the arrival of the chiefs, lost sight of my strange companion.

The Indians soon came upon the ground, and briefly delivered their report.

Holata Mico had struck his tents, and was moving away from the encampment.

I was too much disgusted with these traitorous men to spend a moment in their company; and, as soon as I had gained the required information, I hurried away from their presence.

Warned by Haj-Ewa, as well as by the words of Arens Ringgold, I lost no time in returning to the fort. The moon was still above the horizon; and I had the advantage of her light to protect me from being surprised by any sudden onset.

I walked hastily, taking the precaution to keep in the open ground, and giving a wide berth to any covert that might shelter an assassin.

I saw no one on the way, nor around the back of the stockade. On arriving opposite the gate of the fort, however, I perceived the figure of a man—not far from the sutler's store—apparently skulking behind some logs. I fancied I knew the man; I fancied he was the mulatto.

I would have gone after him, and satisfied myself; but I had already hailed the sentinel, and given the countersign; and I did not desire to cause a flurry among the guard—particularly as I had received injunctions to pass in as privately as possible.

Another time, I should likely encounter this Jacob *redivivus*; when I should be less embarrassed, and perhaps have a better opportunity of calling him and his diabolical associates to an account. With this reflection, I passed through the gate, and carried my report to the quarters of the commander-in-chief.

CHAPTER XXXVI. — IN NEED OF A FRIEND.

To pass the night under the same roof with the man who intends to murder you is anything but pleasant, and repose under the circumstances is next to impossible. I slept but little, and the little sleep I did obtain was not tranquil.

Before retiring for the night, I had seen nothing of the Ringgolds, neither father nor son; but I knew they were still in the fort, where they were to remain as guests a day or two longer. They had either gone to bed before my return, or were entertained in the quarters of some friendly officer. At all events, they did not appear to me during the remainder of that night.

Neither saw I aught of Spence and Williams. These worthies, if in the fort, would find a lodgment among the soldiers, but I did not seek them.

Most of the night I lay awake, pondering on the strange incidents of the day, or rather on that one episode that had made me acquainted with such deadly enemies.

I was in a state of sad perplexity as to what course I should pursue—uncertain all night long; and when daylight shone through the shutters, still uncertain.

My first impulse had been to disclose the whole affair at head quarters, and demand an investigation—a punishment, such as military justice might award.

On reflection, this course would not do. What proofs could I offer of so grave an accusation? Only my own assertions, unbacked by any other evidence—unsustained even by probability—for who would have given credence to crimes so unparalleled in atrocity?

Though certain the assassins referred to me, I could not assert that they had even mentioned my name. My story would be treated with ridicule, myself perhaps with something worse. The Ringolds were mighty men—personal friends both of the general and commissioner—and though known to be a little scoundrelly and unscrupulous in worldly affairs, still holding the rank of gentlemen. It would need better evidence than I could offer to prove Arens Ringgold a would-be murderer.

I saw the difficulty, and kept my secret.

Another plan appeared more feasible—to accuse Arens Ringgold openly before all, and challenge him to mortal combat. This would prove that I was sincere in my allegations.

But duelling was against the laws of the service. It would require some management to keep clear of an arrest—which of course would frustrate the scheme before satisfaction could be obtained. I had my own thoughts about Master Arens Ringgold. I knew his courage was but slippery. He would be likely enough to play the poltroon; but whether so or not, the charge and challenge would go some way towards exposing him.

I had almost decided on adopting this course, though it was morning before I had come to any determination.

I stood sadly in need of a friend; not merely a second—for this I could easily procure—but a bosom-companion in whom I could confide, and who might aid me by his counsel. As ill-luck would have it, every officer in the fort was a perfect stranger to me. With the Ringolds alone had I any previous acquaintance.

In my dilemma, I thought of one whose advice might stand me in good stead, and I determined to seek it. Black Jake was the man—he should be my counsellor.

Shortly after daylight the brave fellow was by my side. I told him all. He appeared very little surprised. Some suspicion of such a plot had already taken possession of his mind, and it was his intention to have revealed it to me that very morning. Least of all did he express surprise about Yellow Jake. That was but the confirmation of a belief which he entertained already, without the shadow of a doubt. He knew positively that the mulatto was living—still more, he had

ascertained the mode by which the latter had made his almost miraculous escape.

And yet it was simple enough. The alligator had seized him, as was supposed; but the fellow had the adroitness to "job" its eyes with the knife, and thus cause it to let go its hold. He had followed the example of the young Indian, using the same weapon.

This occurred under the water, for the mulatto was a good diver. His limbs were lacerated—hence the blood—but the wounds did not signify, nor did they hinder him from making further efforts to escape.

He took care not to rise to the surface until after swimming under the bank; there, concealed by the drooping branches, he had glided out, and climbed up into a live-oak, where the moss sheltered him from the eyes of his vengeful pursuers. Being entirely naked, there was no sign left by dripping garments to betray him; besides, the blood upon the water had proved his friend. On seeing that, the hunters were under the full belief that he had "gone under," and consequently took but little pains to search further.

Such was Black Jake's account of this affair. He had obtained it the evening before from one of the friendly Indians at the fort, who professed to have the narrative from the mulatto's own lips.

There was nothing improbable in the story, but the contrary. In all likelihood, it was strictly true; and it at once dispersed the half-dozen mysteries that had gathered in my mind.

The black had received other information. The runaway had taken refuge with one of the half-negro tribes established amid the swamps that envelope the head waters of the Amazon. He had found favor among his new associates, had risen to be a chief, and now passed under the cognomen of the "Mulatto-mico."

There was still a little mystery: how came he and Arens Ringgold in "cahoot?"

After all, there was not much puzzle in the matter. The planter had no particular cause for hating the runaway. His activity during the scene of the baffled execution was all a sham. The mulatto had more reason for resentment; but the loves or hates of such men are easily set aside—where self-interest interferes—and can, at any time, be commuted for gold.

No doubt the white villain had found the yellow one of service in some base undertaking, and *vice versa*. At all events, it was evident that the "hatchet had been buried" between them, and their present relations were upon the most friendly footing.

"Jake!" said I, coming to the point on which I desired to hear his opinion, "what about Arens Ringgold—shall I call him out?"

"Golly, Massa George, he am out long 'go—I see um 'bout dis two hour an' more—dat ar bossy doant sleep berry sound—he hant got da good conscience, I reck'n."

"Oh! that is not what I mean, Jake."

"Wha—what massa mean?"

"To call him out—challenge him to fight me."

"Whugh! massa, d'you mean to say a dewel ob sword an' pistol?"

"Swords, pistols, or rifles—I care not which weapon he may choose."

"Gorramity! Massa George, don't talk ob sech a thing. O Lord! no—you hab moder—you hab sister. 'Spouse you get kill—who know—tha bullock he sometime kill tha butoha—den, Massa George, no one lef—who lef take care ob ya moder?—who be guard-ium ob ya sister Vagin?—who 'tect Viola—who 'tect all ob us from dese bad bad men? Gorramity! massa, let um 'lone—doant call 'im out!"

At that moment I was myself called out. The earnest appeal was interrupted by the braying of bugles and the rolling of drums, announcing the assembly of the council; and without waiting to reply to the disinterested remonstrance of my companion, I hastened to the scene of my duties.

CHAPTER XXXVII. — THE FINAL ASSEMBLY.

THE spectacle of yesterday was repeated; the troops in serried lines of blue and steel—the officers in full uniform with shining epaulettes—in the centre the staff grouped around the general, close buttoned and of brilliant sheen; fronting these the half-circle of chiefs, backed by concentric lines of warriors, plumed, painted, and picturesque—horses standing near, some neighing under ready saddles, some picketed and quietly browsing—Indian women in their long *hunnas*, hurrying to and fro—boys and babes at play upon the grass—flags waving above the soldiers—banners and pennons floating over the heads of the red warriors—drums beating—bugles braying; such was the array.

Again the spectacle was imposing, yet scarcely so much as that of the preceding day. The eye at once detected a deficiency in the circle of the chiefs, and nearly half of the warriors were wanting. The assemblage no longer impressed you with the idea of a multitude—it was only a respectable crowd, with room enough for all to gather close around the council.

The absence of many chiefs was at once perceived. King Onopa was not there. The coronet of British brass—lackered symbol of royalty, yesterday conspicuous in the centre—was no longer to be seen. Holata Mico was missing, with other leaders of less note; and the thinness in the ranks of the common warriors showed that these chiefs had taken their followers along with them. Most of the Indians on the ground appeared to be of the clans of Omata, Black Dirt, and Ohala.

Notwithstanding the fewness of their followers, I saw that Hoitlemattee, Arpiucki, the negro Aram, and the Dwarf were present. Surely these stayed not to sign?

I looked for Ogeola. It was not difficult to discover one so conspicuous, both in figure and feature. He formed the last link in the now contracted curve of the chiefs. He was lowest in rank, but this did not signify, as regarded his position. Perhaps he had placed himself there from a feeling of modesty—a well-known characteristic of the man. He was in truth the very youngest of the chiefs, and by birthright entitled to a smaller command than any present; but viewing him as he stood—even at the bottom of the rank—one could not help fancying that he was the head of all.

As upon the preceding day, there was no appearance of bravado about him. His attitude, though stately and statuesque, was one of perfect ease. His arms were folded over his full chest—his weight resting on one limb, the other slightly retired—his features in repose, or now and then lit up by an expression rather of gentleness. He appeared the impersonation of an Apollo—or, to speak less mythologically, a well-behaved gentleman waiting for some ceremony, of which he was to be a simple spectator. As yet, nothing had transpired to excite him; no words had been uttered to rouse a spirit that only *seemed* to slumber.

Ere long, that attitude of repose would pass away—that soft smile would change to the harsh frown of passion.

During the moments that preceded the inauguration of the council, I kept my eyes upon the young chief. Other eyes were regarding him as well; he was the cynosure of many—but mine was a gaze of peculiar interest.

I looked for some token of recognition, but received none—neither nod nor glance. Once or twice his eye fell upon me, but passed on to some one else, as though I was but one among the crowd of his pale-faced adversaries. He appeared not to remember me. Was this really so? or was it, that his mind, pre-occupied with great thoughts, hindered him from taking notice?

I did not fail to cast my eyes abroad—over the plain—to the tents—towards the groups of loitering women. I scanned their forms, one after another.

I fancied I saw the mad queen in their midst—a centre of interest. I had hoped that her *protegee* might be near; but no. None of the figures satisfied my eye; they were all too squaw-like—too short or too tall—too corpulent or too *maigre*. She was not there. Even under the loose *hunner* I should have recognized her splendid form—if still unchanged.

If—the hypothesis excites your surprise. Why changed, you ask? Growth? development? maturity? Rapid in this southern clime is the passage from maiden's form to that of matron.

No; not that, not that. Though still so young, the undulating outlines had already shown themselves. When I last looked upon her, her stature had reached its limits; her form exhibited the bold curve of Hogarth, so characteristic of womanhood complete. Not that did I fear.

And what then? The contrary? Change from attenuation—from illness or grief? Nor this.

I cannot explain the suspicions that racked me—sprung from a stray speech. That jay bird, that yestreen chatted so gaily, had poured poison into my heart. But no; it could not be Matmee! She was too innocent. Ah! why do I rave? There is no guilt in love. If true—if she—hers was not crime; he alone was the guilty one.

I have ill described the torture I experienced, consequent upon my unlucky "cave-dropping." During the whole of the preceding day, it had been a source of real suffering. I was in the predicament of one who had heard too much, and too little.

You will scarcely wonder that the words of Haj-Ewa cheered me;

they drove the unworthy suspicion out of my mind, and inspired me with fresh hopes. True, she had mentioned no name till I myself had pronounced it; but to whom could her speech refer? "Poor bird of the forest—her heart will bleed and break." She spoke of the "Rising Sun:" that was Ogeola. Who could the "haintclitz" be? who but Matmee?

It might be but a tale of bygone days—a glimpse of the past deeply impressed upon the brain of the maniac, and still living in her memory. This was possible. Haj-Ewa had known us in those days, had often met us in our wild wood rambles, had even been with us upon the island—for the mad queen could paddle her canoe with skill, could ride her wild steed, could go anywhere, went everywhere.

It might be only a souvenir of these happy days that caused her to speak as she had done—in the chaos of her intellect, mistaking the past for the present. Heaven forbid!

The thought troubled me, but not long; for I did not long entertain it. I clung to the pleasanter belief. Her words were sweet as honey, and formed a pleasing counterpoise to the fear I might otherwise have felt on discovering the plot against my life. With the knowledge that Matmee had once loved—still loved—me, I could have dared dangers a hundredfold greater than that. It is a weak heart that would not be gallant under the influence of love. Encouraged by the smiles of a beautiful mistress, even cowards can be brave.

Arens Ringgold was standing by my side. Entrained in the crowd, our garments touched; we conversed together!

He was even more polite to me than was his wont—more *friendly*! His speech scarcely betrayed the habitual cynicism of his nature; although, whenever I looked him in the face, his eye quailed, and his glance sought the ground.

For all that, he had no suspicion—not the slightest—that I knew I was side by side with the man who designed to murder me.

CHAPTER XXXVIII. — CASHIERING THE CHIEFS.

TO-DAY the commissioner showed a bolder front. A bold part he had resolved to play, but he felt sure of success; and consequently there was an air of triumph in his looks. He regarded the chiefs with the imperious glance of one determined to command them; confident they would yield obedience to his wishes.

At intervals his eye rested upon Ogeola with a look of peculiar significance, at once sinister and triumphant. I was in the secret of that glance: I guessed its import; I knew that it boded no good to the young Seminole chief. Could I have approached him at that moment, I should have held duty but lightly, and whispered in his ear a word of warning.

I was angry with myself that I had not thought of this before. Haj-Ewa could have borne a message on the previous night; why did I not send it? My mind had been too full. Occupied with my own perils, I had not thought of the danger that threatened my friend—for in this light I still regarded Powell.

I had no exact knowledge of what was meant; though, from the

conversation I had overheard, I more than half divined the commissioner's purpose. Upon some plea, *Oceola was to be arrested!*

A plea was needed; the outrage could not be perpetrated without one. Even the reckless agent might not venture upon such a stretch of power without plausible pretext; and how was the pretext to be obtained?

The withdrawal of Onopa and the "hostiles," while Omatla with the "friendlies" remained, had given the agent the opportunity. *Oceola himself was to furnish the plea.*

Would that I could have whispered in his ear a word of caution.

It was too late; the toils had been laid—the trap set; and the noble game was about to enter it. It was too late for me to warn him. I must stand idly by—spectator to an act of injustice, a gross violation of right.

A table was placed in front of the ground occupied by the general and staff; the commissioner stood immediately behind it. Upon this table was an inkstand with pens; while a broad parchment, exhibiting the creases of many folds, was spread out, till it occupied nearly the whole surface. This parchment was the far-famed treaty of the Oclawaha.

"Yesterday," began the commissioner, without further preamble, "we did nothing but talk—to-day we are met to act. This," said he, pointing to the parchment, "is the treaty of Payne's Landing. I hope you have all considered what I said yesterday, and are ready to sign it?"

"We have considered," replied Omatla for himself and those of his party. "We are ready to sign."

"Onopa is head chief," suggested the commissioner; "let him sign first. Where is Miconopa?" he added, looking around the circle with feigned surprise.

"The mico is not here."

"And why not here? He should have been here. Why is he absent?"

"He is sick—he is not able to attend the council."

"That is a lie, Jumper. Miconopa is shamming—you know he is."

The dark brow of Hoitle-mattee grew darker at the insult, while his body quivered with rage. A grunt of disdain was all the reply he made, and folding his arms, he drew back into his former attitude.

"Abram! you are Miconopa's private counsellor—you know his intentions. Why has he absented himself?"

"O Massa Ginral!" replied the black in broken English, and speaking without much show of respect for his interrogator, "how shed ole Abe know the 'tention ob King Nopy? The mico no tell me ebber-ting—he go he please, he come he please—he great chief; he no tell nobody his 'tention."

"Does he intend to sign? Say yes or no."

"No, den!" responded the interpreter in a firm voice, as if forced to the answer.

"Enough!" cried the commissioner in a loud voice—"enough! Now hear me, chiefs and warriors of the Seminole nation! I appear before you armed with a power from your Great Father the President—he who is chief of us all. That power enables me to punish for

disloyalty and disobedience; and I now exercise the right upon Miconopa. *He is no longer king of the Seminoles!*"

This unexpected announcement produced an effect upon the audience similar to that of an electric shock. It startled the chiefs and warriors into new attitudes, and all stood looking eagerly at the commissioner. But the expression upon their faces was not of like import—it varied much. Some showed signs of anger as well as surprise. A few appeared pleased, while the majority evidently received the announcement with incredulity.

Surely the commissioner was jesting? How could *he* make or unmake a king of the Seminoles? How could the Great Father himself do this? The Seminoles were a free nation; they were not even tributary to the whites—under no political connection whatever. They themselves could alone elect their king—they only could depose him. Surely the commissioner was jesting?

Not at all. In another moment they perceived he was in earnest. Foolish as was the project of deposing King Onopa, he entertained it seriously. He had resolved to carry it into execution; and as far as decrees went, he did so without further delay.

"Omatla! you have been faithful to your word and your honor; you are worthy to head a brave nation. From this time forth, you are king of the Seminoles. Our Great Father, and the people of the United States, hail you as such; they will acknowledge no other. Now—let the signing proceed."

At a gesture from the commissioner, Omatla stepped forward to the table, and taking the pen in his hand, wrote his name upon the parchment.

The act was done in perfect silence. But one voice broke the deep stillness—one word only was heard uttered with angry aspirate; it was the word "traitor!"

I looked round to discover who had pronounced it; the hiss was still quivering upon the lips of Ogeola; while his eye was fixed upon Omatla with a glance of ineffable scorn.

"Black Crazy Clay" next took the pen, and affixed his signature, which was done by simply making his "mark."

After him followed Ohala, Itolasse Omatla, and about a dozen—all of whom were known as the chiefs that favored the removal.

The hostile chiefs—whether by accident or design I knew not—stood together, forming the left wing of the semicircle. It was now their turn to declare themselves.

Hoitle-mattee was the first about whose signing the commissioner entertained any doubt. There was a pause, significant of apprehension.

"It is your turn, Jumper," said the latter at length, addressing the chief by his English name.

"You may *jump* me then," replied the eloquent and witty chief, making a jest of what he meant for earnest as well.

"How? you refuse to sign?"

"Hoitle-mattee does not write."

"It is not necessary; your name is already written; you have only to place your finger upon it."

"I might put my finger on the wrong place."

"You can sign by making a cross," continued the agent, still in hopes that the chief would consent.

"We Seminoles have but little liking for the cross; we had enough of it in the days of the Spaniards. *Huhwak!*"

"Then you positively refuse to sign?"

"Ho! Mister Commissioner, does it surprise you?"

"Be it so, then. Now hear what I have to say to you."

"Hoitle-mattee's ears are as open as the commissioner's mouth," was the sneering rejoinder.

"I depose Hoitle-mattee from the chieftainship of his clan. The Great Father will no longer recognize him as one of the chiefs of the Seminoles."

"Ha, ha, ha!" came the scornful laugh in reply. "Indeed—indeed! And tell me," he asked, still continuing to laugh, and treating with derision the solemn enunciation of the commissioner, "of whom am I to be chief, General Thompson?"

"I have pronounced," said the agent, evidently confused and nettled by the ironical manner of the Indian; "you are no more a chief—we will not acknowledge you as one."

"But my people? what of them?" asked the other in a tone of irony; "have they nothing to say in this matter?"

"Your people will act with reason. They will listen to their Great Father's advice. They will no longer obey a leader who has acted without faith."

"You say truly, agent," replied the chief, now speaking seriously. "My people will act with reason, but they will also act with patriotism and fidelity. Do not flatter yourself of the potency of our Great Father's advice. If it be given as a father's counsel, they will listen to it; if not, they will shut their ears against it. As to your deposal of myself, I only laugh at the absurdity of the act. I treat both act and agent with scorn. I have no dread of your power. I have no fear for the loyalty of my people. Sow dissension among them as you please; you have been successful elsewhere in making traitors"—here the speaker glanced toward Omatla and his warriors—"but I disregard your machinations. There is not a man in my tribe that will turn his back upon Hoitle-mattee—not one."

The orator ceased speaking, and folding his arms, fell back into an attitude of silent defiance. He saw that the commissioner had done with him, for the latter was now appealing to Abram for his signature.

The black's first answer was a decided negative—simply "No!" When urged to repeat his refusal, he added:

"No—by Jovah! I nebber sign de d—— paper—nebber. Dat's enuf—ain't it, Bossy Thompson?"

Of course this put an end to the appeal, and Abram was scratched from the list of chiefs.

Arpiucki followed next, and "Cloud" and the "Alligator," and then the dwarf Poshalla. All these refused their signatures, and in turn were formally deposed from their dignities.

Most of the chiefs only laughed as they listened to the wholesale cashiering. It was ludicrous enough to hear this puny office-holder pronounce edicts with all the freedom of an emperor.

Such was the manner in which justice was exercised at the hands of a petty tyrant, under the assumed authority of the national government.*

Poshalla, the last who had been disgraced, laughed like the others; but the dwarf had a bitter tongue, and could not refrain from a rejoinder.

"Tell the fat agent," cried he to the interpreter—"tell him that I shall be a chief of the Seminoles when the rank weeds are growing over his great carcass—ha, ha!"

The rough speech was not carried to the ears of the commissioner. He did not even hear the scornful cackling that followed it, for his attention was now entirely occupied with one individual—the youngest of the chiefs—the last in the line—Ogeola.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—THE SIGNATURE OF OGEOLA.

Up to this moment the young chief had scarcely spoken; only when Charles Omatla took hold of the pen, he had hissed out the word "traitor!"

He had not remained all the time in the same attitude, neither had his countenance shown him indifferent to what was passing. There was no constraint either in his gestures or looks—no air of affected stoicism—for this was not his character. He had laughed at the wit of Jumper, and applauded the patriotism of Abram and the others, as heartily as he had frowned disapproval of the conduct of the traitors.

It was now his turn to declare himself, and he stood, with modest mien, in the expectation of being asked.

I need hardly state that at this crisis silence was on tiptoe. Throughout the ranks of the soldiery—throughout the crowd of warriors—everywhere—there was a moment of breathless expectancy, as if every individual upon the ground was imbued with the presentiment of a scene.

For my part, I felt satisfied that an explosion was about to take place; and, like the rest, I stood spell-bound with expectation.

The commissioner broke silence with the words:

"At last we come to you, *Powell*. Before proceeding further, let me ask—Are you acknowledged as a *chief*?"

There was insult in the tone, the manner, the words. It was direct and intended, as the countenance of the speaker clearly showed. There was malice in his eye—malice mingled with the confidence of prospective triumph.

The interrogation was irrelevant, superfluous. Thompson knew well that Powell was a chief—a sub-chief, it is true, but still a chief—a war-chief of the Redsticks, the most warlike tribe of the nation. The question was put for mere provocation. The agent tempted an outburst of that temper that all knew to be none of the gentlest.

Strange to say, the insult failed in its effect, or it seemed so. They who expected an angry answer were doomed to disappointment.

* The United States government afterwards disapproved of this absurd dethronement of the chiefs; but there is no doubt that Thompson acted under secret instructions from the President.

Ogeola made no reply. Only a peculiar smile was observed upon his features. It was not of anger, nor yet of scorn: it was rather a smile of silent, lordly contempt—the look which a gentleman would bestow upon the blackguard who is abusing him. Those who witnessed it were left under the impression that the young chief regarded his insulter as beneath the dignity of a reply, and the insult too gross, as it really was, to be answered. Such impression had I, in common with others around me.

Ogeola's look might have silenced the commissioner, or, at least have caused him to change his tactics, had he been at all sensitive to derision. But no—the vulgar soul of the plebeian official was closed against shame, as against justice; and without regarding the repulse, he pressed on with his plan.

"I ask, are you a chief?" continued he, repeating the interrogatory in a still more insulting tone. "Have you the right to sign?"

This time his questions were answered, and by a dozen voices at once. Chieftains in the ring, and warriors who stood behind it, shouted in reply:

"The Rising Sun! a chief? He is a chief. He has the right to sign."

"Why call his right in question?" inquired Jumper, with a sneering laugh. "Time enough when he wishes to exercise it. He is not likely to do that now."

"But I *am*," said Ogeola, addressing himself to the orator, and speaking with marked emphasis. "I have the right to sign. *I shall sign.*"

It is difficult to describe the effect produced by this unexpected avowal. The entire audience—white men as well as red men—was taken by surprise; and for some moments there was a vibratory movement throughout the assembly, accompanied by a confused murmur of voices. Exclamations were heard on all sides—cries of varied import, according to the political bias of those who uttered them. All, however, betokened astonishment: with some, in tones of joy; with others, in the accents of chagrin and anger. Was it Ogeola who had spoken? Had they heard aright? Was the "Rising Sun" so soon to sink behind the clouds? After all that had transpired—after all he had promised—was *he* going to turn traitor?

Such questions passed rapidly among the hostile chiefs and warriors; while those of the opposite party could scarcely conceal their delight. All knew that the signing of Ogeola would end the affair; and the removal become a matter of course. The Omattas would have nothing more to fear; the hostile warriors, who had sworn it, might still resist; but there was no leader among them who could bind the patriots together as Ogeola had done. With his defection, the spirit of resistance would become a feeble thing; the patriots might despair.

Jumper, Cloud, Coa Hajo, and Abram, Arpiucki, and the Dwarf, seemed all equally stricken with astonishment. Ogeola—he on whom they had reposed their fullest confidence—the bold designer of the opposition—the open foe to all who had hitherto advocated the removal—he, the pure patriot in whom all had believed—whom all had

trusted, was now going to desert them—now, in the eleventh hour, when his defection would be fatal to their cause.

"He has been bribed," said they. "His patriotism has been all a sham; his resistance a cheat. He has been bought by the agent; he has been acting for him all along. *Holycaugus! Iste-hulwa-stchay.*' 'Tis a treason blacker than Omatla's!"

Thus muttered the chiefs to one another, at the same time eyeing Ogeola with the fierce look of tigers.

With regard to Powell's defection, I did not myself know what to make of it. He had declared his resolution to sign the treaty; what more was needed? That he was ready to do so was evident from his attitude; he seemed only to wait for the agent to invite him.

As to the commissioner being a party to the intention, I know that he was nothing of the kind. Any one who looked in his face, at that moment, would have acquitted him of all privity to the act. He was evidently as much astonished as any other one upon the ground, nay, more so; in fact, he seemed bewildered by the unexpected avowal; so much, that it was some time before he could make rejoinder.

He at length stammered out:

"Very well, Ogeola! Step forward here, and sign then."

Thompson's tone was changed; he spoke soothingly. A new prospect was before him. Ogeola would sign, and thus agree to the removal. The business upon which the supreme government had deputed him would thus be accomplished, and with a dexterity that would redound to his own credit. "Old Hickory" would be satisfied; and then what next? what next? Not a mission to a mere tribe of savages, but an embassy to a high court of civilization. He might yet be ambassador! perhaps to Spain!

Ah! Wiley Thompson! thy castles in the air were soon dissipated. They fell as suddenly as they had been built: they broke down like a house of cards.

Ogeola stepped forward to the table, and bent over it, as if to scan the words of the document. His eyes ran rapidly across the parchment; he seemed to be searching for some particular place.

He found it—it was a name—he read it aloud: "Charles Omatla."

Raising himself erect, he faced the commissioner; and, in a tone of irony, asked the latter if he still desired him to sign.

"You have promised, Ogeola."

"Then will I keep my promise."

As he spoke the words, he drew his long Spanish knife from its sheath, and raising it aloft, struck the blade through the parchment till its point was deep buried in the wood.

"That is my signature!" cried he, as he drew forth the steel. "See! Omatla! it is through your name. Beware, traitor! Undo what you have done, or its blade may yet pass through your heart!"

"Oh! that is what he meant," cried the commissioner, rising in rage. "Good. I was prepared for this insolence—this outrage. General Clinch! I appeal to you—your soldiers—seize upon—arrest him!"

These broken speeches I heard amidst the confusion of voices. I

heard Clinch issue some hurried orders to an officer who stood near. I saw half a dozen files separate from the ranks, and rush forward; I saw them cluster around Ogeola—who the next moment was in their grasp.

Not till several of the blue-coated soldiers were sent sprawling on the ground; not till guns had been thrown aside, and a dozen strong men had fixed their gripe upon him, did the young chief give over his desperate struggles to escape; and then apparently yielding, he stood rigid and immobile, as if his frame had been iron.

It was an unexpected *dénouement*—alike unlooked for by either white men or Indians. It was a violent proceeding, and altogether unjustifiable. This was no court whose judge had the right to arrest for contempt. It was a council, and even the insolence of an individual could not be punished without the concurrence of both parties. General Thompson had exceeded his duty—he had exercised a power arbitrary as illegal.

The scene that followed was so confused as to defy description. The air was rent with loud ejaculations; the shouts of men, the screams of women, the cries of children, the yells of the Indian warriors, fell simultaneously upon the ear. There was no attempt at rescue—that would have been impossible in the presence of so many troops—so many traitors; but the patriot chiefs, as they hurried away from the ground, gave out their wild “Yo-ho-hee”—the gathering war-word of the Seminole nation—that in every utterance promised retaliation and revenge.

The soldiers commenced dragging Ogeola inside the fort.

“Tyrant!” cried he, fixing his eye upon the commissioner, “you have triumphed by treachery; but fancy not that this is the end of it. You may imprison Ogeola—hang him, if you will—but think not that his spirit will die. No; it will live, and cry aloud for vengeance. It speaks! Hear ye yonder sounds? Know ye the ‘war cry’ of the Redsticks? Mark it well; for it is not the last time it will ring in your ears. *Ho—yo-ho-hee! yo-ho-hee!* Listen to it, tyrant! it is your death-knell—it is your death-knell!”

While giving utterance to these wild threats, the young chief was drawn through the gate, and hurried off to the guard-house within the stockade.

As I followed amid the crowd, some one touched me on the arm, as if to draw my attention. Turning, I beheld Haj-Ewa.

“To-night, by the *we-wa*,” said she, speaking so as not to be heard by those around. “There will be shadows—more shadows upon the water. Perhaps —”

I did not hear more: the crowd pressed us apart; and when I looked again, the mad queen had moved away from the spot.

CHAPTER XL. — “FIGHTING GALLAGHER,”

THE prisoner was confined in a strong, windowless block-house. Access to him would be easy enough, especially to those who wore epaulets. It was my design to visit him; but, for certain reasons, I

forbore putting it in execution, so long as daylight lasted. I was desirous that my interview should be as private as possible, and therefore waited for the night.

I was influenced by other reasons; my hands were full of business; I had not yet done with Arens Ringgold.

I had a difficulty in deciding how to act. My mind was a chaos of emotions: hatred for the conspirators—indignation at the unjust behavior of the agent towards Ogeola—love for Matmee—now fond and trusting—anon doubting and jealous. Amid such confusion, how could I think with clearness?

Withal, one of these emotions had precedence—anger against the villain who intended to take my life was at that moment the strongest passion in my breast.

Hostility so heartless, so causeless, so deadly, had not failed to imbue me with a keen desire for vengeance; and I resolved to punish my enemy at all hazards.

He only, whose life has been aimed at by an assassin, can understand the deadly antipathy I felt towards Arens Ringgold. An open enemy, who acts under the impulse of anger, jealousy, or fancied wrong, you may respect. Even the two white wretches, and the yellow runaway, I regarded only with contempt, as tools pliant for any purpose; but the arch-conspirator himself I now both hated and despised. So acute was my sense of injury, that I could not permit it to pass without some act of retaliation, some effort to punish my wronger.

But how? Therein lay the uncertainty. How? A duel?

I could think of no other way. The criminal was still inside the law. I could not reach him otherwise than by my own arm.

I well weighed the words of my sable counsellor; but the faithful fellow had spoken in vain, and I resolved to act contrary to his advice, let the hazard fall as it might. I made up my mind to the challenge.

One consideration still caused me to hesitate: *I must give Ringgold my reasons.*

He should have been welcome to them as a dying souvenir; but if I succeeded in only *half killing* him, or he in *half killing* me, what about the future? I should be showing my hand to him, by which he would profit; whereas, unknown to him, I now knew his, and might foil his designs.

Such calculations ran rapidly through my mind, though I considered them with a coolness that in after-thought surprises me. The incidents I had lately encountered—combined with angry hatred of this plausible villain—had made me fierce, cold, and cruel. I was no longer myself; and wicked as it may appear, I could not control my longings for vengeance.

I needed a friend to advise me. Who could I make the confidant of my terrible secret?

Surely my ears were not deceiving me? No; it was the voice of my old school-fellow, Charley Gallagher. I heard it outside, and recognised the ring of his merry laugh. A detachment of rifles had just entered the fort with Charley at their head. In another instant we had embraced.

What could have been more opportune? Charley had been my

chum at college—my bosom-companion. He deserved my confidence, and almost upon the instant I made known to him the situation of my affairs.

It required much explanation to remove his incredulity: he was disposed to treat the whole thing as a joke—that is, the conspiracy against my life. But the rifle-shot was real, and Black Jake was by to confirm my account of it; so that my friend was at length induced to take a serious view of the matter.

“Bad luck to me!” said he, in Irish accent; “it’s the quarest case that iver came acrast your humble frind’s exparience. Mother o’ Moses! the fellow must be the devil incarnate. Geordie, my boy, have ye looked under his instip?”

Despite the name and brogue, Charley was not a Hibernian, only the son of one. He was a New Yorker by birth, and could speak good English when he pleased; but from some freak of eccentricity or affectation, he had taken to the brogue, and used it habitually when among friends, with all the rich garniture of a true Milesian fresh from the “sod.”

He was altogether an odd fellow, but with a soul of honor, and a heart true as steel. He was no dunce either, and the man above all others upon whose coat-tail it would not have been safe to tread. He was already notorious for having been engaged in two or three “affairs,” in which he had played both principal and second, and had earned the bellicose appellation of “Fighting Gallagher.” I knew what *his* advice would be before asking it: “Call the scoundrel out by all manes.”

I stated the difficulty as to my reasons for challenging Ringgold.

“Thrue, *ma bohill!* You’re right there; but there need be no trouble about the matther.”

“How?”

“Make the spalpeen challenge you. That’s bettther—besides, it gives you the choice of waypons.”

“In what way can I do this?”

“Och! my innocent gossoon! Shure that’s as asy as tumblin’ from a haycock. Call him a liar; an’ if that’s not sufficiently disagreeable, twake his nose, or squirt your tobacco in his ugly countenance. That will fetch him out, I’ll be bail for ye.”

“Come along, my boy!” continued my ready counsellor, moving towards the door. “Where is this Mister Ringgowld to be sarched for? Find me the gint, and I’ll show you how to scratch his buttons. Come along wid ye.”

Not much liking the plan of procedure, but without the moral courage to resist, I followed this impetuous son of a Celt through the doorway.

CHAPTER XII.—PROVOKING A DUEL.

WE were scarcely outside before we saw him for whom we were searching. He was standing at a short distance from the porch, conversing with a group of officers, among whom was the dandy already alluded to, and who passed under the appropriate appellation of “Beau Scott.” The latter was aid-de-camp to the commander-in-chief, of whom he was also a relative.

I pointed Ringgold out to my companion.

"He in the civilian dress," I said.

"Och! man, ye needn't be so purticular in your idintification; that sarpint-look spakes for itself. That fellow needn't fear wather—the say'll niver drown him. Now, look here, Geordie, boy, follow my advice to the letther. First trid upon his toes, an' see how he takes it. Ov coorse, he'll ask you to apologise—he must—you won't. If that don't do, then, by Jabus! let him have a kick in the latter end. Shurely that'll do the bizness."

"No, Gallagher," said I, disliking the programme; "it will never do."

"Bad luck to it, an' why not? You're not goin' to back out, are ye? Think man! a villain who would murder you! an' maybe will some day, if you let him escape."

"True—but ——"

"Bah! no buts. Move up, an' let's see what they're talking about anyhow. I'll find ye a chance, or my name's not Gallagher."

Undetermined how to act, I walked after my companion, and joined the group of officers.

Of course, I had no thought of following Gallagher's advice. I was in hopes that some turn in the conversation might give me the opportunity I desired, without proceeding to such rude extremes.

My hopes did not deceive me. Arens Ringgold seemed to tempt his fate, for I had scarcely entered among the crowd, before I found cause sufficient for my purpose.

"Talking of Indian beauties," said he, "no one has been so successful among them as Scott here. He has been playing Don Giovanni ever since he came to the fort."

"Oh," exclaimed one of the newly arrived officers, "that does not surprise us. He has been a lady-killer ever since I knew him. The man who is irresistible among the belles of Saratoga will surely find little difficulty in carrying the heart of an Indian maiden."

"Don't be so confident about that, Captain Roberts. Sometimes these forest damsels are very shy of us pale-faced lovers. Lieutenant Scott's present sweetheart cost him a long siege before he could conquer her. Is it not so, lieutenant?"

"Nonsense," replied the dandy, with a conceited smirk.

"But she yielded at last?" said Roberts, turning interrogatively to Scott.

The dandy made no reply, but his simpering smile was evidently intended to be taken in the affirmative.

"O yes," rejoined Ringgold, "she yielded at last; and is now the 'favorite,' it is said."

"Her name—her name?"

"Powell—Miss Powell."

"What! That name is not Indian?"

"No, gentlemen; the lady is no savage, I assure you; she can play and sing, and read and write too—such pretty *billets-doux*. Is it not so, lieutenant?"

Before the latter could make reply, another spoke:

"Is not that the name of the young chief who has just been arrested?"

"True," answered Ringgold; "it is the fellow's name. I had forgotten to say she is his sister."

"What! the sister of Ogeola?"

"Neither more nor less—half-blood like him too. Among the whites, they are known by the name of Powell, since that was the cognomen of the worthy old gentleman that begat them. Ogeola, which signifies the 'Rising Sun,' is the name by which he is known among the Seminoles; and her native appellation—ah, that is a very pretty name indeed."

"What may it be? Come, let us hear it; let us be the judges for ourselves."

"Maimee."

"Very pretty, indeed."

"Beautiful! If the damsel be only as sweet as her name, then Scott is a fortunate fellow."

"Oh, she is a very wonder of beauty: her eyes liquid and full of fiery love—long lashes; lips luscious as honeycombs; figure tall; bust full and firm; lips like those of the Cyprian goddess; feet like Cinderella's—in short, perfection."

"Wonderful! Why, Scott, you are the luckiest mortal alive. But, say, Ringgold! are you speaking in seriousness? Has he really conquered this Indian divinity? Honor bright—*has he succeeded?* You understand what I mean?"

"*Most certainly,*" was the prompt reply.

Up to this moment I had not interfered. The first words of the conversation had bound me like a spell, and I stood as if glued to the ground. My brain was giddy, and my heart felt as if the blood passing through it was molten lead. The bold enunciations had so staggered me, that it was some time before I could draw my breath; and more than one of the bystanders noticed the effect which the dialogue was producing upon me.

After a little, I grew calmer, or rather more resolute. The very despair that had passed into my bosom had the effect of steeling my nerves; and just as Ringgold uttered the flippant affirmative, I was ready for him.

"Liur!" I exclaimed; and before the red could mount into his cheek, I gave it a slap with the back of my hand, that no doubt helped to heighten the color.

"Nately done!" cried Gallagher; "there can be no mistake about the maynin of that."

Nor was there. My antagonist accepted the act for what it was meant—a deadly insult. In such company, he could not do otherwise; and, muttering some indistinct threats, he walked away from the ground, attended by his especial friend, the lady-killer, and two or three others.

The incident, instead of gathering a crowd, had the contrary effect; it scattered the little group who had witnessed it; the officers retiring indoors to discuss the motives, and speculate as to when and where "the affair would come off."

Gallagher and I also left the ground; and, closeted in my quarters, commenced preparing for the event.

CHAPTER XLII. — THE CHALLENGE.

At the time of which I write, duelling was not uncommon in the United States army. In *war-time* it is not uncommon yet, as I can testify from late experience. It is contrary to the regulations of the American service—as I believe it is of every other in the civilized world. Notwithstanding, an infringement of the *code militaire* in this regard is usually looked upon with leniency—more often winked at than punished. This much I can affirm—that any officer in the American army who has received the “lie direct,” will find more honor in the breach of this military rule than in its observance.

After all that has been said and written about duelling, the outcry against it is a sad sham, at least in the United States of America—nothing less than a piece of superb hypocrisy. Universal as has been this condemnation, I should not like to take shelter under it. I well know it would not protect me from being called by that ugly appellation, “poltroon.” I have noticed over and over again, that the newspapers loudest in their declamations against duelling, are the first to fling “coward” in the teeth of him who refuses to fight.

It is even so. In America, moral courage, though much bepraised, does not find ready credence. A refusal to meet the man who may challenge you is not thus explained. It is called “backing out,” “showing the white feather;” and he who does this, need look no more upon his lady-love: she would “flog him with her garters.”

More than once have I heard this threat, spoken by pretty lips, and in the centre of a brilliant circle. His moral courage must be great who would provoke such chastisement.

With such a sentiment over the land, then, I had nailed Arens Ringgold for a meeting; and I joyed to think that I had done so without compromising my secret.

But ah! it was a painful provocation he had given me; and if he had been the greatest coward in the world, he could not have been more wretched than I, as I returned to my quarters.

My jovial companion could no longer cheer me, though it was not fear for the coming fight that clouded my spirits. Far from it—far otherwise. I scarcely thought of that. My thoughts were of Mattie—of what I had just heard. She was false—false—betraying, herself betrayed—lost—lost for ever!

In truth was I wretched. One thing alone could have rendered me more so—an obstacle to the anticipated meeting—anything to hinder my revenge. On the duel now rested my hopes. It might enable me to disembarass my heart of the hot blood that was burning it. Not all—unless he too stood before me—he the seducer, who had made this misery. Would I could find pretext for challenging him. I should do so yet. Why had I not? Why did I not strike him for that smile? I could have fought them both at the same time, one after the other.

Thus I raved, with Gallagher by my side. My friend knew not all my secret. He asked what I had got against the “aid-de-cong.”

“Say the word, Geordie, boy, an’ we’ll make a four-handed game ov it. Be Saint Pathrick! I’d like mightily to take the shine out ov that purty paycock!”

"No, Gallagher, no. It is not your affair; you could not give me satisfaction for that. Let us wait till we know more. I cannot believe it."

"Believe what?"

"Not now, my friend. When it is over, I shall explain."

"All right, my boy! Charley Gallagher's not the man to disturb your saycrets. Now, let's look to the bull-dogs, an' make shure they are in barking condition. I hope the scamps won't blab at headquarters, an' disappoint us after all."

It was my only fear. I knew that arrest was possible—probable—certain, if my adversary wished it. Arrest would put an end to the affair; and I should be left in a worse position than ever. Ringgold's father was gone—I had ascertained this favorable circumstance; but no matter. The commander-in-chief was the friend of the family—a word in his ear would be sufficient. I feared that the aid-de-camp Scott, instructed by Arens, might whisper that word.

"After all, he daren't," said Gallagher; "you driv the nail home, an' clinched it. He daren't do the dhirty thing—not a bit ov it; it might get wind, an' thin he'd have the kettle to his tail; besides, *ma bohill*, he wants to kill you anyhow; so he ought to be glad of the fine handy chance you've given him. He's not a bad shot, they say. Never fear, Geordie, boy! he won't back out this time; he must fight—he will fight. Ha! I told you so. See, yonder comes Apollo Belvidare! Holy Moses! how Phæbus shines!"

A knock—"Come in"—the door was opened, and the aid-de-camp appeared in full uniform.

"To arrest me," thought I, and my heart fell.

But no; the freshly written note spoke a different purpose, and I was relieved. It was the challenge.

"Lieutenant Randolph, I believe?" said the gentleman, advancing towards me.

I pointed to Gallagher, but made no reply.

"I am to understand that Captain Gallagher is your friend?"

I nodded assent.

The two faced each other, and the next instant were *en rapport*; talking the matter over cool as cucumbers and sweet as sugar-plums.

From observation, I hazard this remark—that the politeness exhibited between the seconds in a duel cannot be surpassed by that of the most accomplished courtiers in the world.

The time occupied in the business was brief. Gallagher well knew the routine, and I saw that the other was not unacquainted with it. In five minutes, everything was arranged—time, place, weapons, and distance.

I nodded; Gallagher made a sweeping salaam; the aid-de-camp bowed stiffly and withdrew.

I shall not trouble you with my reflections previous to the duel, nor yet with many details of the affair itself. Accounts of these encounters are common enough in books, and their sameness will serve as my excuse for not describing one.

Ours differed only from the ordinary kind in the weapons used. We fought with rifles, instead of swords or pistols. It was my

choice—as the challenged party. I chose this weapon because it was the *deadliest*.

The time arranged was an hour before sunset. I had urged this early meeting in fear of interruption; the place, a spot of level ground near the edge of the little pond where I had met Haj-Ewa; the distance, ten paces.

We met—took our places, back to back—waited for the ominous signal, “One, two, three”—received it—faced rapidly round—and fired at each other.

I heard the “hist” of the leaden pellet as it passed my ear, but felt no stroke.

The smoke puffed upward. I saw my antagonist upon the ground—he was not dead; he was writhing and groaning.

The seconds, and several spectators who were present, ran up to him, but I kept my ground.

“Well, Gallagher?” I asked, as my friend came back to me.

“Winged, by japers! You’ve spoilt the use of his dexter arm—bone broken above the elbow-joint.”

“That all?”

“Arrah, sowl! aren’t it enough? Hear how the hound whimpers!”

I felt as the tiger is said to feel after tasting blood, though I cannot account for my ferocity. The man had sought my life—I thirsted for his. This combined with the other thought had well nigh driven me mad.

I was not satisfied, and would make no apology; but my antagonist had had enough; he was eager to be taken from the ground on any terms, and thus the affair ended.

It was my first duel, but not my last.

CHAPTER XLIII. — THE ASSIGNATION.

Our opponents passed silently away—the spectators along with them—leaving my second and myself upon the ground.

It was my intention to stay by the pond. I remembered the invitation of Haj-Ewa. By remaining, I should avoid the double journey. Better to await her coming.

A glance to the western horizon showed us that the sun had already sunk below the tree-tops. The twilight would be short. The young moon was already in the heavens. It might be only a few minutes before Haj-Ewa would come. I resolved to stay.

I desired not that Gallagher should be with me; and I expressed the wish to be left alone.

My companion was a little surprised and puzzled at the request; but he was too well bred not to yield instant compliance.

“Why, Geordie, boy!” said he, about to retire, “shurely there’s something the matter wid ye? It isn’t this thrifling spurt we’ve been engaged in? Didn’t it indintirely to your satisfaction? Arrah, man! are ye sorry you didn’t kill him dead? Be my trath, you look as milancholic an’ downhearted as if he had killed *you*!”

“Dear friend, leave me alone. On my return to quarters, you shall

know the cause of my melancholy, and why I now desire to part from your pleasant company."

"Oh, that part I can guess," rejoined he with a significant laugh; "always a petticoat where there's shots exchanged. Niver mind, my boy—no saycrets for Charley Gallagher; I'm bad at keepin' them. Ov coorse, you're going to meet betther company than mine; but laste you might fall in with worse—an' by my sowl! from what ye've towld me, that same isn't beyond the bownds ov probability—take this little cheeper. I'm a great dog-breaker, you know." Here the speaker handed me a silver-call which he had plucked from his button. "If anything inconvenient or disagreeable should turn up, put that between your lips, an' Charley Gallagher will be at your side in the mintion of Jack Robinson's name. Cupid spade ye with your lady-love! I'll go an' kill time over a tumbler ov nagus till ye come."

So saying, my warm-hearted friend left me to myself.

I ceased to think of him ere he was gone out of sight—even the bloody strife in which I had been so recently engaged glided out of my mind. Matmee—her falsehood and her fall—alone occupied my thoughts.

For a long while, I made no doubt of what I had heard. How could I, with proofs so circumstantial?—the testimony of those cognizant of the scandal—of the chief actor in it, whose silent smile spoke stronger than words. That smile of insolent triumph—why had I permitted it to pass without challenge, without rebuke? It was not too late—I should call upon him to speak plainly and point-blank—yes or no. If yes, then for a second duel more deadly than the first.

Notwithstanding these resolves to make my rival declare himself, I doubted not the damning truth; I endeavored to resign myself to its torture.

For a long while was my soul upon the rack—more than an hour. Then, as my blood grew more cool, reflections of a calmer nature entered my mind; and at intervals I experienced the soothing influence of hope; this especially, when I recalled the words of Haj-Ewa, spoken on the preceding night. Surely the maniac had not been mocking me? Surely it was not a dream of her delirious brain? a distorted *mirage* of memory—the memory of some far-away, long-forgotten scene, by her only remembered? No, no; her story was not distorted—her thoughts were not delirious—her words were not mockeries!

How sweet it was to think so!

Yes—I began to experience intervals of placid thought; more than placid—pleasant.

Alas! they were evanescent. The memory of those bold meretricious phrases, those smiling innuendoes, dissipated or darkened them, as cumuli darken the sun. "He *had* succeeded;" "She was now his favorite;" "Most certainly"—were words worse than death. Withal it was a foul testimony on which to build a faith.

I longed for light, that true light—the evidence of the senses—that leaves nought uncertain. I should seek it with rash directness, reckless of the result, till it illumined her whole history, proving the past a disgrace, the future a chaos of utter despair. I longed for the coming of Haj-Ewa.

I knew not what the maniac wanted—something, I supposed, concerning the captive. Since noon, I had little thought of him. The mad queen went everywhere, knew every one; she must know all, understand all—ay, well understand; she, too, had been betrayed.

I repaired to our place of meeting on the preceding night; there I might expect her. I crossed the little ridge among the stems of the palmettos; it was the direct route to the shadowy side of the tank. I descended the slope, and stood as before under the spreading arms of the live-oak.

Haj-Ewa was before me. A single moonbeam, slanting athwart the leaves, shone upon her majestic figure. Under its light, the two serpents glittered with a metallic lustre, as though her neck and her waist were encircled with precious gems.

"*Hinklas!* pretty mico! you are come. Gallant mico! where was thine eye and thine arm that thou didst not kill the *Iste-huhwa?*"

Ah! the hunter of the deer—
He was stricken so with fear
When he stood before the wolf,
The gaunt wicked wolf,
When he saw the snarling wolf,
He trembled so with fear
That unharmed the fierce wolf ran away.

Ha, ha, ha! was it not so, brave mico?"

"It was not fear that hindered me, Ewa. Besides, the wolf did not go unscathed."

"Ho! the wolf has a wounded leg—he will lick himself well again; he will soon be strong as ever. *Huhwak!* you should have killed him, fair mico, ere he bring the pack upon you."

"I could not help my ill-luck. I am unfortunate everyway."

"*Cooree, cooree*—no. You should be happy, young mico; you *shall* be happy, friend of the red Seminolee. Wait till you see —"

"See what?"

"Patience, *chepawnee!* To-night, under this very tree, you will see what is fair—you will hear what is sweet—and perhaps Haj-Ewa will be revenged."

This last phrase was spoken with an earnest emphasis, and in a tone that showed a strong feeling of resentment against some one unknown. I could not comprehend the nature of the expected revenge.

"His son—yes," continued the maniac, now in soliloquy, "it must be—it must; his eyes, his hair, his form, his gait, his *name*; his son and *hers*. O Haj-Ewa will have revenge."

Was I myself the object of this menace? Such a thought entered my mind.

"Good Ewa! of whom are you speaking?"

Roused by my voice, she looked upon me with a bewildered stare, and then broke out into her habitual chant:

O why did I trust in a pale-faced lover?
Ho, ho, ho!

Suddenly stopping, she seemed once more to remember herself, and essayed a reply to my question.

"Whom, young mico—of him the fair one, the wicked one—the *Wykome huhua*!" See! he comes, he comes! Behold him in the water. Ho, ho! it is he. Up, young mico! up into thy leafy bower—stay till Ewa comes! Hear what you may hear—see what you may see; but, for your life, stir not till I give you the signal. Up, up, up!"

Just as on the preceding night, half lifting me into the live-oak, the maniac glided away amidst the shadows.

I lost no time in getting into my former position, where I sat silent and expecting.

The shadow had grown shorter, but there was still enough to show me that it was the form of a man. In another moment it vanished.

Scarcely an instant had elapsed, ere a second was flung upon the water, advancing over the ridge, and as if following the track of the former one, though the two persons did not appear to be in company.

That which followed I could trace in full outline. It was the figure of a woman, one whose upright bearing and free port proved her to be young.

Even the shadow exhibited a certain symmetry of form, and gracefulness of motion, incompatible with age. Was it still Haj-Ewa? Had she gone round through the thicket, and was now following the footsteps of the man?

For a moment I fancied so; but I soon perceived that my fancy was astray.

The man advanced under the tree. The same moonbeam, that but the moment before had shone upon Haj-Ewa, now fell upon him, and I saw him with sufficient distinctness: he was the aid-de-camp.

He stopped, took out his watch, held it up to the light, and appeared to be inquiring the hour.

But I heeded him no further. Another face appeared under that silvery ray—false and shining as itself: it was the face that to me seemed the loveliest in the world—the face of Matmee.

CHAPTER XLIV. — AN ECLAIRCISSEMENT.

THESE were the shadows upon the water promised by Haj-Ewa—black shadows upon my heart.

Mad queen of the Micosauca! what have I done to deserve this torture? Thou too my enemy! Had I been thy deadliest foe, thou couldst scarcely have contrived a keener sting for thy vengeance.

Face to face stood Matmee and her lover—seduced and seducer. I had no doubt as to the identity of either. The moonbeam fell upon both—no longer with soft silvery light, but gleaming rude and red, like the chandeliers of a bagnio. It may have been but a seeming—the reflection of an inflamed imagination that influenced me from within; but my belief in her innocence was gone—hopelessly gone; the very air seemed tainted with her guilt—the world appeared a chaos of debauchery and ruin.

I had no other thought than that I was present at a scene of assassination. How could I think otherwise? No signs of surprise were

¹⁰ The evil spirit.

exhibited by either, as they came together. They met as those who have promised to come—who have often met before.

Evidently each expected the other. Though other emotions declared themselves, there was not the slightest sign of novelty in the encounter.

For me, it was a terrible crisis. The anguish of a whole life compressed into the space of a single moment could not have been more unendurable. The blood seemed to scald my heart as it gushed through. So acute was the pang, I could scarcely restrain myself from crying aloud.

An effort—a stern determined effort—and the throe was over. Firmly bracing my nerves—firmly grasping the branches—I clung to my seat, resolved to know more.

That was a fortunate resolution. Had I at that moment given way to the wild impulse of passion, and sought a reckless revenge, I in all likelihood should have carved out for myself a long lifetime of sorrow. Patience proved my guardian angel, and the end was otherwise.

Not a word—not a motion—not a breath. What will they say?—what do?

My situation was like his of the suspended sword. On second thoughts, the simile is both trite and untrue; the sword had already fallen—it could wound me no more. I was as one paralyzed both in body and soul—impervious to further pain.

Not a word yet—not a motion—not a breath. What will they say?—what do?

The light is full upon Matmee; I can see her from head to foot. How large she has grown?—a woman in all her outlines, perfect, entire. And her loveliness has kept pace with her growth. Larger, she is lovelier than ever. Demon of jealousy! art thou not content with what thou hast already done? Have I not suffered enough? Why hast thou presented her in such witching guise? O that she were scarred, hideous, hag-like—as she will yet become! Even thus to see her, would be some satisfaction—an anodyne to my chafed spirit.

But it is not so. Her face is sweetly beautiful—never so beautiful before. Soft and innocent as ever—not a line of guilt can be traced on those placid features—not a gleam of evil in that round, rolling eye! The angels of heaven are beautiful, but they are good. Oh, who could believe in crime concealed under such loveliness as hers?

I expected a more meretricious mien. There was a scintillation of cheer in the disappointment.

Do not suppose that these reflections occupied time. In a few seconds they passed through my mind, for thought is quicker than the magnetic shock. They passed while I was waiting to hear the first words that, to my surprise, were for some moments unspoken. To my surprise: I could not have met her in such fashion. My heart would have been upon my tongue, and my lips—

I see it now. The hot burst of passion is past—the spring-tide of love has subsided—such an interview is no longer a novelty—perhaps he grows tired of her, foul libertine that he is! See! they meet with some shyness. Coldness has arisen between them—a love quarrel—

fool is he as villain—fool not to rush into those arms, and at once reconcile it. Would that his opportunities were mine!—not all the world could restrain me from seeking that sweet embrace.

Bitter as were my thoughts, they were less bitter on observing the attitude of the lovers. I fancied it was half-hostile.

Not a word—not a motion—not a breath. What will they say?—what do?

My suspense came to an end. The aid-de-camp at length found his tongue.

“Lovely Matmee! you have kept your promise.”

“But you, sir, have not yours! No—I read it in your looks. You have yet done nothing for us!”

“Be assured, Matmee, I have not had an opportunity. The general has been so busy, I have had no chance to press the matter upon him. But do not be impatient. I shall be certain to persuade him; and your property shall be restored to you in due time. Tell your mother not to feel uneasy; for *your* sake, beautiful Matmee, I shall spare no exertion. Believe me, I am as anxious as yourself; but you must know the stern disposition of my uncle; and, moreover, that he is on the most friendly terms with the Ringgold family. In this will lie the main difficulty, but I fear not that I shall be able to surmount it.”

“O, sir, your words are fine, but they have little worth with us now. We have waited long upon your promise to befriend us. We only wished for an investigation, and you might easily have obtained it before this. We no longer care for our lands, for greater wrongs make us forget the less. I should not have been here to-night, had we not been in sad grief at the misfortune—I should rather say outrage—that has fallen upon my poor brother. You have professed friendship to our family. I come to seek it now, for now may you give proof of it. Obtain my brother’s freedom, and we shall then believe in the fair words you have so often spoken. Do not say it is impossible; it cannot even be difficult for you who hold so much authority among the white chiefs. My brother may have been rude; but he has committed no crime that should entail severe punishment. A word to the great war-chief, and he would be set free. Go, then, and speak that word.”

“Lovely Matmee! you do not know the nature of the errand upon which you would send me. Your brother is a prisoner by order of the agent, and by the act of the commander-in-chief. It is not with us as among your people. I am only a subordinate in rank, and were I to offer the counsel you propose, I should be rebuked—perhaps punished.”

“Oh, you fear rebuke for doing an act of justice—to say nought of your much-offered friendship? Good, sir! I have no more to say, except this—we believe you no longer. You need come to our humble cabin no more.”

She was turning away with a scornful smile. How beautiful seemed that scorn!

“Stay, Matmee!—fair Matmee, do not part from me thus; doubt not that I will do all in my power——”

“Do what I have asked you. Set my brother free.”

"And if I should ——"

"Well, sir."

"Know, Maōmee, that for me to do so would be to risk everything. I might be degraded from my rank—reduced to the condition of a common soldier—disgraced in the eyes of my country—ay, punished, perhaps, by imprisonment worse than that which your brother is likely to endure. All this would I risk by the act."

The girl paused in her step, but made no reply.

"And yet all these chances will I undergo—ay, the danger of death itself—if you, fair Maōmee"—here the speaker became passionate and insinuating—"if you will only consent."

"Consent—to what, sir?"

"Lovely Maōmee, need I tell you? Surely you understand my meaning? You cannot be blind to the love, to the passion, to the deep devotion with which your beauty has inspired me——"

"Consent to what, sir?" demanded she, repeating her former words, and in a tone that seemed to promise compliance.

"Only to love me, fair Maōmee—to become my mistress."

For some moments there was no reply. The grand woman seemed immobile as a statue. She did not even start on hearing the foul proposal, but, on the contrary, stood as if turned to stone.

Her silence had an encouraging effect upon the ardent lover; he appeared to take it for assent. He could not have looked into her eye, or he would there have read an expression that would have hindered him from pressing his suit further.

"Only promise it, fair Maōmee; your brother shall be free before the morning, and you shall have everything——"

"Villain, villain, villain! Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

In all my life I never heard aught so delightful as that laugh. It was the sweetest sound that ever fell upon my ears. Not all the wedding-bells that ever rang—not all the lutes that ever played—not all the harps and hautboys—the clarions and trumpets—in the world could have produced such melodious music for me.

The moon seemed to pour silver from the sky—the stars had grown bigger and brighter—the breeze became filled with delicious odors, as if a perfumed censer had been spilled from heaven, and the whole scene appeared suddenly transformed into an Elysium.

CHAPTER XLV. — TWO DUELS IN ONE DAY.

THE crisis might have been my cue to come down; but I was overpowered with a sense of delightful happiness, and could not stir from my seat. The arrow had been drawn out of my breast, leaving not a tint of its poison—the blood coursed pleasantly through my veins—my pulse throbbed firm and free—my soul was triumphant. I could have cried out for very joy.

With an effort, I held my peace, and waited for the *dénouement*—for I saw that the scene was not yet at an end.

"Mistress, indeed!" exclaimed the bold beauty in scornful accent. "And this is the motive of your proffered friendship. Vile wretch! for what do you mistake me? a camp-wench, or a facile squaw of the

Yemassee? Know, sir, that I am your equal in blood and race; and though your pale-faced friends have robbed me of my inheritance, there is that which neither they nor you can take from me—the honor of my name. Mistress, indeed! Silly fellow! No—not even your wife. Sooner than sell my life to such base love as yours, I would wander naked through the wild woods, and live upon the acorns of the oak. Rather than redeem him at such a price, my brave brother would spend a lifetime in your chains. Oh, that he were here! Oh, that he were witness of this foul insult! Wretch! he would smite thee like a reed to the earth.”

The eye, the attitude, the foot firmly planted, the fearless determined bearing—all reminded me of Oceola while delivering himself before the council. Mamdee was undoubtedly his sister.

The *soi-disant* lover quailed before the withering reproach, and for some time stood shrinking and abashed.

He had more than one cause for abasement. He might feel regret at having made a proposal so ill received; but far more at the disappointment of his hopes and the utter discomfiture of his designs.

Perhaps, the moment before, he would have smothered his chagrin, and permitted the girl to depart without molestation; but the scornful apostrophe had roused him to a sort of frenzied recklessness; and probably it was only at that moment that he formed the resolve to carry his rudeness still further, and effect his purpose by force.

I could not think that he had held such design anterior to his coming on the ground. Professed libertine though he was, he was not the man for such perilous emprise. He was but a speck of vain conceit, and lacked the reckless daring of the ravisher. It was only when stung by the reproaches of the Indian maiden, that he resolved upon proceeding to extremes.

She had turned her back upon him, and was moving away.

“Not so fast!” cried he, rushing after, and grasping her by the wrist; “not so fast, my brown-skinned charmer! Do not think you can cast me off so lightly. I have followed you for months, and, by the god Phœbus, I shall make you pay for the false smiles you have treated me to. You need n’t struggle; we are alone here; and ere we part, I shall——”

I heard no more of this hurried speech—I had risen from my perch, and was hurrying down to the rescue; but before I could reach the spot, another was before me.

Haj-Ewa—her eyes glaring fiercely—with a wild maniac laugh on her lips—was rushing forward. She held the body of the rattlesnake in her extended hands, its head projected in front, while its long neck was oscillating from side to side, showing that the reptile was angry, and eager to make an attack.

In another instant, the maniac was face to face with the would-be ravisher—who, startled by her approach, had released his hold of the girl, and falling back a pace, stood gazing with amazement at this singular intruder.

“Ho, ho!” screamed the maniac, as she glided up to the spot. “His son, his son! Ho! I am sure of it, just like his false father—just as he on the day he wronged the trusting Ewa. *Huwak!* It is the hour—the very hour—the moon in the same quarter, horned

and wicked, smiling upon the gulf. *Ho, ho!* the hour of the deed—the hour of vengeance! The father's crime shall be atoned by the son. Great Spirit! give me revenge! *Chitta mico!* give me my revenge!"

As she uttered these apostrophic appeals, she sprang forward, holding the snake far outstretched, as if to give it the opportunity of striking the now terrified man.

The latter mechanically drew his sword, and then, as if inspired by the necessity of defending himself, cried out:

"Hellish sorceress! if you come a step nearer, I shall run you through the body. Back, now! Keep off, or, by —, I will not hesitate to do it."

The resolution expressed by his tone proved that the speaker was in earnest; but the appeal was unheeded. The maniac continued to advance despite the shining blade that menaced her, and within the reach of whose point she had already arrived.

I was now close to the spot; I had drawn my own blade, and was hurrying forward to ward off the fatal blow which I expected every moment would be struck. It was my design to save Haj-Ewa, who seemed recklessly rushing to her destruction.

In all probability I should have been too late had the thrust been given, but it was not.

Whether from terror at the wild unearthly aspect of his assailants, or, what is more likely, fearing that she was about to fling the snake upon him, the man appeared struck with a sudden panic, and retreated backward.

A step or two brought him to the edge of the water. There were loose stones strewed thickly along the shore; among these his feet became entangled, and, balancing backward, he fell with a plash upon the pond.

The water deepened abruptly, and he sank out of sight. Perhaps the sudden immersion was the means of saving his life; but the moment after, he rose above the surface, and clambered hastily up on the bank.

He was now furious, and with his drawn sword, which he had managed to retain hold of, he rushed toward the spot where Haj-Ewa still stood. His angry oaths told his determination to slay her.

It was not the soft yielding body of a woman, nor yet of a reptile, that his blade was to encounter. It struck against steel, hard and shining as his own.

I had thrown myself between him and his victims, and had succeeded in restraining Haj-Ewa from carrying out her vengeful design. As the assailant approached, his rage, but more, the water half-blinding him, hindered him from seeing me; and it was not till our blades had rasped together, that he seemed cognisant of my presence.

A momentary pause ensued, accompanied by silence.

"You, Lieutenant Randolph!" at length he exclaimed in a tone of surprise.

"Ay, Lieutenant Scott, Randolph it is. Pardon my intrusion, but your pretty love-scene changing so suddenly to a quarrel, I deemed it my duty to interfere."

"You have been listening? you have heard? and pray, sir, what

business have you either to play the spy on my actions, or interfere in my affairs?"

"Business—right—duty—the duty which all men have to protect weak innocence from such a Blue Beard as you appear.

"By —, you shall rue this."

"Now? or when?"

"Whenever you please."

"No time like the present. Come on!"

Not another word was spoken by either of us; but the instant after, our blades clinked in the fierce game of thrust and parry.

The affair terminated very shortly. At the third or fourth lunge, I ran my antagonist through the right shoulder, disabling his arm. His sword fell jingling among the pebbles.

"You have wounded me!" cried he; "I am disarmed," he added, pointing to the fallen blade. "Enough, sir; I am satisfied."

"But not I—not till you have knelt upon these stones, and asked pardon from her whom you have so grossly insulted."

"Never!" cried he; "never!" and as he uttered these words, giving, as I presumed, a proof of determined courage, he turned suddenly; and to my utter astonishment, commenced running away from the ground.

I ran after, and soon overtook him. I could have thrust him in the back, had I been sanguinarily inclined; but instead, I contented myself with giving him a foot-salute in what Gallagher would have denominated his "postayriors," and with no other adieu, left him to continue his shameful flight.

CHAPTER XLVI. — A SILENT DECLARATION.

"Now for the love, the sweet young love,
Under the *tala* tree," &c.

It was the voice of Haj-Ewa, chanting one of her favorite melodies. Far sweeter the tones of another voice pronouncing my own name:

"George Randolph!"

"Matmee!"

"Ho, ho! you both remember? still remember? *Hinklas!* The island—that fair island—fair to you, but dark in the memory of Haj-Ewa. *Huhwak!* I'll think of it no more—no, no, no!"

Now for the love, the sweet young love
Under the *tala* tree.

Who would not be like yonder dove—
The wild little dove—
The soft little dove—

Sitting close by his mate in the shade of the grove—
Co-cooling to his mate in the shade of the grove,
With none to hear or see?

It was once mine—it is now yours; yours, *mico!* yours, *haintclitz!* Pretty creatures! enjoy it alone; you wish not the mad queen for a companion? Ha, ha! *Cooree, cooree.* I go; fear not the rustling wind, fear not the whispering trees; none can approach while Haj-Ewa watches. She will be your guardian. *Chitta mico*, too. Ho, *chitta mico!*

Now for the love, the sweet young love;"

and again renewing her chant, the strange woman glided from the spot, leaving me alone with Matmee.

The moment was not without embarrassment to me—perhaps to both of us. No profession had ever passed between us, no assurance, not a word of love. Although I loved Matmee with all my heart's strength, although I now felt certain that she loved me, there had been no mutual declaration of our passion. The situation was a peculiar one, and the tongue felt restraint.

But words would have been superfluous in that hour. There was an electricity passing between us—our souls were *en rapport*, our hearts in happy communion, and each understood the thoughts of the other. Not all the words in the world could have given me surer satisfaction that the heart of Matmee was mine.

It was scarcely possible that she could misconceive. With merely slight variation, my thoughts were hers. In all likelihood, Haj-Ewa had carried to her ears my earnest declaration. Her look was joyful—assured. She did not doubt me.

I extended my arms, opening them widely. Nature prompted me, or perhaps passion—all the same. The silent signal was instantly understood, and the moment after, the head of my beloved was nestling upon my bosom.

Not a word was spoken. A low fond cry alone escaped her lips as she fell upon my breast, and twined her arms in rapturous compression around me.

For some moments we exchanged not speech; our hearts alone held converse.

Soon the embarrassment vanished, as a light cloud before the summer sun: not a trace of shyness remained; and we conversed in the confidence of mutual love.

I am spared the writing our love-speeches. You have yourself heard or uttered them. If too common-place to be reported, so also are they too sacred. I forbear to detail them.

We had other thoughts to occupy us. After a while, the transport of our mutual joys, though still sweet, assumed a more sober tinge; and, half-forgetting the present, we talked of the past and the future of our career.

I questioned Matmee much. Without guile, she gave me the history of that long interval of absence. She confessed, or rather declared—for there was no coquettish hesitation in her manner—that she had loved me from the first—even from that hour when I first saw and loved her: through the long silent years, by night as by day, had the one thought held possession of her bosom. In her simplicity, she wondered I had not known of it.

I reminded her that her love had never been declared. It was true, she said; but she had never dreamt of concealing it. She thought I might have perceived it. Her instincts were keener: she had been *conscious of mine*.

So declared she, with a freedom that put me off my guard. If not stronger, her passion was nobler than my own.

She had never doubted me during the years of separation. Only of late; but the cause of this doubt was explained: the pseudo-lover had poured poison into her ears.

Alas! my story was not so guileless. Only part of the truth could I reveal; and my conscience smote me as I passed over many an episode that would have given pain.

But the past was past, and could not be re-enacted. A more righteous future was opening before me; and silently in my heart did I register vows of atonement. Never more should I have cause to reproach myself—never would my love—never could it—wander away from the beautiful being I held in my embrace.

Proudly my bosom swelled as I listened to the ingenuous confession of her love, but sadly when other themes became the subject of our converse. The story of family trials, of wrongs endured, of insults put upon them—and more especially by their white neighbors, the Ringgolds—caused my blood to boil afresh.

The tale corresponded generally with what I had already learned; but there were other circumstances unknown to public rumor. He too—the wretched hypocrite—had *made love to her*. He had of late desisted from his importunities, through fear of her brother, and dared no longer to come near.

The other, Scott, had made his approaches under the guise of a devoted friendship. He had learned, what was known to many, the position of affairs with regard to the Indian widow's plantation. From his relationship in high quarters, he possessed influence, and had promised to exert it in obtaining restitution. It was a mere pretence—a promise made without any intention of being kept; but, backed by fair words, it had deceived the generous trusting heart of Ogeola. Hence the admission of this heartless cur into the confidence of a family intimacy.

For months had the correspondence existed, though the opportunities were but occasional. During all this time had the *soi-disant* seducer been pressing his suit—though not very boldly, since he likewise dreaded the frown of that terrible brother—neither successfully; he had *not* succeeded.

Ringgold well knew this when he affirmed the contrary. His declaration had but one design—to sting *me*. For such purpose it could not have been made in better time.

There was one thing I longed to know. Surely Maōmee, with her keen quick perception, from the girlish confidence that had existed between them—surely she could inform me. I longed to know the relations that had existed between my sister and her brother.

Much as I desired the information, I refrained from asking it.

And yet we talked of both—of Virginia especially, for Maōmee remembered my sister with affection, and made many inquiries in relation to her. She had heard that Virginia was more beautiful than ever, and accomplished beyond all others. She wondered if my sister would remember those walks and girlish amusements—those happy hours upon the island.

"Perhaps," thought I, "*too well*."

It was a theme that gave me pain.

The future claimed our attention; the past was now bright as the celestial paradise, but there were clouds in the sky of the unexplored future.

We talked of that nearest and darkest—the imprisonment of her

brother. How long would it last? What could be done to render it as brief as possible?

I promised to do all in my power; and I purposed as I promised. It was my firm resolve to leave no stone unturned to effect the liberation of the captive chief. If right could not prevail, I was determined to try stratagem. Even with the sacrifice of my commission—even though personal disgrace should await me—the risk of life itself—I resolved he should be free.

I needed not to add to my declaration the emphasis of an oath; I was believed without that. A flood of gratitude was beaming from those liquid orbs; and the silent pressure of love-burning lips was sweeter thanks than words could have uttered.

It was time for parting; the moon told the hour of midnight.

On the crest of the hill, like a bronze statue outlined against the pale sky, stood the mad queen. A signal brought her to our side; and after another embrace, one more fervid pressure of sweet lips, Maōmee and I parted.

Her strange but faithful guardian led her away by some secret path, and I was left alone.

I could scarcely take myself away from that consecrated ground; I remained for some minutes longer, giving full play to triumphant and rapturous reflections.

The declining moon again warned me; and, crossing the crest of the hill, I hastened back to the Fort.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WE ARE BROTHERS ALL.

WHAT a cheerful little home this world would prove to us if we could only agree, and, whether residents of cottage or palace, would acknowledge the fraternal relationship we bear to each other. There is no reason why we should quarrel; seeing that concord produces so much real happiness, 'tis surely the best way when we meet, to meet as *Brothers all*. My coat may be coarse, and your's fine; you may drink wine, and I water; but both of us can show a true, unspotted heart, and we are *Brothers all*. You would despise the rough and unfaithful one; having truth on your side, you would stand firm as a rock; so would I—and thus we are *Brothers all*.

You would scorn to do falsely by man or woman; I always hold to the right, and do as well as I know how; and thus in our joys and our affections, and in everything else that is good, we are *Brothers all*.

Your mother loved you as only a mother can love; my mother did for me what none but a mother can do; there is but one of us at last, whether high or low, for we are *Brothers all*.

Old age, frail and trembling, will soon come over us both; death will creep along after him, and summon us both away; then into the same graveyard we shall both be borne. Come, neighbors, your hands here—WE ARE BROTHERS ALL.

N O T H I N G L O S T .

WHEN Lord Palmerston was Home Secretary, under Lord John Russell's premiership, he had to attend to sanitary reform, and to many other subjects far removed from the foreign diplomacy with which his name is more especially connected. While so engaged, he propounded an aphorism which is excellent both for its epigrammatic neatness and for its truth: "Dirt is only matter in the wrong place!" If society would duly act upon this truth, we should save millions a year; if, instead of considering dirt and refuse, sweepings and cuttings, scourings and washings, to be valueless, we could only bring ourselves to believe that they are good things in wrong places, we should be better both in health and in pocket than we are now. Practical chemists have long known this; medical men not unfrequently impress the fact on their patients; patentees of new inventions often show an appreciation of it; and the world is getting wiser thereon every day. A few months after the close of the Great Exhibition of 1851, Dr Lyon Playfair gave a lecture on some of the results of that wonderful display, taking for his principal topic the recent advances in industrial chemistry. The production of perfumes was not the least curious of these examples. The lecturer showed that beautiful perfumes are now produced from the most trivial, and often from the most fetid and repulsive substances. If this were all, it would be a triumph of chemistry, and a benefit to mankind; but, unfortunately, the crooked commercial morality with which we are all too much acquainted, stepped in and encouraged a system of cheating and deception. It is scientific to obtain from decayed or unsightly refuse a perfume similar in odor to that obtained from a beautiful fruit or flower; but it is dishonest to call it by the name of that fruit or flower, and to charge a high price accordingly. "A peculiar fetid oil," said Dr Playfair, "termed fusel oil, is formed in making brandy and whisky; this fusel oil, distilled with sulphuric acid and acetate of potash, gives the 'oil of pears.' The 'oil of apples' is made from the same fusel oil, by distillation with sulphuric acid and bichromate of potash. The 'oil of pine-apples' is obtained from a product of the action of putrid cheese on sugar, or by making a soap with butter, and distilling it with alcohol and sulphuric acid; and is now largely employed in England in making 'pine-apple ale.' 'Oil of grapes' and 'oil of cognac,' used to impart the flavor of French cognac to British brandy, are little else than fusel oil. The artificial 'oil of bitter almonds,' now so largely employed in perfuming soap and for flavoring confectionary, is prepared by the action of nitric acid on the fetid oils of gas-tar. Many a fair forehead is damped with 'Eau de Millefleurs,' without knowing that its essential ingredient is derived from the drainage of cow-houses."

But without dwelling further at present on the roguery involved in all such misnomers and masked substitutions, let us glance at some among the almost innumerable examples of honest utilization of substances which used formerly to be denominated waste, or were at the most regarded as possessing scarcely any appreciable value. Dr. Lyon Playfair adverted to some of these examples: "The clippings of the travelling tinker are mixed with the parings of horses' hoofs from

the smithy, or the cast-off woollen garments of the inhabitants of the sister-isle, and soon afterwards, in the form of dyes of brightest blue, grace the dress of courtly dames. The main ingredient of the ink with which I now write was possibly once part of a broken hoop of an old beer-barrel. The bones of dead animals yield the chief constituent of lucifer-matches. The dregs of port-wine—carefully rejected by the port-wine drinker in decanting his favorite beverage—are taken by him in the morning, in the form of Seidlitz powders, to remove the effects of his debauch. The offal of the streets and the washings of coal-gas reappear carefully preserved in the lady's smelling-bottle, or are used by her to flavor 'blanc mange' for her friends." Very recently, this highly interesting subject has been traced throughout a much wider range by Mr P. L. Simmonds, an experienced authority on all that relates to the materials for manufactures. In a paper read before the Society of Arts, he gave a wonderful variety of instances of the utilization of apparently unimportant substances. A bare enumeration of them would be beyond our limits; but it will be seen that—even leaving out all that concerns the devising of new forms of food for human beings, all that concerns the discovery of new fibrous substances for paper-making, and all the schemes for making town-sewerage available as agricultural manure—the variety is very remarkable.

Beginning with animal substances, and with such parts of them as belong to the skin, hair, and wool, we find that the skin of the dog-fish is used to make an abraising substance analogous to sand-paper. Eel-skin is made in America into ropes and whip-lashes. Codfish skin is used to refine coffee and other liquids, in the manner of isinglass. Porpoise and walrus skins are tanned into shoe-leather. Alligator-skin is tanned in New Orleans into leather much resembling fine calf. Snake-skin is dressed to imitate shagreen. Old boots and shoes are "vamped" up in London, the fractures doctored with "clobber," made of ground cinders and paste, and a little further life of usefulness given to them. In Yorkshire there are "waste-dealers," who buy up all the odds and ends from the woollen factories, and sell it to "shoddy" mill-owners. These mill-owners work up the refuse wool into "shoddy" or "mungo," mix it with a little new wool, and spin and weave it into broadcloth, doeskins, pilot-cloths, druggets, coarse carpeting, baize, and table-covers. Woollen rags, however dirty, are bought up, torn to shreds, cleaned, made into an inferior shoddy, and wrought into the cheapest kinds of pilot-cloths, beaverteens, Peter-shams, mohairs, Talmas, Raglans, paletots, and other superbly named woollen fabrics. It is said that Leeds alone reproduces from rags as much wool annually as would represent the fleeces of four hundred thousand sheep. These rags may be the relics of worn-out clothing, tailors' cuttings, old worsted stockings, carpeting, &c.; and there are large quantities imported from abroad, in aid of our home supply. A small portion, when ground up, makes flock-paper for paper-hangers; and another portion, chiefly carpet-waste, is used to stuff mattresses, and also as an ingredient in the manufacture of Prussian blue. All the delicate materials for ladies' dresses, known by the names of balzarines, Orleans, Coburgs, alpacas, &c., are now imitated by mixtures of wool and cotton, although they may originally have been really wool or worsted. These mixtures, when decayed by long wear to the

state of rags, undergo a metempsychosis; chemicals are employed to destroy the cotton, and the residue is worked up with a little new wool into cloth. It is within the region of fair probability that some of the wool in a lady's balzarine dress this year may form part of her husband's overcoat twelve months hence. Cow-hair is used in making mortar, felt, ropes, carpets, and various substitutes for horsehair. And when the ingenuity of man can find no further manufacturing uses for the above varied animal substances, the farmer is always ready to buy them as manure; two and a half pounds of woollen rags are said to contain as much fertilising power as one hundred pounds of farm-yard manure.

Turning, next, to the skeleton and the inner portion of animals, the value derived from trifles is not less remarkable. Of bones, the best parts are worked up into handles for knives, &c.; into articles of turnery; and into numerous useful productions. Some portions are used to make bone-black or animal charcoal; others are boiled to extract size for dyers and cloth-finishers; and all the rest are ground up into manure for farmers. The almost incredible sum of \$4,000,000 is said to be paid annually in England for bones. Horns and hoofs are used for so many purposes that it would be scarcely possible to enumerate them; many valuable chemical substances are obtained from these sources. Whalebone cuttings and shavings are used for stuffing cushions, &c., for fire-grate ornaments, and for yielding Prussian blue. Dog-fat is used to prepare kid-gloves at Paris, and is also made to yield an oil used as a cheap—perhaps fraudulent—substitute for cod-liver oil. Wool-scourers' waste, in which tallow or fat of some kind is always an ingredient, is now made to give up the wherewithal for stearine candles. The blood of slaughtered animals is used in sugar-refining, in making animal charcoal, in producing the once-famous Turkey-red dye, and in many other ways. The bile or gall of the ox is used as a detergent for wool or cloth, as a medicine, and by painters for cleaning ivory tablets used in miniatures; for fixing chalk and pencil drawings, and for mixing with certain colors. Fishes' scales are used for bracelets and ornaments, and fishes' eyes for undeveloped buds in artificial flower-making. Butchers' and knackers' offal is cooked up in such modes as to be acceptable food for cats and dogs. Bladders and intestines are prepared into cases for sausages and such like articles of food; into water-tight coverings for jars and apothecaries' vessels; into strings for violins and guitars; and into the beautiful membrane named—somewhat equivocally—"gold-beaters' skin." The French buy our old written parchments, and return them to us in the form of delicate kid-gloves. All the odds and ends of skin and parchment of every kind are "grist to the mill" of the glue manufacturer. Calves feet are boiled down to yield neat's-foot oil for leather-dressing; and sheep's feet to yield trotter-oil, not unknown to our makers of hair-oil. Fish garbage, whether at our fishing stations or at markets, is always saleable as manure. Last autumn, one particular shoal of herrings caught off Lowestoft, on the east coast of England, was so enormously beyond the wants of herring-eaters there, that the fishermen sold them to the farmers at less than one dollar a ton! Many a fine field of hops in Kent has been rendered fertile by a manure of sprats and old woollen rags. One more example of the

utilization of animal substances we cannot resist the temptation to mention. There are certain small brown domestic annoyances which tidy housewives cannot endure to hear even named, and which have received the masquerading designation of "B flats." Now, Australia has the misfortune to be very prolific in these B flats; and an enterprising colonist has devised the means of obtaining a useful brown dye from them. Knowing as we do what kind of red dye is obtainable from the cochineal insect, we have no difficulty in believing this statement concerning another small individual. The colonist will be a real "blessing to mothers," and to households in general, if he succeeds in using up this peculiar material.

It would be scarcely possible, even if worth while, to determine whether the animal or the vegetable kingdom furnishes the larger amount of useful refuse; suffice it to say that the vegetable contributions are almost endless in variety. Let us begin with the fibres, the great material for textile clothing. When the cotton-spinners are engaged in working up the hundreds of millions of pounds of cotton which our Liverpool and Glasgow merchants buy yearly, there are five kinds of waste which become scattered about the mill: "strippings," "flyings," "droppings," "blowings," and "sweepings;" all are carefully collected, not only for the sake of health and cleanliness in the work-rooms, but because they have a money value. The "cotton-waste dealers" will give for the strippings and flyings about one-half or two-thirds the value of new cotton; and for the other three kinds, a price about one-eighth or one-tenth of the original value. It is supposed that there is little less than 50,000 tons of this waste produced in Great Britain annually; it is worked up into coarse sheeting and bed-covers, or is sold to the manufacturers of printing-paper, to be mixed with linen rags. In the United States, the cotton waste is worked up into *papier-maché* for tea-trays and other articles. Linen rags, besides their more prominent use in paper-making, are largely made into lint for surgeons during war-time. Coir, the fibrous husk of the cocoa, is employed as a material for matting, sacking, rope, and other articles, especially where a power of resisting the attacks of insects is needed. Sea-weed is employed in France for a great variety of purposes: it is made into paper; it is used as a lining material for ceilings and walls, on account of its incombustible properties and its power of resisting vermin; and it is employed by manufacturing chemists as a substance whence iodine and acetic acid can be obtained.

The minor uses of the numerous other components of the vegetable world are singularly varied. Rapeseed, linseed, and cotton-seed, after the oil has been pressed out of them, present the form of husky cakes, which, both in themselves, and in the portion of oil which they still contain, are valuable as cattle-food, for which they have very fattening qualities. It affords a curious instance of the discreditable adulterating practices of our day, that there are many factories in which the husks and refuse of rice are worked up into a substance called shude, sold in thousands of tons, to adulterate oil-cake, to which it is made to bear a considerable resemblance—wanting, however, in the oleaginous properties of the latter. Grape-husks, when charred, are employed in making the intensely black ink with which bank-notes are printed. The raisin stalks and skins which accumulate on the hands

of British wine-makers form the very best filter for the use of vinegar-manufacturers; and hence arises a certain advantage in carrying on both those processes in one establishment, as is done by a celebrated firm in London. Rice-husks, and the delicate pellicle which encloses the grain, are largely employed as a litter for stables, as a substitute for saw-dust, and as a food for live-stock and poultry. The bran or refuse from the grinding and bolting of corn is useful as a food for cattle, as a material in tanning, as a cleanser in calico-printing and tin-plate making, and as a stuffing for cushions and dolls. Brewers' and distillers' grains are much sought after as fattening food for live-stock. The bread-rasplings from rolls and over-baked loaves are used as a coating for hams, and in some districts by poor persons as a substitute for coffee. In Paris, such of these rasplings as have been carbonised to blackness are pounded, sifted, and sold as tooth-powder. Beet-root fibre, after the root has had the juice pressed from it for sugar-making, is eagerly bought by farmers as a fertiliser; while the skim-mings from the boiling of the sugar are added to the food for cattle. This same sort of fibre will work up well with other substances as a material for paper, and for *papier-maché* tea-trays, &c. The "trash," or fibre of the sugar-cane, after the juice is expelled, is used by the West India planters as fuel; although chemists tell them that it still contains a great deal of valuable sugar, which might be more profitably applied. The molasses which are left as a residue in beet-root sugar-making can be distilled to yield a spirit, and then made to yield a useful amount of potash. Tan-pit refuse, a complex mixture with much vegetable and a little animal substance, is employed in hot-houses and forcing-stoves, and also for making a peculiar kind of charcoal. Maize, in America, besides supplying an important article of food for man, is brought into requisition in a great variety of ways; the grain is made to yield a spirit and an oil; the stalk has sugar and molasses extracted from it; and the husk is employed for packing oranges and cigars, for stuffing mattresses, for making paper, and as a cheap substitute for horse-hair. The cuttings of cork are used as a piston-packing for steam-engines, as a stuffing for beds and pillows, as a buoyant material for safety-boats and garments, and, when mixed with asphalt, as a road-material for suspension-bridges; the elegant new suspension-bridge at Battersea Park, near London, furnishes an example of the last-named kind. Rotten potatoes, damaged grain, and refuse rice, are sources whence excellent starch is obtained. Horse-chestnuts, which used to be valueless, except as an occasional food for sheep, are now ground, mixed with a little carbonate of soda to neutralise the bitter principle, washed to whiteness, and employed in making meal, starch, vermicelli, and macaroni. The brick-tea, made from the spiked leaves and stalks of the tea-plant, is a cheap and portable substitute for regular tea; but the lie-tea, made from the refuse of the tea-plantations, and from the sweepings of the Hong store-houses at Canton, is too often sold as an unfair adulterant. Acorns are roasted and ground for coffee in France. Malt "commings," the refuse of the kiln, is one of the too numerous adulterants of coffee, while as a more honest application, it is a valuable manure. Pea-shells are carried in van-loads from Covent Garden Market to the dairies in the vicinity of London, as a food for milch-cows; in France,

they are made to yield a little spirit by distillation, and are used also in paper-making. Saw-dust and shavings have a multiplicity of useful applications: from mahogany, they are used in smoking fish; from boxwood, in cleaning jewelry; from cedar, in making "otto of cedar-wood;" from sandal-wood, in filling scent-bags; from deal, in packing bottles and ice, in stuffing dolls, cleansing metals, and sprinkling floors. Tobacco-ashes, procured by burning damaged tobacco in the custom-house kiln, or "Queen's Tobacco-pipe," at the London Docks, are sold to tooth-powder makers. In Savoy, walnuts are pressed for walnut-oil; and the residue oil-cake is eaten by children and poor persons. Palm-oil, which is shipped to the extent of 50,000 tons annually from the west coast of Africa, for the manufacture of soap and candles, is made from a pellicle which surrounds the nut or kernel; this kernel used to be thrown away as a useless residue; but another kind of oil is now expressed from it. It has been estimated that there must be 10,000,000 bushels of nuts to yield the 50,000 tons of palm-oil; that the kernels from this enormous quantity ought to yield the more delicate oil—something like cocoa-nut oil—to the value of \$15,000,000 annually; and that there would remain 112,000 tons of oil-cake, worth \$2,500,000 as cattle-food.

Turn we, finally, to the mineral kingdom, which presents its own peculiar list of "waste" or refuse now applied to useful purposes. The screenings and siftings at our coal-pits, once allowed to remain valueless, are now become a marketable commodity, either by themselves, or mixed with other substances to form artificial fuel. At the gas-works, after the gas and the coke have been made from coal, there are many residual substances which, in the early history of the manufacture, were regarded as troublesome encumbrances, but have now nearly all become useful. From the liquid left in some of the pipes are manufactured sulphate of ammonia for manure, sal-ammoniac for soldering and for calico-printing, ammonia for dyers, and as one component in orchil and cudbear. A kind of oil useful as manure is obtained from the shale of the coal. Coal-tar—of which 300,000 tons are among the annual residue of our gas-works—is used in the preparation of printers' ink, lamp-black, asphaltic composition for pavements, disinfectants, artificial fuel, and for yielding a magnificent straw-color dye for silk. There were days when naphtha, now used for artificial illumination; benzole, now used as a lubricator; and paraffine, now used for a variety of purposes, were all thrown away as waste. Ashes and small cinders form a well-known ingredient in bricks; and soot is worth ten cents a bushel as manure, even if chemists make no use of it for the charcoal it contains. Argol, the sediment of wine-casks, when purified into "cream of tartar," is used as a medicine, and also as a mordant by dyers. One thousand tons of broken bottles, instead of being thrown away, are, in London alone, yearly consigned to the glass-furnace, to commence a new career of usefulness. Horseshoe nails, and the scraps of steel from needle-factories, are eagerly bought up by the gunmakers in England, as the best of all materials for the barrels of muskets and rifles. Steel-pen waste is bought back by the Sheffield steel-makers at \$50 per ton; Birmingham brass-filings fetch half the value of new brass; and steel-filings are valuable to chemists and apothecaries. Jewelers' and gold-

beaters' sweepings are rated at a very high value; the sweepings of the benches and floors are always preserved for sale; the clothing and aprons have a sufficient number of particles of gold in and about them to give them a marketable value; the older they are, of course the better. A goldbeater can generally obtain a new waistcoat for an old one; and sometimes a *very* old waistcoat will be bought at a price almost fabulous. In all such cases, everything extraneous is burnt away, leaving precious gold as a residue. Tin-plate cuttings, in hundreds of tons, are awaiting the result of experiments now being made to separate the tin from the iron, and thus render both again serviceable; meanwhile, the scraps are applied to a few useful purposes. The old-iron shops, in London, which are supplied by dustmen, street-grubbers, mud-larks, and other persons, in their turn supply the captains of American ships with battered and broken old kettles, sauce-pans, frying-pans, gridirons, candlesticks, tea-trays, shovels, boilers, corrugated roofing, &c.; these odds and ends serve as a cheap kind of ballast for ships going away with light cargoes.

A N E C D O T E .

At an inn in a town in the west of England several people were sitting round the fire in a large kitchen, through which there was a passage to other parts of the house, and among the company there was a travelling woman and a tailor. In this inn there was a lodge of Free and Accepted Masons held, and, it being lodge night, several of the members passed through the kitchen on their way to the lodge apartments. This introduced observations on the principles of Masonry and the occult signs by which Masons could be known to each other. The woman said there was not so much mystery as people imagined, for that she could show anybody the Mason's sign.

"What," said the tailor, "that of the Free and Accepted?"

"Yes," she replied, "and I will hold you a half-crown bowl of punch, to be confirmed by any of the members you please to nominate."

"Why," said he, "a woman was never admitted; and how is it possible you could procure it?"

"No matter for that," added she; "I will readily forfeit the wager if I do not establish the fact."

The company urged the unfortunate tailor to accept the challenge, which he at last agreed to, and the bet was deposited. The woman got up and took the tailor by the collar, saying, "Come, follow me;" which he did, trembling alive, fearing he was to undergo some part of the discipline in the making of a Mason, of which he had heard a most dreadful report. She led him into the street, and, pointing to the sign of the "Lion and Lamb," asked him whose sign it was.

He answered, "It is Mr Loder's,"—the name of the innkeeper.

"Is he a Freemason?"

"Yes."

"Then," said she, "I have shown you the Freemason's sign."

The laugh was so much against poor snip for being so taken in, he could scarce be prevailed upon to partake of the punch.

W H A T I S A W .

Am I paler than is my wont, my wife ?
Let me lay my head on your breast ;
There is quiet truth in your dark-brown eyes,
In the eyes that I love best.
You can twine your arms about my neck,
And believe me all your own,
While I tell the cause of my whitened cheek
To you my wife, alone.

There is sunshine on the crowded street,
And the day is superbly fair ;
There are beautiful women in jewels and gold,
Wandering grandly there.
There are blooded teams, that spurn the stones,
Tossing their heads to the wind ;
Carriages covered with pomp and glare,
Cushioned and satin-lined.

There was one I marked for the silken shine
Of its proudly stepping bays,
Till she who sat in its cushioned depths
Broke full on my startled gaze.
It was Madaline—she whom I loved so well—
Draw thyself nearer to me—
When I was a boy, and she was a belle,
And I was a stranger to thee.

She would let me hold her smooth white hand
Till I shivered with passionate dread ;
She would press her snowy hands in mine,
While I held her beautiful head.
Yes ! while I held her head to my breast,
Just where your own now lies.
Twine your arms closer about my neck,
And look me full in the eyes.

She said that she loved me better than life,
But ah ! not better than gold—
You have heard the story a thousand times,
It is very, very old.

She cannot wipe from her memory
One single passionate vow ;
She cannot blot one burning word—
Does she think to do so now ?

Does she ever think of the wonderful love
That held her above the skies ?
Does her frozen heart give no response
From its tissue of living lies ?
Yes ! I watched her eyes as they met my own ;
Her cheek was far paler than mine.
I had bountiful time, as she dashed along,
To compare her beauty with thine.

She will never forget that autumn day
When she kissed my cold, clenched hand,
When my trembling passion was crumbled away
In a moment at her command.
I had terrible thoughts that autumn day,
As I stood by the waves of the sea;
But oh! how deeply I thank her now
For the words she spoke to me!

Lay your head close to my throbbing breast.
Madaline married for gold.
Do you feel my heart, how warm it is?
Madaline's heart is cold.
The look I gave her that autumn day
Has frozen its every vein;
Madaline never will know what it is
To love or be loved again.

Now you may know, my own sweet wife,
The reason my cheek grew pale;
I have looked on the terrible gulf I nave passed,
When borne on the blast of the gale.
Madaline—she has jewels and gold,
And silks of a gorgeous hue;
I have myself, a beating heart,
And you, my wife—and you.

H Y M N O F T R U S T .

BY OLIVER WENDEL HOLMES.

O LOVE DIVINE, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain while Thou art near!

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrows crowd each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near!

When drooping pleasures turn to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near!

On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, forever dear,
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living, and dying, Thou art near!

K I N D N E S S.

To do a kindness *kindly*—to confer a favor with such tact and delicacy that the recipient will not be oppressed by a sense of obligation, is an art. Wherefore is it one so little cultivated by the kind spirits of this world?

There are persons who are quick to execute praiseworthy actions, who take pleasure in works of beneficence, yet who always perform them in a hard, cold way, as though impelled by the promptings of compulsive duty alone.

Individuals of another class bestow their good gifts more graciously, but evidently expect an acknowledgment—they have the air of requiring “so much for so much,” and their undisguised demand for a full measure of thanks often annihilates the very existence of gratitude. You see at a glance that they are laying their kind deeds out at usury, and hope for a large income of reward—perhaps in the shape of a wide reputation for goodness—perhaps from the return of some greater benefit than the one conferred—perhaps through the gratification of assuming an air of superiority in the character of benefactor.

The kindness of another order of temperaments is impulsive, whimsical, and spasmodical, the effervescing exuberance of a pleasant state of mind—a transient excitement which quickly exhausts itself. Wearied of well-doing, these uncertain friends soon exclaim, “I’ve done enough!” Enough! as if a poor, feeble mortal, though he use his best energies for the promotion of his neighbor’s welfare, *can* ever arrive at a period, when, through the greatness of his deeds, he may fold his hands and say “I’ve done enough!”

There is an old proverb which warns us that the last person from whom we should expect to receive a favor is the one upon whom we have liberally bestowed favors. And it is not unusual for persons to experience a positive aversion towards those who have done them great services—an aversion they struggle against—they are ashamed of—they despise themselves for entertaining—and yet are ever keenly conscious of feeling. Is not this very often the consequence of the manner in which the services have been rendered?

Nothing so thoroughly destroys the beauty of an act of kindness as the desire for, or even the expectation of, *gratitude*. And yet nothing is more common.

The poet Rogers tells us that “to bless is to be blessed;” and true kindness instinctively communicates to those whom we are permitted to benefit, a consciousness of the happiness we ourselves derive from the power of benefaction placed in our unworthy hands—it makes them sensible of the blessedness which springs from that power’s exercise—reveals to them the indebtedness we cherish towards those who are the recipients of its use.

Kant, in the spirit of veritable charity, declares that the way to love the neighbor is to do good to him first, and that we shall love him after *as the consequence* of having done good to him. When kindness is genuine in the soul, when it strikes deep roots and is nourished by a holy source, there is always an increased sense of affection experienced toward those who have needed and received kindness.

Effectual, widely-extended kindness does not alone consist in the performance of tangible and undeniable services to others. Kind looks and words, and gentle, kindly ways may be of incalculable benefit. Natures grow hard and rough through the absence of a surrounding atmosphere of permanent kindness, and are softened and humanized by the influence of habitual, persistent gentleness and consideration. When the angel of kindness enters a heart where it can take up its abode, it looks through the eyes of the man, and speaks with his voice, and moves with his motions, and guides his hands and his feet, and stretches out his arms to clasp the whole world in Charity's warm embrace—and, this every day of his life and every hour of his day. Good works become the delight of his existence; and the very idea of remuneration—of reward in any imaginable shape, save that of eternal satisfaction—would diminish the happiness he enjoys.

"Ye are not your own!" said St Paul. If God demanded from us at any moment all that He has given, what should we have left? What physical, mental, spiritual attributes would remain? Would not our very existence cease? Can the truth of the apostle's assertion need a stronger demonstration than is found in answer to these queries? If we are not "our own"—the power to serve—the capacity to comfort—the faculty to "be kind," are not "our own," but are among the precious gifts intrusted to us by the Great Giver, as the ten talents were placed in the keeping of the faithful servant. What right have we then to claim the return even of gratitude since we are using that which is not "our own," but our Master's? since we are only the media chosen for dispensing that Master's beneficence? since we must render up an account of the equitable and liberal distribution of all that has been placed in our hands? With the conviction that we are not "our own" ever present, who could ask a return for the kindnesses he is heaven-commissioned to bestow, and which are not "his own," albeit they are distributed through his agency? If a thought of gratitude—a hope of compensation—once spring up in the mind, the kindness with which they are associated is spurious, and its true name is *interest—gain—whim, or self-love*. How many of the acts, upon which we complacently bestow the appellation of "kind," will not suddenly change their shape and title beneath the touch of that Ithuriel-like test?

HOW TO LIVE.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of Death,
Thou go not like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but sustain'd and sooth'd
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

P R O X I M E A C C E S S E R U N T.¹

In the eyes of that gross world of which the poet justly complains, that it only credits what is done, and is cold to all that might have been, a miss is as good as a mile; not to have succeeded is all one with never having well endeavored. With *our* readers, on the contrary—that “Other Public,” of so infinitely superior a character—we feel sure that no such sordid maxim holds; but rather this: “’Tis better to have tried and lost, than never to have tried at all;” that is to say, if the attempt was commendable. Even in the cricket-field, when a man has done his best, surprised, back-handed, over-reached, to catch the unexpected ball, and fails, the charitable spectators are ready to exclaim, “Well tried,” and only the malicious and mean-minded sneer forth “Butter-fingers!” And shall *we* be worse than Amateur Bricklayers, Bat-and-Ball Lunatics, Cricketers?

Proxime accessit—he got very near the prize—was what was once written upon our noble selves at a certain classical seminary, when nothing but Jones *minimus* being a better boy, prevented us from getting the Testimonial for General Good Conduct during a whole preceding half-year. We have the certificate still in our possession, with Doctor Magister Morum’s own signature appended thereto—which, if he had reserved for a certain other document, instead of using another man’s, would have prevented him from leaving his home for a position elsewhere, and done him a great deal more good than it ever did us.

If it is so *very* heroic to be successful, it must be something like that to come within an inch of success. If Miss Isa Craig earned Glory by carrying away the prize—which she richly deserved—at the Crystal Palace Burns Centenary meeting, in London, from six hundred and twenty competitors, Mr Frederic Myers, who was considered so nearly equal to her that the examiners had difficulty in deciding between them, ought to have half a halo or so, also, surely! Consider this young gentleman’s disappointment, not to say disgust, when he discovered how near he had been to the laurel-crown and his revenue; imagine his criticisms upon the more successful lyric; pardon the language he probably indulged in within the privacy of his own apartment; and let us by all means give him a cheer. Let us applaud, too, the numerous pleasant singers—especially entitled to our courtesy, as being many of them females, and all of them with a certain feminine plaintiveness inseparable from the true poet—whose efforts, although unsuccessful, were allowed to be “of remarkable merit;” and, in particular, let us hail those twenty-six who “evinced much power of thought and poetic culture,” and of whom the six best were even recommended by the judges for publication. The collection just issued of the Burns Centenary Poems, consisting, with a few exceptions, of fifty of the best unsuccessful effusions evoked by the genius of the Bard, and without, of course, so much as a thought of getting the prize-money, is really a most interesting and cheering volume. It not only forms a triumphant answer, in its wealth of thought and vigor of expression, to the rubbish about an “iron age,” and an “unpoetical

¹ They were within a head of the Winner.

era," that has been pitchforked upon the country ever since the Thames Tunnel was completed, but it exhibits such a universally high standard of poetic excellence as could hardly have been expected by the most sanguine believer in our intellectual progress. We are not comparing the Tritons of the past generation with those of the present—for the Tritons did not compete in any great shoal for the Crystal Palace prize—but taking Minnow with Minnow, minor poet with minor poet, we do not believe that at any other period of our literature, fifty—no, nor five and twenty such good poems could have been written by as many authors upon any single subject.

It is gratifying to remark, that out of the seven best poems—including the successful one—recommended for publication, no less than four are by professional bards—that is to say, by persons who have already published a verse-volume, namely, Miss Isa Craig, Mr Gerald Massey, Mr Arthur Munby, and Mr Stanyan Bigg; a striking fact we recommend to the notice of those who underrate the art of writing poetry. We do not deny that there are a few rather indifferent performers among these forty-five—for five out of the fifty still withhold their names—and in particular some who make unnecessarily frequent allusion to "Coila," and introduce a superfluity of "urns," for the purpose of rhyming with Burns, sufficient to stock a new necropolis; but the great excellence of others more than restores the balance, and places the average ability of the volume high indeed.

The Laureate's solemn Death-march of the Duke has no such passage, although the poems are alike in many points, as this one, culled from Mr Myers's ode, the *proxime accessit* to that of Miss Isa Craig:

O silent shapes athwart the darkening sky!
 Magnificence of many folded hills,
 Where the dead mist hangs, and the lone hawks cry,
 Seamed with the white fall of a thousand rills;
 O lucid lakes! serene from shore to shore,
 With promontories of solemn pines,
 Broad mirrors which the pale stars tremble o'er,
 Deep-drawn among the misty mountain lines;
 O holy hearths, intemperate of crime!
 O tale of martyrs by the flickering sod!
 O righteous race, in steadfast toil sublime!
 O noblest poem, "Let us worship God!"
 Ye taught him, shaping truthful days;
 Of you he told to men, for he
 From wayside reeds sweet tone could raise,
 More dear than full accord of symphony,
 Knowing that whatsoever the poet sings,
 Of prototyped in nature or in man,
 Moves deeply, though it touch not wrath of king
 Or frantic battle-van.

But most intent the people hears,
 Tranced to silence, thrilled to tears,
 When the joys of love and fears
 Fall in music on their ears;

Stirring noble sympathies,
 Waking hope and high desire,
 And, to introspective eyes,
 Granting glimpse of Heaven's fire.

And again, what fit conclusion—

Ah! yet we trust he findeth end to ill,
 Nor in deep peace remembereth misery,
 Who in the heart of his loved land is still,
 Between the mountains and the clam'rous sea.
 There all night the deeps are loud,
 Billow far to billow roaring,
 But he, sleeping in his shroud,
 Heareth not the waters pouring.

Yea, though the sun shall wheel a splendrous form
 Unseen, above the dim cloud cataract,
 Though lightnings glimmer to the rainy tract,
 And all the land be wan with storm,
 He knows not, wont of old to see,
 In high thought severed from his kind,
 Beyond the wrack Divinity,
 Jehovah on the wind.

O story sadder than dethroned kings—

A poet lost to earth!

Yea, though his land in plenty sings,

Forgetful of her dearth,

And though his people in just laws is great

And willing fealty to an equal state,

And though her commerce on all oceans thrives,

And every province swarms with happy lives,

Yet weep the great heart hidden in the sod

All else to man through faithful toil arrives—

The poet straight from God.

There is no doubt, indeed, from whence this young author—but seventeen years of age, as the newspapers report—for the present derives his inspirations; but we are very much mistaken if one with such a well within him of his own will be long contented to go elsewhere for the Pierian water. We hope to hear of him once more, at least, before, to use his own fine image, *his glory broadens from the plunge of death*.

Surely the Spirit, "from whom Scotia's sons inherit their pathos and their fire," must have dowered this modest poet, who has motto in place of name, himself not sparely, since he can make her sing thus sweetly on the birth of Burns!

"Of old," she saith, "this land of mine was noted
 For singers many a one;
 O'er her wild ~~tales~~ ^{their rainbow-lays} they floated,
 Born of her storm and sun."

"I only touched them with my inspiration,
Put harps into their hands—
There was enough of love and indignation,
And legend in the land!

"To them the 'gurly ocean' brought a wailing
Of girls in 'kames o' goud'—
'Sir Patrick and our true loves are not sailing
Home—for the sea's their shroud!'

"The summer twilight showed them Elfland's lady
Riding by Eildon-tree—
Sweet chimed her horse's bells through forest shady
Like the far silver sea.

"O the moss-trooper's catch of merry slaughter
Red on the diamond-dew,
Of jingling spurs by banks of Eden Water,
Green gleuves and feathers blue!

"O the sweet wish that softly dieth—dieth,
Griefless at last to be
Turf-happed and sound asleep, as she that lieth
On fair Kirkconnel-lee.

"Far from fight, frolic, wine, desire, or sorrow,
Round wild hearts, green grass! twine,
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
In quietness divine.

* * * * *
"Why are no new songs chanted, O my singers?
Sweet Poesy liveth yet—
Along the gray cliffs glide its sunny fingers:
The autumnal violet

"Of sunset wraps it in the gentle weather;
With spring's wild rose it stirs;
It lieth purple-rich along the heather,
And golden on the furze.

"The only ornaments it needs are lying
Around ye and above,
In stars, and hills, in human hopes undying,
In human grief, and love.

"Dear to my soul, O baby poet, rest thee,
Hush thee, my darling! hush.
With the sweet lintwhite's nature, I invest thee,
With music like the thrush.

"All Scottish legends shall thy fancy fashion,
All airs that richly flow,
Laughing with frolic, tremulous with passion,
Broken with love-lorn woe.

"Ballads, whose beauty years have long been stealing,
And left few links of gold,
Shall to thy quaint and subtle touch of healing
Seem fairer—not less old.

"Gray Cluden and the vestal's choral cadence
Thy might shall wake therewith;
Till boatmen hang their oars, to hear the maidens
Upon the moonlit Nith.

"Thine, too, the strains of battle nobly coming,
From Bruce, or Wallace wight,
Such as the Highlander shall oft be humming
Before some famous fight.

"Nor only these—for thee the hawthorn hoary
Shall in new wreaths be wrought—
The 'crimson-tipped' daisy wear fresh glory,
Born of poetic thought.

"From the 'wee cow'ring beastie' shalt thou borrow
A wondrous wealth of rhyme,
A noble tenderness of human sorrow,
Thou moralist sublime!

"O but the mountain breezes shall be pleasant
Upon the sunburnt brow
Of that poetic and triumphant peasant,
Driving his laurelled plow!"

• Not

The wild wit that mars the holy hymning,
The stains upon the stole,
The spray-drops from the sea of passion dimming
The windows of the soul,

shall hurt the pure completeness of Robert Burns; they are but spots in the sun. In the great "choral whole" no false notes are to be detected.

Hark! round the clay-built cot and cradle lowly
By banks of bonny Doon,
A voice of diverse songs, some wild, some holy—
A many-mingling tune.

But all at last with solemn sweet surprises
Like anthems die away—
And o'er the glee of *Tam o' Shanter* rises
The *Cotter's Saturday*.

And from a multitude beside the river,
And on the mountain sod,
Swells, and rings up, and up, as if for ever,
"Come, let us worship God!"

It is curious, but in no way difficult, to note under what great master each disciple sits. From Sydenham Vicarage—a peaceful haunt, as one would think, enough—and from a lady-poet, too, there comes this echo of the Macaulay trumpet-blare, but by no means deficient in a certain genuine ring and spirit of its own :

Veil, veil the warlike trophy ;
Put shield and spear away ;
Nor let the clanging armor
Wake echoes here to-day ;
But bring the flail and corn-sheaf,
The scythe and plow-share bring,
And hither call the minstrel
To touch the golden string.
Twine, twine the bay and holly,
A poet's garland twine ;
For Robert Burns to-day returns,
And bids you deck his shrine.

Since to the cotter's homestead,
Wee "Rob the Rhymer" came,
A hundred times Auld Reekie
Hath lit the Yule-log's flame ;
A hundred years have finished
Their journey round the sun ;
A hundred snow-white mantles
For earth hath Winter spun ;
A hundred times our father,
He of the noiseless hands,
His scythe hath whet, his glass hath set—
The glass with ceaseless sands.

T. Watson, of Arbroath, also begins his melody in spirited ballad-cadence :

Leave ye now the laurel growing,
Break no holly boughs to-day ;
Evermore the "leaves and berries"
Round his head will rustling play.
Bring ye but the flowering aloe,
Add it to the wreath he wears,
For the tree that fadeth never
Blooms but in a hundred years !

But this promise of his opening lines is scarce redeemed by the entire poem.

Mrs Alfred Munster of Belfast has, in our judgment, of all the songsters from the Sister Island, the strongest wing and blithest note, and we fitly conclude our extracts from a few of her spirited verses :

O brother ! the birk and heather that wave on thy own wild hills,
The broomy knowes, and the gowaned shaws, and the songs of the mountain rills ;
The rosy-fringed, gold-eyed daisies, the corn on the sloping leas—
How can the world forget thee, whose songs were of themes like these ?

Never a dew-drop glistened, on the pearl-white buds of the thorn,
 Never a glad lark singing, soared to the gates of morn,
 Never a soft glance met thee, never a deed of wrong,
 But the shrine in thy breast gave upward its incense of burning son .

The golden fields of the harvest, the sigh of the wind at night,
 The glens and streams where the stars look down with a wierd and wavering light,
 The commonest things of nature, the scenes we pass heedless by,
 Grew lovely, and grand, and glorious, in the light of thy poet-eye.

Who shall presume to judge thee ? Is it the calm, cold voice
 Of him who smiles when his neighbor mourns, or frowns when the poor rejoice ?
 Is it the sainted icebergs, armed without and within,
 That shall close in thy face the door of life, and mark thee a child of sin ?

Is it the temperate pulses, that ne'er in their wildest heat
 Could dream of a throb akin to thine, in its tempestuous beat ?
 Is it the well-trained Christians, shielded from sin and shame,
 Who, false to the law their Master taught, will ban the dead poet's name ?

This lady was only not among the "highly commended," we fancy, because she has not fulfilled the conditions of the givers of the prize in respect to the length of her poem. We can hardly overpraise the discretion exhibited by the judges, Messrs Monkton Milnes, Tom Taylor, and Theodore Martin—to whom this volume is properly inscribed—in selecting the grain from the chaff, or rather the large grain from the small grain, nor do we find scarce a single instance in which our own humble judgment would reverse their decision.

What dreadful things those "dauntless three" must have had to "go through" in the reading of those other six hundred ! We ourselves are not without a touch of vertigo after these fifty. Burns, ears, learns, turns, urns—the whole line out of Walker's "Rhyming Dictionary"—revolve in our sated ears like a Merry-go-round in the worst of spirits. How did the three decide, we wonder, in the case of Craig v. Myers, since their unequal number precluded the otherwise obvious expedient of tossing for the victor—"Man or woman ?" What precautions have they taken against the personal vengeance of their six-hundred-and-twenty deadly enemies, and does Mr Monkton Milnes wear mediæval chain-armor beneath his nineteenth-century waistcoat ?

A number of interesting questions, in short, arise, which we should be much gratified by their answering ; but, in the meantime, about one thing there can be no sort of question at all ; if they did not equal the patience of Job—who, by the by, was never tried in this manner—*proxime accesserunt*, they fell very little short of that Patriarch.

A TRUE POET.—A true poet is not one whom the wealthy can hire, by money or flattery, to be a minister of their pleasures, their writer of occasional verses, their purveyor of table-wits ; he cannot be their menial, he cannot even be their partisan ; therefore, at the peril of both, let no such union ever be attempted.

NOTES ON ENGLISH MASONRY.

BY BRO. J. F. BRENNAN.

MASONRY IN 926 A. D.—Under the head of “Notes and Queries,” the *Freemason’s* (London) *Magazine*, by a correspondent, furnishes a lengthy account of what he is inclined to believe the organization of Masonry in England by the establishment of the first Grand Lodge at York. This account is copied from Hargrove’s “History of York,” 2 vols., published in the city of York in 1818. The copyist also furnishes engravings of both sides of the seal of this body, we presume as copied from Hargrove’s work. Those impressions, especially the reverse, seem marvellously more like the copy of a medal than a seal. Seals usually have but one face. This has two—the obverse, bearing the inscription, Sigil: Frat: Ebor: Per Edwin: Coll:—*Seal of the Ancient Fraternity established at York by Prince Edwin*—surrounding a shield bearing three crowns, and surmounted by the date A. D. 926; and the reverse, bearing the present masonic shield, quartered with the lion, ox, man, and eagle, surmounted by the ark of the covenant supported by the cherubim. This attempt at establishing the antiquity of the Fraternity in England is evidently a failure; for no man who pretends to any knowledge of the design or fashion of antique seals will put this one back little beyond one hundred, not to mention one thousand years. And this, coupled with the fact that Hargrove is indebted entirely to Anderson’s (1723) History of Freemasonry for his account of this Grand Lodge, satisfies us that there is nothing new elicited by this would-be fruitful correspondent.

ENGLISH MASONIC TITLES AND DECORATIONS.—High-sounding and extended prefixes to the names of the brethren seem to be matter of great satisfaction among the English Fraternity. We notice the shades of distinction are very carefully observed at banquets and feasts; as, for instance, there being a Grand Master and Deputy Grand Master, Provincial Grand Masters and Deputy Provincial Grand Masters, it is necessary to give each a suitably respectful prefix. For this purpose, the Grand Master is styled the M. W. (Most Worshipful,) the Deputy the R. W. (Right Worshipful.) Provincial Grand Masters are also R. W., and their Deputies V. W. (Very Worshipful.) Then there are Grand Wardens, and Provincial Grand Wardens, and Past Grand Wardens, and Past Provincial Grand Wardens, and of course all the other Grand Officers have their Provincial Grand prototypes and representatives.

Display and title appear to engage the minds of the Fraternity largely. We recently saw a portrait of a Provincial Grand somebody, the breast of which was literally covered with medals and ribbons. So much is this the case, that an enterprising brother in London has recently invented a collar to hold up all the wearers medals and decorations, as they had become, like Job’s afflictions, greater than the coat-breast, if not the wearer himself, could bear. In this country we look askance at a brother if we see him with a small masonic emblem on his shirt bosom, and are apt to remark that his Masonry is probably more outside than in. What should we think if we were to see the English brethren, whose every button is surmounted with such

signs, and who cannot write you a note of ten words unless they have emblematic *square* and *compass* note paper and envelopes, and *plumb*, *square* and *level* wafers?

THE SWAN LODGE OF LONDON.—This lodge was among the earliest constituted. In 1724, Martin Folkes, Esq., Deputy Grand Master to the Duke of Richmond, nominal Grand Master, organized the Swan Lodge, which subsequently was distinguished by the reception of the Duke of Newcastle, and Earl of Essex, Major General Churchill, and the Chaplain of Lord Lovel, the Earl of Leicester.

CHARITY FEES.—By the regulations of Dec. 27, 1729, every new constituted lodge had to pay \$10 to the general charity. But at present, all the newly constituted lodges in London pay \$20 to this charity.

ROYAL ARCH SUPREME GRAND CHAPTER.—At a quarterly communication of this body, held on the 3d of August, 1859, there were present Companions J. L. Evans, as M. E. G. Z.; H. L. Crohn, as H.; W. P. Scott, as J.; W. G. Clarke, as E.; Joseph Smith, as N.; N. Bradford, as P. Soj.; J. Udall and Gole, as Assistants, and about fifteen other Companions. A petition, praying for a new Chapter, to be called the Northumberland Chapter, to be attached to the Maitland Lodge of Unity No. 804, held at Maitland, New South Wales, was presented. The petition being regular, save that the names of some of the petitioners did not appear upon the books of the Supreme Grand Chapter, the charter prayed for was granted, subject to the registration of those companions petitioners not already registered. The funds of the Supreme Grand Chapter were reported as amounting to £2664 4s. 4d. (about \$13,500.) Some disposition of this sum being asked for, Comp. Smith proposed that £300 be transferred to the account of the Girls' School; £300 to the Boys' School; £300 to the Aged Mason's Fund; and £300 to the Widows' Annuity Fund. He supported his proposition by saying that the S. G. Chapter had the sum of £2400 invested in consols, without any claims upon it, and that the amount was annually increasing; and he thought there could not be a better disposition made of the surplus than in the support of the masonic charities. A debate ensued. One Companion thought the sum proposed too much; another, that the case was not clear that the charities required this support. Nevertheless, the motion of Comp. Smith was finally adopted. The General Grand Chapter of the United States may take a lesson from this. Whoever heard of it devoting a dollar of its funds to charity?

PROVINCIAL REPRESENTATION.—The limited number of brethren representing the Provincial Grand Lodges of England has become matter of serious complaint and grievance. Rev. Bro. Portal, Chaplain of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Southampton, lately stated at a meeting of that body that on the occasion of a regular meeting of the Grand Lodge of England, he had ascertained personally that for forty representatives from the provinces, there were two hundred and fifty London brethren present. It seems that, contrary to the practice in

this country, in England representatives are not paid for attending Grand Lodge meetings. That a change to our system is needed and contemplated appears very evident.

THE LONDON FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.—This publication was changed from an octavo weekly issue to a quarto on the first of July last. Since its passage into Bro. H. G. Warren's hands it has been conducted with far greater business tact and editorial management than it ever previously displayed. Bro. Warren, nevertheless, has ceased to make the business of its publication remunerative, and at one time entertained serious thoughts of abandoning it altogether. But a movement made by a few of its friends to establish it on a firm and remunerative basis appears to have met with partial success; and the change from a pamphlet to a newspaper form, lately made, will render the expense of its publication, we believe, much less than heretofore. As a mirror of masonic news and transactions, Bro. Warren has gained for this publication a character it never before approached. He has enlisted a corps of contributors and correspondents who report everything of a masonic character which takes place through the length and breadth of the kingdom; and thus he is enabled to keep up his weekly summary of the sayings and doings of the Fraternity very complete. The arrangement of the periodical is excellent. It combines the masonic scrapbook, periodical, and newspaper; and its cessation would be a calamity that every brother who has it as his only Masonic Vade Mecum would certainly deplore. We sincerely trust that Bro. Warren may eventually be amply rewarded for his long years of thought, exertion and anxiety spent in efforts to sustain this publication.

HISTORY OF FREEMASONRY.—We notice that Bro. W. Alex. Laurie, G. Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, has lately published a new and revised edition of his father's "History of Freemasonry," originally published in 1804; to which, it is said, he has added several valuable and satisfactory features, such as a chapter upon the connection of the Knight Templars and Knights of St. John with Freemasonry, and the history of *Mark* Masonry, with sketches of the *Chair* or *Past Master*, *Ark Mariner*, and *Royal Arch* degree. This work, as now published, is said to be a most valuable contribution to masonic literature.

APPOINTMENT IN NORTH AMERICA.—The Grand Master, the Earl of Zetland, has appointed Alexander Balloch, Esq., Provincial Grand Master for the Province of New Brunswick, *vice* Hon. Alexander Keith, of Halifax, resigned.

THE SUPREME GRAND LODGE OF ENGLAND.—To give our readers an idea of how the proceedings of a quarterly communication of this body are reported and published, and also what is usually done at such a communication, we copy from the London *Freemasons' Magazine* the entire report of the regular quarterly communication held on the 7th of September last:

The regular quarterly communication was held in the Temple, on Wednesday last, the 7th inst., the R. W. Bro. Admiral Sir Lucius Curtis, Prov. G. M., Hants, presiding as Grand Master, supported by the R. W. Bro. Sir W. W. Wynn, Prov. G. M. for North Wales and Shropshire, as D. G. M.; Bros. Col. Browning, P. G. W., as S. G. W.; John Savage, S. G. D., as J. G. W.; Roxburgh, G. Reg.; the Rev. Wentworth Bowyer, G. Chaplain; W. Gray Clarke, G. Sec.; King, P. G. D., as S. G. D.; Slight, J. G. D.; Jennings, G. Dir. of Cers.; Pocock, G. S. B.; Dankes, G. Supt. of Works; Horsley, G. Org.; Farnfield, Asst. G. Sec.; Bros. Havers, Scott, Hopwood, Potter, S. B. Wilson, J. N. Tomkins, T. R. White, Fandel, and Phillips, P. G. D's; Bros. Walmsley, Spiers, Philipe, Masson, P. G. S. B's; Chevalier Hebel, &c.

The minutes of the last Grand Lodge having been read and confirmed, the Grand Secretary read the report of the Board of Benevolence, from which it appeared that in June eighteen petitions were relieved by votes, amounting to £97 2s., and £30 recommended to be given to Bro. Noah Wardle, of No. 421, Marple; in July three petitions were relieved with £40; and August seven petitions, with sums amounting to £90 10s., and £30 recommended to be given to Bro. Wm. D. Lowe, of No. 95, Sunderland.

The report was received, and the two sums recommended, granted.

The report of the Board of General Purposes was then read.

The President of the Board of General Purposes said it became his duty to move "That the report just read be received," and in doing so, he felt it due to the Grand Lodge to make a few remarks on two statements in the report which did not require confirmation. The report stated that it had been brought under the notice of the Board that the members of certain lodges were in the habit of emblazoning on their aprons emblems not warranted by the Book of Constitutions. This was so directly opposed to the spirit and laws of Masonry, that the Board had called the attention of the Prov. Grand Master to it. The next subject to which he had to direct attention was the future publication of the official reports of the proceedings in Grand Lodge. Complaints had been made by many members that they did not receive those reports until about ten days before the following Grand Lodge. These complaints appeared so reasonable, that the Board, having given their attention to the question, had made arrangements for issuing the report as early as possible after each quarterly communication. (Hear, hear.)

Bro. W. P. Scott, P. G. D. having seconded the motion.

Bro. the Rev. G. R. Portal rose to ask a question relative to the lodge at Littlehampton, but was stopped on a point of order, the only question before the Grand Lodge being the reception of the report.

The resolution having been put and carried,

The President of the Board of General Purposes said it now became his painful duty to move a resolution on the subject referred to by Bro. Portal. It was with great regret that he felt called upon to move a resolution asking the Grand Lodge to confirm the suspension of Bro. Heward, of the Mariners' Lodge No. 878, at Littlehampton, from his masonic duties. The Board had received a complaint from the Dep. Prov. Grand Master that Lodge No. 878 had neglected to make the usual returns. On enquiry they found that Bro. Cheriman had been the last Master, and that Bro. Heward had been the proprietor of the house at which the lodge was held. The lodge had fallen into difficulties, and Bro. Heward, who was the Secretary, had left the house, taking with him the charter and furniture of the lodge. The Board summoned Bro. Heward to appear before them, when he wrote a very proper letter, in which he stated that the lodge, consisting principally of the masters and mates of vessels, had fallen into difficulties during the Crimean war, when the trade of the town was much interfered with, but that if time were given him, he would call a general meeting and endeavor to revive the lodge. Time was given him; but nothing being done, a second summons was sent to him by the Board, in May or June, when he again asked for time—promising to call a meeting in a fortnight. That he had not done, and since that time he had taken no notice of the communications of the Board of General Purposes, beyond simply writing a letter acknowledging that he held the furniture and charter of the lodge, by which he stated he had lost money. (Hear.) Whether Bro. Heward should ever have been appointed the Secretary of the lodge was another question; but he held a letter in his hand from that brother, stating that he held the charter and regalia, and declining to give it up. He therefore would now move that the suspension of Bro. Heward be confirmed.

Bro. Roxburgh, G. Reg., seconded the resolution, thinking it most important for the interest of Masonry that the authority of the Board should be upheld.

Bro. the Rev. J. R. Portal said there could not be two opinions with regard to the

justice of suspending Bro. Heward; but he objected to the present motion on two technical points. In the first place, he did not see the necessity of the motion at all, as all that the Board of General Purposes had to do, according to the Book of Constitutions, was to report that they had suspended a brother; and the Grand Lodge was not called upon to express any opinion upon the subject, unless an appeal was made against the decision of the Board. In the second place, it was laid down at p. 45, that all subjects of masonic complaint against lodges or individual members were to be heard and determined by the Prov. Grand Master or his deputy, and it was not shown why this case had been allowed to come to London, as the Prov. or Dep. Prov. Grand Master might much more easily have arranged it on the spot.

Bro. Savage, S. G. D., fully concurred with the last brother that the suspension was justified, but was of the opinion that the Grand Lodge ought not to be called upon to express an opinion unless an appeal was lodged against the suspension, as laid down at p. 100 of the Book of Constitutions.

Bro. Spiers, P. G. S. B., stated that in a case which occurred in his province, no report of a suspension of a brother was made to the Grand Lodge.

Bro. Stebbing was of opinion that this subject ought never to have been brought before the Grand Lodge or the Board of General Purposes at all. It ought to have been adjudicated upon by the Prov. Grand Master or his deputy, when probably local interest might have been brought to bear upon the brother, and led to a conclusion which might have rendered the suspension altogether unnecessary. A great deal might have been done through the influence of neighbors and friends which could not be effected through the Board of General Purposes.

Some further discussion ensued, in which Bros. Gregory, Mason, Adlard, and Symonds, took part, and in which it was shown that the complaint was laid before the Board of General Purposes by the Dep. Prov. Grand Master, who had failed in inducing Bro. Heward to surrender the charter of the lodge.

Bro. the Rev. J. S. Sidebotham moved that the matter be referred back to the Provincial Grand Master of Sussex.

Bro. Havers briefly replied, and contended that it had always been the practice, or ought to have been, to take the opinion of the Grand Lodge relative to the suspension of a brother, and no such power should be allowed to exist in any but the supreme body. The Board of General Purposes had not, or ought not to have, the power of suspending a brother without the confirmation of the Grand Lodge; and even if there were not many precedents for the course now proposed to be taken, he would call upon the Grand Lodge to make a precedent for the future, and thereby prevent the supreme power being exercised by other than themselves. With regard to what had been stated relative to the Provincial Grand Master, it was not until the Deputy Provincial Grand Master had done his best to secure the charter of the lodge for the brethren, that he had remitted it to the consideration of the Board of General Purposes, whose power to deal with it could not be questioned.

The resolution was then put and carried, with five dissentients.

THE HALL.

The President of the Board of General Purposes would, as an introduction to his next motion, read a paragraph from the report of the Board: "The Board further report that they have received an application from Messrs. Elkington & Co., the lessees of the tavern, requesting the grant of a sum of money, to be expended in repairs of the great hall; that they have caused inquiry to be made under the authority of the Grand Superintendent of Works, who reports that the repairs necessary may be completed for a sum not exceeding £275, and that competent persons are ready to undertake the work. The Board, therefore, recommend that the sanction of the Grand Lodge be given for such outlay." He might mention that their house had cost them a large sum in repairs—in ten years grants having been made for the purpose to the extent of £1500. It had been proposed by Messrs. Elkington & Co. that a grant of £500 or £700 should be made for repairing the hall. The question had been referred to the Grand Superintendent of Works, who had reported that the necessary repairs might be made for £275. He believed that the tenants were satisfied with what was proposed to be done, and he therefore moved that the sum be granted.

Bro. W. Pulteney Scott seconded the motion.

Bro. Masterman thought that the lessees ought to repair the house themselves. Were they not bound to do so under the lease?

Bro. Havers: They were not.

Bro. Masterman: Then they ought to be. The lessees got the benefit of the house, and the Craft had the benefit of paying for the repairs, which was no benefit at all. (Laughter.)

Bro. Stebbing rose to oppose the motion, as he thought it most ridiculous to expend £275 on the repairs of the hall, when they were on the eve of a discussion in regard to the future arrangement of the premises; which might make those repairs perfectly useless. He looked upon this as a most reckless expenditure of £275, abstracted from charity. (Cries of "No, no.") He maintained that it was so; for, though the money was not avowedly subscribed for that purpose, whenever they had a surplus of money they transferred it to the funds of one of their charities. (Hear, hear.) He thought, on the eve of making alterations in their property, the expenditure most opportune, and that the utmost they should be called upon to do before the whole question was taken into consideration, should be to keep out wind and water. (Hear, hear.)

The resolution was then put and carried.

THE ORGANS.

The President of the Board of General Purposes had next to bring forward a resolution, which he believed was to be opposed by one of his earliest friends. It was a question in which neither himself nor any member of the Board of General Purposes had the slightest personal interest, nor could have. It related to the organs. They had received from the Grand Organist an opinion that the present organs were perfectly useless, and he was opposed to all expenditure upon them. The Board had come to the conclusion to recommend that they should be repaired at an expenditure of £70, but they had not done so without the fullest consideration. He held in his hand a report from Mr Bates—he believed he ought to say Bro. Bates, for he was a highly esteemed member of the Order—the organ builder of Ludgate Hill, which stated that not only could he put them into serviceable repair, but that if properly looked to from year to year they would last for twenty-five years. He took the opinion of that gentleman as that of an upright man, and he stated that he could efficiently repair the organs for £70, and guarantee to keep them in good order for £5 5s. a year; the reason they were out of order being that they were not sufficiently used. Seeing that in Bro. Bates's opinion the organs might be made serviceable for twenty or twenty-five years at a moderate expenditure, and not believing that organs which they had had in use but a comparatively short time could be altogether worn out so as to render new ones necessary, he would move that £70 be granted for the repair of the organs.

Bro. Dr. Hinxman seconded the motion. He had seen Bro. Bates, who assured him that he could keep the organs in good repair at an expense of £5 5s. per annum each (not £5 5s. the two,) which sum should include every expense. The cost of repairing the organ in the temple he estimated at £40, and that in the hall at £25.

Bro. Horsley, G. Org., said he was sorry to intrude himself upon his brethren. Indeed this was the only subject upon which he would venture to address them. He had now had the honor to hold his office for nearly three years, and when he was appointed he was asked to examine the organs. He did so, assisted by a most competent person, and he found them in such a state of rack and ruin, that the first thing he recommended was that they should discontinue the payment of £12 12s. a year for keeping them in repair. He sent his report to the Board of General Purposes, but whether it was received he had never heard. Last year another committee was appointed to examine the organs, and upon their consulting him (Bro. Horsley) he repeated that the organs were perfectly useless, and that to attempt to repair them would be to throw the money away. He recommended that they have two entirely new organs, which might be obtained for about £300—£200 for the hall and £100 for the temple. No notice was taken of his report, and the first intimation he received of the proposed expenditure of £70 for repairs was when he saw it on the printed paper of business—not having been at all consulted with regard to it. He had the greatest respect for Bro. Bates, with whom he had had business transactions, and knew him to be a gentleman of the highest honor and probity, but he was convinced from the rottenness of the materials that they might as well throw the money into the Thames as attempt to repair their present organs. He was convinced that they were utterly worthless, and he would recommend that they should either have new organs, or wait until the whole question of the property was under consideration. In the meantime he could manage to play a little on the organ in the temple, and when they met in the hall it would be better to dispense with the music altogether, or to hire an harmonium. He would move as

an amendment that that part of the report which recommended an expenditure of £70 on the organs be not approved.

Bro. the Rev. J. S. Sidebotham seconded the amendment; considering that as the Grand Registrar was the legal adviser of the Craft, so ought the Grand Organist to be as regarded the organs, and they were bound to act upon his opinion.

Bro. Col. Browning thought it would be useless to expend £300 upon new organs, when they had the assurance of Bro. Bates that those they now had might be put in good repair for £70. As to the rottenness of any portion of the materials, that was for Bro. Bates to consider in making his contract, and not for them.

Bro. Jennings, G. D. C., said that the question of the organs had been fully considered by the Board, after placing them under the closest inspection. They had heard the opinion of the Grand Organist, that the organ in the gallery was utterly useless, and that in the temple worthless; but they must recollect that their Grand Organist was a player of extraordinary skill and standing, and that he was in the habit only of performing on instruments of a character commensurate with his position in the profession, and great allowances ought, therefore, to be made for his opinion, that nothing could be done with the present organs. They should also recollect that they had the organs inspected by a manufacturer, who stated that for every purpose of the Craft he could put them in repair, and guarantee to keep them so for twenty-five years at an annual cost of £5 5s. each. When they considered the solemn silence with which they had opened their business that evening, and the entire absence of any attempt of the Grand Organist to produce any notes from their organ, it surely became them to make an effort to give better effect to their ceremonies if they could do so through an expenditure of £70. He (Bro. Jennings) had taken considerable pains to make enquiries on the subject, and he was authorized by Bro. Bates to say that, if he did not put the two organs in a satisfactory condition, "he would make no claim for payment." (Hear, hear.) If they were placed in such a condition that any ordinary player could perform upon them, how much more might they not expect from the skill of their esteemed Grand Organist. (Cheers.)

The amendment was then put and negatived, and the original resolution carried.

ERASURE OF LODGES.

The President of the Board of General Purposes had now the painful duty to move that seven lodges be erased from their books; but, if any brother had anything to advance why in any case the erasure should not be proceeded with, the Board would willingly consent to its being held over to give an opportunity for resuscitation, though he looked upon the lodges proposed to be erased as defunct. In the first place he should mention that, since their last meeting, five lodges had been removed from the list proposed to be erased, simply on the ground that they have complied with the requisition of the Grand Lodge, and made the necessary returns. And here he might be allowed to say that, in some instances, this had been done under circumstances highly honorable to the brethren in the provinces, who had come forward and paid the dues for a quarter of a century, in order to revive the lodges; and he had great pleasure in omitting them from the resolution he had to move. He would now go through the list of those proposed to be erased, begging them to recollect that they would only put them in a position *sub judice* until the resolution was confirmed; and if anything could be done to resuscitate either of the lodges in the meantime, there would be nothing to prevent its being taken out of the list at their next meeting. The first lodge on the list was No. 49, Lodge of Concord, London, and was formerly held at the Turk's Head, in the Strand. The lodge had not met for many years past, and ought properly to have been erased before. It had come to his knowledge within a few days that some zealous brethren were exerting themselves to recover the warrant, and resuscitate the lodge. He wished them every success, and should have great pleasure if they enabled them on the next occasion to take it out of the list. The next lodge was No. 366, School of Plato, Cambridge, which was reduced to three members—the warrant being in the hands of the junior member, who declined to hold a lodge, and the Provincial Grand Master was of opinion it ought to be erased. He now came to No. 459, Lodge of Benevolence, Sherborne, regarding which he had a letter from Bro. Highmore, a most active and zealous Mason, stating there was no chance of resuscitating it. The lodge had not met since 1851, and it was believed the warrant was in the possession of the widow of the last W. M., and would be recovered and returned to the lodge in a few days. The next was No. 751, Prince Edwin's Lodge, Rye, Suff-

folk. It had not met since 1852, and the remaining members had determined not to make any exertions to revive it, and the Dep. Prov. Grand Master, the Worthy Bro. Fleming, reported that it might be already considered defunct. He then came to No. 765, the Roden Lodge, Wem, in the province of North Wales and Shropshire; the Prov. Grand Master of which (Bro. Sir Watkin Wynn) they had the pleasure of having among them that evening acting as Dep. Grand Master. The Prov. Grand Secretary reported that the lodge was defunct, and that there was no prospect of reviving it. The next was No. 806, Castlemartin Lodge, Pembroke, South Wales, which the Provincial Grand Master (Bro. Johnes) reported as also defunct. He now came to the last on the list, No. 878, the Mariners' Lodge, Littlehampton, which had occupied their attention in the early part of the evening—the lodge having fallen into difficulties, and the warrant being in the hands of the Secretary, who was the keeper of the house where the lodge had been held. Both the last Master of the lodge and the Dep. Prov. Grand Master recommended that under the circumstances the lodge should be erased as the only means of resuscitating Masonry in Littlehampton. The R. W. brother concluded by moving a formal resolution for the erasure of the lodge.

Bro. Hopwood, P. G. D., seconded the motion, which was carried *nem. con.*
All business being ended, the Grand Lodge was closed in due form.

ENGLISH MASONIC CHARITY.—An American Brother writes thus :—
“The lodges in London usually meet some time in the afternoon, say from three to five o'clock. About seven or eight o'clock they repair to the banquet, which is generally good enough for a prince, and this is the case nearly—and with some lodges quite—every time they meet. Those who are fond of joking, say it is the fourth degree in Masonry. Thence originated the saying that in England they are knife and fork Masons, and here, I must confess, that while we hang very heavily on the one extreme, our English brethren by far outweigh us on the other. But, after all, the amount of charity dispensed by the Freemasons in England is almost incredible. They can point with pride to their Female School, the graduates of which are ornaments to society; to their Male School, which is producing some of the most useful men the country can boast of; and last, but not least, to their Benevolent Institution for aged and decayed Masons and their wives. These three institutions are supported by voluntary contributions, and it is at the festive board they get many of these large contributions. It is when the work is done, and the J. W. has called them from labor to refreshment, at the time when the social feeling is perfectly developed, that the British heart beats most responsively to the calls of their less fortunate brethren. Is not this a glorious work to be engaged in? What a beautiful theme for contemplation! Think of them taking the little orphan child, and while giving it food and clothing, furnishing the young tender mind with good and wholesome information, thus teaching it the duties of an Entered Apprentice, and when it becomes a Fellow Craft, placing it in a situation in which it may put the information already obtained to a proper use. Nor stopping here, but watching with care until it becomes a M. M., yea, even through life, and when old, feeble, and tottering with decay, and through misfortunes, so destitute as to need masonic assistance, furnishing a home in which even old age is nursed with that tender care and affection, that when the hour of death comes and the M. M. is called from this imperfect to that all-perfect Lodge above, he passes away, thanking the Divine Providence that gave birth to an institution founded on the principles of brotherly love, relief, and truth.”

INFORMATION WANTED.

CUTHBERT, July 6, 1859.

BRO. LAWRENCE : Some time since I saw one or two stray numbers of the *American Freemason*, published by Bro. BRENNAN, and read with some interest communications over the signature of a Bro. HOLLY, S. P. R. S., upon Masonic Jurisprudence. The singularity of the initials attracted my attention, and thinking I might get some insight into a portion of the "ineffable degrees that was proper to be written," I was induced to pay them something more than ordinary attention. Although I differ widely with the writer in some of his rulings, I found much to commend. But I have been informed by a brother that the writer is not to be relied upon as authority. That there are things spoken of him which, if true, will create much astonishment at the inserting of anything from his pen in any masonic journal. that masonic records will show sufficient evidence to prove that the masonic community has been imposed upon. If these charges are false, it is due to HOLLY, as well as to Bro. BRENNAN, that they be refuted ; and if true, we should be protected from further imposition.

As yours is the only masonic publication accessible to me, and you being in exchange with the various journals of the country, is it asking too much of you, if you know who Mr J. T. HOLLY is, to let your readers know, through the *Signal and Journal*? I think this is due to all parties. No one should set up for a "teacher in Israel" unless he has the necessary qualifications ; and no false accusations should be made against any one, particularly when the interests and character of a masonic journal are affected by them. Fraternally yours, GEO. L. BARRY.

Bro. BARRY well knows that we are always ready to furnish our readers with all the lawful information we can. but we sometimes are in the dark ourselves. In regard to that he now seeks, we have no light beyond the extract below, from the *Ancient Landmark*, published a few years since at St Clemens, Mich., by our very worthy and intelligent brother, A. C. SMITH. The number of the *Landmark* the extract is taken from is that of February, 1854. The name seems to be the same. What sort of a rite in Masonry the *Eclectic* is or was, we do not know ; and as we do not trouble ourselves much about *rites* in Masonry, we do not care to know. The extending the area of freedom is to us, we must confess, a new object in Masonry, which forbids in its Constitutions the introduction to its mysteries of any but the "free born." Some brother may be able to give us more light on the subject. In the meantime, our R. W. Bro BARRY must content himself with this, which is all we have. We cannot think Bro BRENNAN would knowingly set up, as a "teacher in Israel," the most humble servant of his sable Majesty that was, the Emperor Faustin I. of Hayti :

An *Edition of the 33d and Last*.—While in attendance on the late session of the Grand Lodge, we were handed a pamphlet of 36 pages, with the following imposing title-page : "Ahiman Rezon, or a Book of Constitutions of the reformed Rite of the Eclectic System of the Ancient and Honorable Fraternity of Speculative Freemasons, Windsor, C. W. Detroit."

J. THEODORE HOLLY, G. G. M.

WM. MONROE, G. G. D.

WM. LAMBERT, G. G. S.

"Dedication.

"To His Imperial Majesty, Faustin I, by the Grace of God, and the constitutional law of his country, Emperor of Hayti, Founder of the Imperial and Military Orders of St Faustin and the Legion of Honor," Chevalier Rose Croix, and Imperial Grand Protector of the Ancient and Honorable Fraternity of Freemasons through his dominions, this Book of Constitutions is respectfully dedicated, as a token of approbation and esteem of his distinguished qualities as an Illustrious Dignitary of the world, and an eminent Mason in behalf of the Reformed Rite of Eclectic Masons in the United States. By His Majesty's most humble servant,

J. THEODORE HOLLY, G. G. M.

In the abridgement of the Ancient Constitution, so called, chap. 1, sec. 2, we find the following :

"That he is to be peaceable and obedient to the civil powers, which yield him protection, so far as they do not infringe the limited bounds of reason and religion."

Section 4 reads as follows : "A Freemason must be a free man, of mature age," etc.

In the Journal of the Convention which organized and adopted this great Eclectic system, on page 33 we find the following :

" A Convention of Free and Accepted Masons, favorable to reforms and human progress, was held in the city of Detroit, Michigan, from October 6th to 11th, A. L. 5852, A. D. 1852, to take into consideration what service the masonic institution can be made to perform in the cause of human elevation and the emancipation of men from chattel bondage on the American continent."

Will Bro KING, of the *Union*, inform us whether this is an offshoot from Atwood's or Herring's Masonry? It evidently entertains a high regard for the "higher law," as well as for His Majesty Faustin I.

The G. G. M., J. THEODORE HOLLY, is said to be a colored gentleman of Detroit.

Copious extracts are made from the *Union* and the *Riview*, and the editors are styled *Brothers*. We very much dislike being behind the age in our own jurisdiction. Will our Brothers please give us "more light?"—*Ancient Landmark*, July, 1854.

REMARKS BY BRO. J. F. BRENNAN.

The foregoing correspondence appeared in the August No. of the *Georgia Signet and Journal*. As we did not for some reason receive our exchange for that month, but had our attention attracted to the article by seeing it copied into the *Ashlar*, we take the earliest opportunity of answering the questions of Bro. BARRY, and responding to the remarks of the *Signet and Journal*.

In June, 1858, J. THEO. HOLLY, under date of New Haven, Conn., wrote us that he had prepared a series of papers which he would be pleased to have published through the pages of this magazine. We responded by saying we should be happy to have an opportunity of judging whether or not the papers were suitable for publication, and if found so, they would certainly be published. A few days afterwards, we received the first chapters of what subsequently appeared in this magazine in the consecutive numbers from July, 1858, to June, 1859, under the title of "*A Compendium of the Fundamental Principles of Intermasonic Comity*."

As will be seen by any one who may read those papers, they possess the merit of originality, and furnish evidence that their author is a scholar, and a man of no ordinary mind. We must confess that we did not at any time seek to ascertain who Mr HOLLY was, whether white or black, bond or free. We made no inquiries into his antecedents, caste, or color, and had no knowledge of him whatever, save what was volunteered to us some months subsequent to the appearance of the first chapter of his treatise. His MS. was well written, the diction better than ordinary, and the arguments by which he sustained his peculiar views forcible, if not conclusive. This being the fact, it was a matter of no consequence to us whether he was white or black, Freemason or "profane." As a Freemason, we do not know him, nor have we ever heralded or introduced him as such. We would have published his production, as we did, were he proved to be an African, not only as black as ALEXANDER DUMAS, the French novelist, but so black that charcoal would make a white mark upon him, so long as his articles did not conflict with truth, or our own obligations to the Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons. The distinction of knowledge—education—is the only distinction we recognise; and for that man, whether he be white or black, bond or free, who has conquered the difficulties which beset the path to knowledge, and attained the education that it is evident J. THEO. HOLLY possesses, we have but one feeling, and that is—unqualified respect.

We never met J. THEO. HOLLY personally in our life, although for over a year resident within a few miles of him. We published his treatise as an original contribution to masonic literature, without note or comment; and that it has this merit, if no other, will be evident to all who may peruse it. In it we discover no attempt to elevate the black man—to “use Freemasonry to extend the area of freedom”—or claim for him a position generally denied to him by the people of America; nor is there any expression of dissatisfaction with the general recognition in this country of but one masonic rite. On the contrary, he views Freemasonry from a high standpoint, and descants upon its objects, aims and purposes with the freedom of one who fully understands his subject. So little is the idiosyncrasy of color apparent, that, had it not been for the valuable correspondence which precedes this article, we venture to affirm that no one, however acute or critical, could have determined whether J. THEO. HOLLY was a black man or a white.

Bro. BARRY is informed that J. THEO. HOLLY is not reliable as authority—that if the things spoken of him are true, the masonic community has been imposed upon, and if false, it is due to ourselves, upon the one hand, and HOLLY upon the other, that they should be corrected. To this rather enigmatical and complicated assertion, we answer: First, we never announced J. THEO. HOLLY as *authority*. If Bro. BARRY chose to receive him as such, that is his affair, and only proves how sensibly HOLLY's statements were put. Second, we never attempted to impose upon the masonic community, by publishing *Fundamental Principles of Intermasonic Comity* as American Masonic Law. If the masonic community know masonic law, they would know that this treatise was merely a proposed system, which might be rejected or adopted by the reader as he pleased, be he hierophant or neophyte, teacher or taught. And, third, as we have put neither the masonic community, HOLLY, nor ourselves, in any false position, we have nothing to correct or retract.

But it is evident Bro. BARRY was so much impressed with the truth and genuineness of the “Fundamental Principles of Intermasonic Comity,” that, true to his education, he was only dissatisfied with himself when he found that the author was not an empyrical white man, but an educated black man. A Georgian Deputy Grand Master is not represented as he should be by the manifestation of such a spirit. The Grand Master of Georgia says that “Masonry is universal—that it can be found in every corner of the earth, and everywhere the same—the only unaltered thing that has survived the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds.”—*Vide* his Address, delivered in 1852. If this be true, we can but presume that J. THEO. HOLLY has sinned only in writing ideas not correspondent with this statement, and we have sinned only in printing them. Unfortunately for the prevalence of the one-idea principle, that day has not yet arrived when all men shall think alike.

For the edification of Bro. BARRY, as well as that of all whom it may concern, we would state, we have been informed by a reliable brother, that J. THEO. HOLLY is a Freemason, regularly made in a Haytian lodge, chartered by and working under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge (Orient) of Hayti. That this Grand Orient is recog-

nized by the Grand Orient of France was shown by the reception and recognition of its delegate at Paris in the Universal Masonic Congress of 1855. America had delegates there, representing Anglo-American or the York Rite of the United States, and those delegates were both, as it happened, from Slave States, to wit: Bro. PARK B. CUMMINGS, of the District of Columbia, and Bro. DINWIDDIE B. PHILLIPS, of Virginia. If these brethren were content to stand in the Universal Masonic Congress with a delegate from Hayti, may we not hope that Bro. BARRY can read J. THEO. HOLLY's treatise without having his sense of propriety alarmed upon learning that he has been entertained and interested, if not instructed, by the production of one who possibly has worked in the same lodge with that Haytian delegate?

The Grand Lodges of America, both North and South, recognize the Grand Lodge of England, and, under that provision of her Constitution, which simply demands that men shall be *free—not free BORN*—to entitle them to the benefit of masonic initiation, the Grand Lodge of England recognizes, and has constituted lodges of Freemasons in the British West Indies and British Guiana, composed principally of native and enfranchized Creoles. We do not see why the recognition should stop here. Perhaps our Masonic Universalists can tell. But as it is not our business to reconcile differences which have so fixed a root in American society, we will not discuss this branch of the subject, but dismiss it with but one sentence, viz: We *do* believe that the same reason that prevents the white man freely associating in America outside the masonic lodge with the black man, will always prevent the former associating with or recognizing the latter inside of it; and we do *not* believe there is any other reason worthy of the name—Dr. OLIVER and his Abraham and Sarah, Hager and Ishmael story to the contrary, notwithstanding.

As to Bro. LAWRENCE's comments in response to Bro. BARRY, they afford little worthy of notice, save the fact that his knowledge of Masonic Rites appears to be alarmingly scant, and he glories in it. He admits that the Eclectic Rite is new to him. Doubtless it is, as is also all the other European rites, such as the Rite of Fessler, the Scotch Philosophic Rite, the Rite of Heredom, the Ancient Reformed Rite, the Rite of Misraim, the Scotch Primitive Rite, Schroeder's Rite, the Swedish Rite, the Rite of Zinnendorf, the Rite of the Temple, and last, but quite in point—as by it J. THEO. HOLLY's right to be a Freemason, if that is an important question in this connection, must be recognized—the Haytian Rite, of which the Grand Orient of Hayti is the acknowledged head, and which is the nearest approach to the Anglo-American Rite, in its degrees and work, of any of those we have named. It does not become Bro. LAWRENCE to exhibit such meretricious ignorance. As the conductor of a masonic periodical, he is expected to know better, and we believe he does know better.

The caption of Bro. SMITH's exhumed article, we may believe, was intended to be very witty; but as there is not one word in the article itself about what is now, or was at any time, known as the Ancient and Accepted Rite of 33 degrees, we must conclude that it was published by Bro. SMITH for nothing more at the time than a gratuitous fling at that rite by one who knew nothing about it, and who possibly, like Bro. LAWRENCE, "did not care to know."

That J. THEO. HOLLY might at one time have advocated the use of Freemasonry as a means of doing that which many of the first men in America exhausted their talents and sacrificed their characters in one portion of our country to accomplish, argues little to be condemned. He is not the first man who mistook the object of this institution, or attempted to use it for philanthropic purposes of a character at variance with its avowed and well-known principles. We are not his defender upon this point. But whatever it may be to others, to ourself it is very plain, that this covert thrust at HOLLY by one to whom "nothing but the *Signet and Journal* is accessible," is intended to strike over his shoulders a blow at ourself and this magazine, and depreciate both in the eyes of those whose passions are likely to be stirred by any recognition of the black man as being entitled to exercise any higher range of intellect than necessary for a hewer of wood or drawer of water. To him and the other actors in such attempt, we tender, in conclusion, our fraternal regards, and hope they will accomplish all they desire.

MASONIC COURTESY AGAIN.

It seems that in responding last July to an attack made upon us by the *Ashlar*, a slender pamphlet published at present by WESTON & JONES, in Chicago, &c., we inadvertently trod upon the corns of that Knight of Courtesy, Bro. ALLYN WESTON, who, in the September No. of that periodical, replies, and favors our poor self with a page of his valuable space. After garbling our response and the statements it contained, and denying what every one at the time the circumstance took place said was so, viz: that it was personal gratification that induced Bro. HIBBARD, then G. M. of Illinois, to recommend, at the expense of all other masonic periodicals in the Union, the *Ashlar*, as perfect, in his annual address, Bro. WESTON winds up his philippic with the following awful sentence:

"No one has objected to Bro. BRENNAN's openly and bluntly opposing anything uttered, or anything done, by Grand Masters; exception has been taken only to the manner in which he did it; and we can assure him that if he makes more objectionable remarks about us personally—if he ever approach nearer billingsgate than he has done—we shall, 'from a sense of duty,' condemn his opprobrious and disgraceful epithets applied to Grand Masters, and hold them up to the condemnation of the Craft."

Truly it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living—WESTON. The next time we shall have occasion to place a catapult under a Grand Master, we will endeavor to accommodate our gentle brother, and be governed by the caution of the Irish gunner, who, when forbidden to go ashore in the usual way, loaded a mortar, and placing himself in it, instead of the shell, requested his comrade to "touch it off *aisy*!"

M A I N E.

Bro. Grand Secretary IRA BERRY favors us, under date of Nov. 4, with the following items:

Horeb Lodge, at Lincoln, was constituted, and its officers installed by the M. W. Grand Master, October 25th; and Monument Lodge, Houlton, was constituted in like manner October 27th.

Monthly Masonic Miscellany.

THE STRASBURG MASONS.

BY BRO. ALBERT G. MACKEY, M. D.

AMONG the various theories on the origin of Freemasonry, there is one which attributes the foundation of the institution to those builders who were engaged in the thirteenth century in the construction of the cathedral of Strasburg. The Abbe GRANDIDIER, who lived at Strasburg in 1778, has adopted this theory, and his opportunities, derived from his residence upon the spot, of becoming acquainted with the peculiar organization of this body of architects, render his views on the subject interesting and in some measure valuable to the student of masonic history. All that he says, it is not, it is true, to be taken for granted, but much that he has said is well worthy of consideration. Whoever wants to understand the true history of Freemasonry, as a secret institution, must not feel himself trammelled by the old tradition of the SOLOMONIC Temple, but must set out, in the adoption of his opinion, by a candid examination of all the theories which have been advanced on the subject by the most learned writers. Such a book as MITCHELL'S so-called "History of Freemasonry" throws no light on the great question of the origin of the Order, because the author either would not or could not avail himself of the labors of those profound scholars of France and Germany who have looked at the subject in an historical point of view. He confined himself to the legends which every tyro in Masonry has learned, which are almost all without authenticity, and which not seldom are opposed to probability—legends indeed, many of which, scholars have long since come to the conclusion, are simply allegorical and symbolical, and which were so intended to be interpreted by their inventors. Hence, MITCHELL'S work is a century, at least, behind the age; and we still have to count a history of Masonry as among the desiderata of the Craft. But to return to the Abbe GRANDIDIER and the Masons of Strasburg.

The cathedral church of Strasburg, he tells us, was commenced in 1277 by the architect ERWIN VON STEINBACH, and was one of the *chefs d'œuvres* of Gothic architecture in that age. The edifice, in its totality and in all its parts, is a perfect work of architectural skill, having no parallel in the whole world. Its foundations were built with such solidity, that, although exposed in many places to the light of day, they have withstood the attacks of earthquakes and tempests. By this stupendous work the reputation of the Masons of Strasburg was spread far and wide. Thus, the Duke of Milan wrote, in 1479, to the magistrates, of that city for an architect capable of superintending the construction of the magnificent church which he was about to erect in the capital of his dominions; and the cities of Vienna, Cologne, Zurich, and Friburg, built towers in imitation of that in Strasburg, without, however, being able to rival it in height, in beauty, or in delicacy of proportion. The Masons who were engaged in the construction of these various edifices, and the disciples whom they had taught, spread over all Germany; and, that they might distinguish themselves from the ordinary class of operative stone-masons, they united into societies, to which they gave the name of *hütten*, a German word which signifies *lodges*. But wherever they established themselves, they yielded with one accord to the superior authority of the Strasburg association, which was called the *haupttutte*, or Grand Lodge.

Hence arose the idea of establishing out of these different associations a single society for the whole of Germany, but it assumed a permanent existence only after the entire completion of the tower of Strasburg: The different Masters of the particular lodges assembled at Ratisbone, where, on the 25th of April, 1459, they adopted a charter, which constituted the chief architect of the cathedral of Stras-

burg and his successors as the only perpetual Grand Masters of the Confraternity of Freemasons of Germany. The emperor MAXIMILIAN confirmed this charter by an edict issued at Strasburg in 1498, which was from time to time renewed by CHARLES V, FERDINAND, and their successors.

The Society thus constituted in different places was composed of Masters, Fellows, and Apprentices. That at Strasburg held its tribunal in the lodge, and adjudged all causes brought before it, without appeal, according to the regulations and statutes of the Fraternity. These statutes were renewed and printed in 1563. The lodges of Suabia, Hesse, Bavaria, Franconia, Saxony, Turingia, and the countries situated along the Moselle, recognized the authority of the Grand Lodge of Strasburg. Even in the present century, says the Abbe GRANDIDIER, writing, as we have seen, in 1778, the masters of the Strasburg cathedral imposed a fine on the lodges of Dresden and Nuremberg, which was paid. The Grand Lodge of Vienna, which had the control of the lodges of Hungary and Styria, and the Grand Lodge of Zurich, which governed all those of Switzerland, had recourse to the mother lodge of Strasburg in all doubtful and important cases.

The members of this association. GRANDIDIER continues, held no communication with the common mason who were engaged only in the rude operations of the mortar and trowel. They selected peculiar symbols, derived from the technicalities of their craft, which they considered as vastly superior to that of the ordinary stone-masons. The square, the level, and the compass, were adopted as their attributes. With the design of establishing a body distinct from the crowd of laborers, they established passwords, grips, and signs of recognition. The apprentices, the fellows, and the masters were received into the association with secret ceremonies. They selected "liberty" for their motto, and sometimes abused it by refusing submission to the legitimate authority of the magistrates.

GRANDIDIER says that this tribunal was existing in 1778 at Strasburg, and though its jurisdiction was somewhat diminished, it was still recognized as the Grand Lodge of Germany. The inhabitants of that city, he tells us, had recourse to it in all matters of litigation relating to the construction of edifices, an authority that was specially remitted to it by the magistrates, who, in 1461, prescribed the forms and regulations which should be observed, and subsequently renewed the authority in 1490. The decisions thus rendered were called *hutenbriefe*, or lodge edicts. The archives of the city of Strasburg are filled with copies of these edicts, and many of them have been preserved by the old families among their papers. But in 1620 this jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Strasburg was suppressed by the magistracy, in consequence of the abuses to which it led.

Such is the Abbe GRANDIDIER's theory of the origin of modern Freemasonry from the builders of the Strasburg cathedral. But we must not let it go before our readers without a correction of the great historical error that he has committed. Undoubtedly, he is right, or at least most plausible, in his theory that Freemasonry must find one of its types in the free corporations of the middle ages. But he is materially wrong in supposing that the first germ of the association is to be discovered at Strasburg towards the end of the thirteenth century. More than three centuries before, in the year 926, a Congress of Freemasons was held at York, in England, and even that is said to have collected old and formerly existing Constitutions, and not to have framed new ones. Mr HOPE traces these free corporations of Masons as far back as the sixth and seventh centuries, with some appearance of probability. The association at Strasburg, therefore, was but a continuation of older ones that had previously existed; and hence RIBOLD tells us that the Strasburg builders "constituted themselves, in imitation of the lodges of England, under the denomination of Freemasons, and took the oath of fidelity to the *ancient laws and regulations*." GRANDIDIER is also in error in stating that the cathedral was commenced in 1277. The foundation-stone of this magnificent edifice, which DE WETTE calls "a masterpiece of art, and the wonder of the Christian world," was

laid in 1015, but it was not completed until 1439. It was, however, under ERWIN, of Steinbach, that the works, which for some time had been suspended, were resumed; and it was during his mastership that the congress was held which resulted in the establishment of the Grand Lodge of Strasburg.

This narrative suggests to us one thought at least. Whoever attempts to write a history of Freemasonry—an authentic history we mean—one in which everything shall be substantiated by admitted records, where the imagination shall be made subordinate to the judgment, and myths and legends shall be treated simply as myths and legends, not as facts, and finally, where random assertions and absurd fancies shall find no place, must first devote his attention to the earnest study of the history of the free corporations of builders of the middle ages. Aiming to make the *American Freemasons' Magazine* a vehicle for imparting light and information on every subject connected with the history and character of the institution whose organ it professes to be, we shall repeatedly recur to this interesting topic, present our readers from time to time with the views and opinions which are scattered through the pages of a multitude of French and German works, and perhaps, before long, contribute a connected article on the rise and progress of these free corporations, and on the true connection which exists between them and the present institution of Speculative Masonry.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

BY BRO. A. G. MACKAY, M. D.

FREDERICK the Great of Prussia played a great role in the Masonry of the eighteenth century; but whether the part assigned to him is an historical fact, or whether FREDERICK, as a Mason, is a great allegorical myth, still remains an unsettled question. We know that he was initiated into the Order, and for some time took an interest in it; this is historical, there being documents to prove the authenticity of the relation. But besides this, he has been claimed as an active member of the institution throughout his whole eventful life, as the founder and the head of an important rite, and as the author of certain Constitutions by which that rite is governed at the present day. It is about these latter claims that we find a controversy among masonic writers. Just at this time the dispute cannot be settled, because the issue being but newly made, sufficient search has not yet been instituted among old documents; but we may throw together all that we do know, as a preparatory contribution to the inquiry. By and by, other contributions will come from other sources, and the truth will at length be elicited.

FREDERICK II. king of Prussia, surnamed the Great, was born on the 24th of January, 1712, and died on the 17th of August, 1786, at the age of 74 years and a few months. He was initiated as a Mason at Brunswick, on the night of the 14th of August, 1738, not quite two years before he ascended the throne.

In English, we have two accounts of this initiation, one by CAMPBELL in his work on "Frederick the Great and his Times," and the other by CARLYLE in his "History of Frederick the Second." Both are substantially the same, because both are merely translations of the original account given by BIELFELD in his "Freundschaftliche," or *Familiar Letters*. The Baron Von BIELFELD was, at the time, an intimate companion of the Prince, and was present at the initiation.

BIELFELD tells us that in consequence of a conversation which took place on the 6th of August, at Loo, (but CARLYLE corrects him as to time and place, and says it probably occurred at Minden on the 17th of July,) in which conversation the institution of Freemasonry had been enthusiastically lauded by the Count of Lippe-Buckeburg, the Crown Prince soon after privately expressed to the Count his wish to join the society. Of course this wish was to be gratified. The necessary furni-

ture and assistance for conferring the degrees was obtained from the lodge at Ham-burg. BIELFELD gives an amusing account of the embarrassments which were encountered in passing the chest containing the masonic implements through the Custom-house without detection. CAMPBELL, quoting from BIELFELD, says :

"The whole of the 14th (August) was spent in preparations for the lodge, and at twelve at night the Prince Royal arrived, accompanied by Count WARTENSLEFEN, a captain in the King's regiment at Potsdam. The Prince introduced him to us as a candidate whom he very warmly recommended, and begged that he might be admitted immediately after himself. At the same time, he desired that he might be treated like any private individual, and that none of the usual ceremonies might be altered on his account. Accordingly, he was admitted in the customary form, and I could not sufficiently admire his fearlessness, his composure, and his address. After the double reception, a lodge was held. All was over by four in the morning, and the Prince returned to the ducal palace, apparently as well pleased with us as we were charmed with him."

Of the truth of this account there never has been any doubt. FREDERICK the Great was certainly a Mason. But CARLYLE, in his usual sarcastic vein, adds : "The Crown Prince prosecuted his Masonry at Reinsberg or elsewhere occasionally for a year or two, but was never ardent in it, and very soon after his accession left off altogether. . . . A Royal Lodge was established at Berlin, of which the new king consented to be patron ; but he never once entered the place, and only his portrait (a welcome good one, still to be found there) presided over the mysteries in that establishment."

Now how much of truth with the sarcasm, and how much of sarcasm without the truth, there is in this remark of CARLYLE, is just what the masonic world is bound to discover. Until further light is thrown upon the subject by documentary evidence from the Prussian lodges, the question cannot be definitively answered. But what is the now known further masonic history of FREDERICK ?

BIELFELD tells us that the zeal of the Prince for the Fraternity induced him to invite the Baron Von OBERG and himself to Reinsberg, where, in 1739, they founded a lodge, into which KEYSERLING, JORDAN, MOOLENDORF, QUEIS, and FREDERSDORF (FREDERICK's valet) were admitted.

BIELFELD again is our authority for stating, that on the 20th of June, 1740, King FREDERICK—for he had then ascended the throne—held a lodge at Charlottenburg, and as Master in the chair, initiated Prince WILLIAM of Prussia, his brother, the Margrave CHARLES of Brandenburg, and FREDERICK WILLIAM, Duke of Holstein. The Duke of Holstein was seven years afterwards elected Adjutant Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the Three Globes at Berlin.

We hear no more of FREDERICK's Masonry in the printed records until the 16th of July, 1774, when he granted his protection to the National Grand Lodge of Germany, and officially approved of the treaty with the Grand Lodge of England, by which the National Grand Lodge was established.

In the year 1777, the mother lodge, "Royale Yorck de l' Amitié," at Berlin, celebrated, by a festival, the king's birthday, on which occasion FREDERICK wrote the following letter, which, as it is the only printed declaration of his opinion of Freemasonry that is now extant, is well worth copying :

"I cannot but be sensible of the new homage of the lodge 'Royale Yorck de l' Amitié' on the occasion of the anniversary of my birth, bearing, as it does, the evidence of its zeal and attachment for my person. Its Orator has well expressed the sentiments which animate all its labors ; and a society which employs itself only in sowing the seed and bringing forth the fruit of every kind of virtue in my dominions may always be assured of my protection. It is the glorious task of every good Sovereign, and I will never cease to fulfil it. And so I pray God to take you and your lodge under his holy and deserved protection. Potsdam, this 14th of February, 1777.—FREDERICK."

In the circular issued by the Supreme Council of Sovereign Inspectors from

Charleston, South Carolina, on the 10th of October, 1802, it is stated that "on the 1st of May, 1786, the Grand Constitution of the 33d degree, called the Supreme Council of Sovereign Grand Inspectors General, was finally ratified by his Majesty the King of Prussia, who, as Grand Commander of the Order of Prince of the Royal Secret, possessed the sovereign masonic power over all the Craft. In the new Constitution this high power was conferred on a Supreme Council of nine brethren in each nation, who possess all the masonic prerogatives, in their own district, that his Majesty individually possessed, and are Sovereigns of Masonry."

The "Livres d'Or" of the Supreme Council of France contains a similar statement, but with more minute details. It says that "on the 1st of May, 1786, FREDERICK II, King of Prussia, caused the high degrees and Masonic Constitution of the Ancient Rite to be revived. He added eight degrees to the twenty-five already recognized in Prussia, and founded a Supreme Council of thirty-three degrees, of which he himself constructed the regulations in eighteen articles."

It must not be concealed that the truth of these last statements has been controverted, not however by positive evidence, but simply on grounds of probability. LENNING, in his "Encyclopädie der Freimaurerei," denies it, because he says that FREDERICK had, for the last fifteen years of his life, abandoned all direct and indirect activity in Masonry; and he adds that he was said to be decidedly opposed to the high degrees, because, in common with many of the respectable brethren and lodges of Germany, he thought that he saw in them the root of all the corruptions in Masonry, and the seed of the discord which existed between different lodges and systems. But for this assertion of the king's antipathy to the high degrees, LENNING gives no other authority than indefinite report.

RHIGELLINI, in his "Maçonnerie considérée comme le resultat des Religions Egyptienne, Juive et Chretienne" (t. 2, p. 263) says that the opponents of the Ancient Rite had denied that FREDERICK could have had anything to do with the establishment of the Constitution of May, 1786, because the King, although the Protector of the Order, had never been either its Chief or its Grand Master, and because it was impossible for him to have approved of any masonic regulations, since he had not been able, in consequence of severe illness, to attend to the affairs of his kingdom for eleven months before his death, which took place in August, 1786.

The idea that FREDERICK never had been Grand Master of the Prussian lodges seems to be inferred from a passage in MIRABEAU's "Histoire de la Monarchie Prussienne," which is in the following words: "It is a great pity that FREDERICK II never carried his zeal so far as to become the Grand Master of the German, or at least of the Prussian lodges. His power would have been greatly increased, and perhaps many of his military enterprises would have taken another turn, if he had never been embroiled with the superiors of this association." MIRABEAU acknowledges himself to be indebted for this remark to FISCHER's "Geschichte Friedrichs II." But I look in vain in THORY, or any of the other historians of Masonry, for an account of those embroilments of which FISCHER, and MIRABEAU after him, have spoken.

That FREDERICK did not, in his latter days, take that active interest in Masonry which had distinguished the beginning of his reign, although he always continued to be partial to the institution, is attempted to be accounted for by the author of a German work entitled "Erwinia." I am not acquainted with the book; but an extract from it was published several years ago by that distinguished masonic antiquary, GILES F. YATES, in the *Boston Magazine*. It seems from the anecdote there related, that Gen. WALLGRAVE, an officer of distinction, and one of the members of a select lodge in Berlin, over which FREDERICK had presided for many years, had been guilty of treasonable practices which became known to his Master. While the lodge was in session, the king communicated the fact that one of the brethren, whose name he did not disclose, had violated the laws of the Order and of the State. He called upon him to make a full confession in open lodge of his guilt,

and to ask forgiveness on what conditions as a Mason he consented to pardon and forget the offence. WALLGRAVE, however, did not avail himself of the fraternal offer, when the monarch, expressing his regret at the conviction that no masonic sentiment could prevail even among so small a number as composed that lodge, closed it, and laid down the gavel, which he never afterwards resumed, and WALLGRAVE was subsequently punished. The author adds, that from the moment FREDERICK had been thus forced to break the ties which bound him to a brother Mason, he ceased to engage in the active work of a lodge. But this did not induce him to dissolve his connection with the Order, which, to the day of his death, he never ceased to honor, and to extend to it his protection and patronage.

This is all that we have been able to find in print on the subject of King FREDERICK's Masonry. It is evident that the question of what active part he took in the affairs of the institution is not yet settled, and never will be satisfactorily, until, as we have said, further researches are made into the records of the Prussian lodges. It is important that these researches should be made, for Masonry should claim nothing, not even the influence of a great name, unless justly entitled to it.

GRAND BODIES OF OHIO.

McCONNELLSVILLE, Ohio, Oct. 24th, 1859.

Editors of the American Freemasons' Magazine :

DEAR SIRS AND BROTHERS—

Our Grand bodies have just closed a pleasant and harmonious session. The Grand Encampment met in the city of Columbus, on the 13th of October—Sir J. H. ACHER, Grand Master, presiding. There was not the usual amount of business transacted, but much was done of great importance to Templar Masonry in Ohio. The vexed question of withdrawal from the General Grand Encampment is suffered to rest for the present. The following officers were elected for 1859-60 :

Sir KENT JARVIS,	of Massilon,	Grand Master.
" THOS. SPARRON,	" Columbus,	Dep. G. Master.
" RICH'D. CREIGHTON,	" Cleveland,	Grand General.
" GEORGE WEBSTER,	" Steubenville,	G. Capt. General.
" SAMUEL MARKS,	" Huron,	Grand Prelate.
" GEO. H. BURT,	" Cleveland,	G. Sen. Warden.
" C. C. KEIFER,	" Dayton,	G. Jun. Warden.
" J. C. COPELEN,	" Cincinnati,	Grand Treasurer.
" JOHN D. CALDWELL,	" "	Grand Recorder.
" H. H. WAGGONER,	" "	G. Standard-bearer.
" JOS. M. DANA,	" Athens.	G. Sword-bearer.
" SAMUEL P. AXTEL,	" Mt. Vernon,	Grand Warder.
" JOS. B. COVERT,	" Cincinnati,	Grand Sentinel.

The Grand Council R. and S. Masters opened on the 13th—Comp. JOHN M. PARKS, Thr. Ill. Grand Puissant, presiding. The Grand Puissant read a lengthy and very able address. The session was an exceedingly pleasant and harmonious one. The following officers were re-elected for 1859-60 :

Com. JOHN M. PARKS.	of Cincinnati,	T. I. Grand Puissant.
" GEO. KEIFER,	" Troy,	I. Dep. Gr. "
" C. C. KIEFER,	" Dayton,	G. T. Illustrious.
" J. Y. CANTWELL,	" Mansfield,	G. P. C. of Work.
" JAMES S. REEVES,	" McConnellsville,	G. Capt. of the Guard.
" ISAAC C. COPELEN,	" Cincinnati,	Grand Treasurer.
" JOHN D. CALDWELL,	" "	Grand Recorder.
" ZACHARIAH CONNELL,	" Columbus,	Grand Chaplain.
" JAMES CALDWELL,	" Zanesville,	Grand Steward.
" JOSEPH B. COVERT,	" Cincinnati,	Grand Sentinel.

The Grand Chapter opened on the 16th—M. E. GEORGE REX presiding. A large amount of business was transacted, and the following officers elected :

Com. GEORGE REX.	of Wooster,	M. E. Grand H. Pt.
" PETER THETCHER,	" Cleveland,	E. Dep. Grand H. P.
" HARVEY VINEEL,	" Springfield,	E. Grand King.
" JOSHUA A. RIDDLE,	" Wellsville,	E. Grand Scribe.
" ISAAC C. COPELEN,	" Cincinnati,	E. Grand Treasurer.
" JOHN D. CALDWELL,	" "	E. Grand Secretary,
" JOSEPH B. COVERT,	" "	E. Grand Guard.

The Grand Lodge opened on the 18th—M. W. HORACE M. STOKES, Grand Master, presiding. The Grand Lodge is a mammoth body, and the amount of business done was very great ; and although many of the questions for decision were of a character to excite discussion, and were discussed with much earnestness, yet there was but one spirit discoverable—"that noble contention or rather emulation of who could best work and best agree." The officers for 1859-60 are :

M. W. HORACE M. STOKES,	of Lebanon,	Grand Master.
R. W. HEZ. L. HOSMER,	" Toledo,	Dep. Grand Master.
" GEORGE WEBSTER,	" Steubenville,	Grand Sen. Warden.
" L. C. JONES,	" Hartford,	Grand Jun. Warden.
" F. J. PHILIPS,	" Georgetown,	Grand Treasurer.
" J. D. CALDWELL,	" Cincinnati,	Grand Secretary.
" JOS. B. COVERT,	" "	Grand Tyler.

The Grand bodies closed, to meet again at Columbus, in October, 1860.

PRESTON.

FUNERAL OF HON. ROBERT P. DUNLAP.

From a lengthy account of this interesting ceremony, furnished us by Bro. JOSEPH COVELL, of Jay Bridge, Maine, we condense, to suit our pages, the following :

Mr. DUNLAP was initiated into United Lodge, Jan. 9, 1816 ; crafted Jan. 29, 1816 ; raised to sublime degree of Master Mason, February 13, 1816 ; and elected Master of the lodge, February 14, 1818 ; exalted to sublime degree of R. A. Mason in King Cyrus R. A. Chapter, Newburyport, Mass., May 15, 1817 ; elected Dist. D. G. M., 4th Masonic Dist., Jan. 9th, 1823 ; Grand Master of Maine, Jan. 21, 1830 ; Gen. Gr. H. P. of General Grand Chapter of the United States of America, Sept. 17, 1847 ; Grand Puissant of Grand Council of R. and S. M. of Maine, May 3, 1855 ; and President of Council of Order of H. P. of Maine at the time of its organization in 1858.

Bro. DUNLAP was appointed the first Corresponding Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Maine at its organization in 1821, in which capacity he served until January, 1822, when he was appointed Dist. Dep. Grand Master for the 4th Masonic District, and reappointed in 1823, 1824, and 1825 ; in 1826, elected Junior Grand Warden ; re-elected in 1827 ; in 1828 and 1829, elected Sen. Gr. Warden ; in 1830 and 1831, elected Grand Master ; and in 1857, again elected G. M., declining re-election at the close of the masonic year in May, 1858.

Comp. DUNLAP was the H. P. of Montgomery Chapter at the time of his death ; he was the H. P. of this Chapter in 1821, at which time the Grand Chapter of Maine was organized ; and was elected the first Dep. G. H. P. of the Grand Chapter of Maine, and second G. H. P., in which office he served until 1826, when he declined to serve any further.

From the *Brunswick Telegraph* we copy the particulars of the funeral:

The Masons arriving by the different trains were conducted—the Templars to Tontine Hall, the Royal Arch Chapter to McLellan's Hall, and the lodges to the Vestry, where the different Orders robed themselves and formed preparatory to the march. There were present the following bodies of Masons: The Maine Commandery No. 1 of Knights Templars—Officers: Orlando Currier, of Hallowell, Eminent Commander; J. D. Warren, Pittston, Generalissimo; and J. K. Osgood, of Gardiner, Captain General; numbering about 20 men.

The Portland Commandery No. 2 of Knights Templars—Officers: Freeman Bradford, Grand Commander, and Commander for the day; Wm. P. Preble, Generalissimo; T. J. Sanborn, Captain General; numbering 30 men. This Commandery brought Chandler's band with them, which furnished the music for the occasion.

Montgomery Royal Arch Chapter, (of which Mr DUNLAP was High Priest, and the only active office he held at the time of his death.) Charles Cobb, Bath, King; Dr Fuller, Bath, Marshal for the day. This Chapter alternates its session between Brunswick and Bath.

Portland Lodge, No. 1, Portland—C. F. King, Master.

Kennebec Lodge, No. 5, Hallowell—Wm. Nye, Master.

Solar Lodge, No. 14, Bath—Malcolm McQuary, Master.

Freeport Lodge, No. 23, Freeport—Samuel Thwing, Master.

Temple Lodge, No. 25, Winthrop—D. Cargill, Master.

Village Lodge, No. 26, Bowdoinham—H. Curtis, Master.

Hermion Lodge, No. 32, Gardiner—Augustus Baily, Master.

Casco Lodge, No. 36, Yarmouth—Nicholas Drinkwater, Master.

Lafayette Lodge, No. 48, Readfield, Emery O. Bean, Master.

Richmond Lodge, No. 63, Richmond—D. W. Chamberlain, M.

The above lodges turned out as lodges, and there were also large delegations from Tranquil Lodge No. 29, Lewiston, and Cumberland Lodge No. 12, New Gloucester, and many individuals representing other lodges in the State.

United Lodge No. 8, Brunswick—Joseph Stetson, Master. This lodge appeared with full ranks, as it was under their direction the funeral was held.

S. S. Wing acted as Marshal of the lodge; indeed, as Marshal of the procession, and performed his duties in a prompt and satisfactory manner. Much credit is not only due to Mr Wing, but to the lodge, for the excellent arrangements made for the funeral. The Hall was draped in mourning, and the hearse also was very neatly dressed in black.

The Masons all wore their regalia, and bore with them the various insignia of office. The uniform of the Templars was particularly noticeable, and it is exceedingly neat and appropriate. It at present consists of a black chapeau and plume, black velvet collar bordered, some with gold, some with silver lace, with small dagger depending therefrom, black sash, black velvet apron, with various devices wrought upon it, but always bearing the cross in red, black embroidered leather belt, straight sword, and gauntlet gloves, with the cross in red wrought on the gauntlet. The Portland Commandery was uniformed throughout, while some of the Maine Commandery were in undress. The bearing of these men was grave and dignified, and gentlemanly in the highest degree, and their marching steady and equal, to give effect to the scene. Many of them were old men, who seldom turn out in public, except upon extraordinary occasions. The bearing of the entire body of Masons was highly creditable, and proved that they comprise some of the staunchest and best men in the community.

As soon as the various bodies could form, the Portland Commandery took up the lodges from abroad, marched down Main and through Mason streets to the lodge room, where they took up the Maine Commandery and United Lodge, and marched to the residence of the late Mr DUNLAP, to receive the remains and friends, and escort them to the church.

(The Rev. Mr Adams had private services at the house, at 2 P. M., at which were present only the family and immediate friends.)

The bearers were James Cary and Captains Nathaniel Larrabee and Benjamin Dunning, representing the citizens, and Joseph McKeen and Professors Packard and Smyth representing the College.

The Maine Commandery was detained as a body-guard, and the Portland Commandery acted as a military escort for the entire procession, the lodges from abroad acting as an escort also. The procession was formed as follows:—The band

marched in front, followed by the Portland Commandery, and the lodges in the reverse order of their numbers, or left in front of the Chapter, and closed up with the United Lodge. The Maine Commandery as a body-guard took up its position on the right and left of the hearse; and as thus formed, the procession reached up Federal, through School and Main streets, to the church.

It is estimated that there were between 500 and 600 Masons present, taking part in the ceremonies. Among them were the following gentlemen, holding high official positions in the Order, or retired therefrom:

Charles W. Moore, Boston, Illustrious Secretary General of the Council of Sovereign Princes of the 33d, of the Northern Jurisdiction of the United States of America.

Freeman Bradford, Grand Commander of the Grand Commandery of Maine.

Francis J. Day, Hallowell, District Deputy Grand Master.

Joseph G. Stevens, Bangor; Nathaniel Coffin, Georgetown, Mass.; A. B. Thompson and John C. Humphreys, of Brunswick—Past Grand Masters of the Grand Lodge of Maine.

Josiah H. Drummond, Waterville, Deputy Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Maine.

Ezra B. French, Damariscotta, Past Senior Grand Warden.

Revs. Walter Foss, North Leeds; Cyril Pearl and R. G. Hoban, Cornish; and H. C. Leonard, Waterville—Grand Chaplains.

The procession arrived at the church about 3 P.M., where the whole body of the house was reserved for the Masons, and filled by them. The transepts and galleries were given up to the public, and after the entrance of the procession, the large edifice was filled to its utmost capacity, and large numbers were unable to gain admission. The coffin, a very handsome one, of black walnut, with wreaths of flowers about the form of deceased and resting on its top, was carried into the church and deposited on the area in front of the pulpit. The body-guard were seated around; Mr Moore and Dr Lewis immediately at the head of the coffin, and members of United Lodge immediately in the rear of the body-guard. Rev. Dr. Adams, Cong.; Rev. Mr. Wheeler, Univ.; Rev. Mr. Morse, Meth.; and Rev. Prof. E. C. Smyth, the College pastor, occupied the pulpit.

While the procession was entering the church, a very neat and pretty voluntary was played upon the organ by C. J. Noyes, Esq., the organist.

Mr Adams then read the 651st hymn, which was sung in good style by the choir, made up from the choirs of the different societies in the vicinity. Selections from scripture were read, and then Mr Adams proceeded to speak from notes of the deceased, mostly confining his remarks to his religious character; and of this, we believe all will admit, he spoke but the simple truth, however eulogistic those who did not know Gov. Dunlap may have thought those remarks. It was a beautiful tribute paid to a parishioner by a pastor who knew and loved him well. Indeed, the religious character of Mr Dunlap was most remarkable, and every movement of the later years of his life was marked by a devotion to christian truth and principle.

Mr Adams offered a brief prayer, in which he most feelingly remembered the family and friends of the deceased.

MASONIC SERVICES.

Rev. Cyril Pearl, of Cornish, Grand Chaplain of the Grand Lodge of Maine, then spoke of Gov. DUNLAP as a Mason—his devotion to the interests of the Order—his steady adherence to it during the days of its adversity, when obloquy was heaped upon the heads of all its members—and of the high respect and esteem in which the Fraternity had ever held the deceased. He also alluded to meeting him recently at Chicago, and of the delightful intercourse he there held with him. In the course of his remarks he made some very feeling allusions to the deceased.

Mr Pearl then offered a brief prayer, after which the choir sang to the tune of "Peyel's Hymn" two stanzas from a masonic hymn, as follows:

Solemn strikes the funeral chime,
Notes of our departing time,
As we journey here below
Through a pilgrimage of woe.

Here another guest we bring!
Seraphs of celestial wing—
To our funeral altar come,
Waft a friend and brother home.

The procession then re-formed and proceeded to the grave-yard, the band playing a dirge, and most beautifully was the music executed. As it entered the yard and slowly marched down its paths, the light and plaintive strains were borne back on the breeze, reflected as it were from the whispering pines, whose gentlest breathings were in sweet accord with its richest notes. More delightful harmony seldom, if ever, floated upon the air, and fitting and impressive and soothing must it have been to the feelings of that bereaved family to listen to such music—a requiem to one whom they had loved so well in life, and mourn so deeply in death.

The coffin was deposited by the side of the grave, the cover turned back, and Dr Lewis commenced and read a portion of the solemn and affecting, but simple, burial service of the Masonic Fraternity, the brethren responding at proper intervals. Mr Stevens read the concluding portion. The roll and apron were deposited in the coffin—the lid closed—and as it was lowered to its last resting place, the following masonic hymn, to the tune of “China,” was sung by the choir :

What sounds of grief, in sadness, tell
A brother's earthly doom—
No more in life's fair scenes to dwell—
A tenant of the tomb!

No more the friendly hand now pressed,
No gently whispered word;
He finds a long unbroken rest,
Where rules his heavenly Lord.

Then bring to him whose holy care
That better temple forms.
Our wish that all may gather there,
Beyond life's coming storms.

The evergreen, symbol of immortality, was reverentially thrown by each masonic brother, advancing in silent procession, on the remains of the departed in their last resting place; when the clouds, darkly gathered over the face of the sky, betokening an early close to the light of day, were observed to have broken asunder in the west, above the horizon, and the sun, then gone to his rest, sent through the opening the last rays of his departing brightness, and gilded the surrounding gloom with the promise of a day of brightness on the morrow—joyful emblem of the hope of the glorious scenes awaiting this good man on the morning of his resurrection to the enjoyments of “God's eternal day.”

The procession moved from the yard to the late residence of the deceased, where it was dismissed, and the Masons took the cars for their respective homes; extra trains having been run to accommodate them.

Gov. DUNLAP's age was 65 years and 2 months. In this connection it may be proper to remark, that he said from the first of his illness he should not recover; and though there were times when he rallied, it was quite apparent to all who watched by his bedside that his days were numbered and his hold on life very slight indeed. These premonitions are not uncommon with the sick; but in many cases they complicate the case, and almost neutralize the skill of the physician and the care and watchfulness of the nurse. We are not aware that they did so in the case of the deceased. Gov. DUNLAP has been in feeble health for the last two years, and had but recently returned from a visit to the West.

Mr DUNLAP was born in Brunswick, Maine, on the 17th of August, 1794. He entered Bowdoin College and graduated in 1814. He studied law in Newburyport, Mas., and was admitted to the Bar in 1818. He served in both branches of the Maine Legislature, and in 1834 was elected Governor of the State, in which office he served four terms; he was also a Representative in Congress from 1843 to 1847. His death has been a great loss to the community, for he was always ready, prompt, and energetic in all matters relating to the interests of his native town.

Mr DUNLAP was generous and liberal in his feelings—prompt to respond to every call of humanity—honest and upright in his intentions—manly and straightforward in his conduct—interested in the promotion of the great moral and religious enterprises of the day—a firm friend of temperance—ever ready to encourage the young, and to aid them in every possible way upon their outset in life—and a warm and decided Christian, consistent in all his relations as a member of a Christian community—living in a quiet and unostentatious manner, devoting himself to his family and friends, and ever studying to relieve the needy and the distressed.

CLOSE OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

We take this occasion to return our thanks to the Fraternity, our patrons, for active services and living assistance during this the second year of our labors, and to say a few words regarding this magazine, their result. At no time previous to the first appearance in 1858 of the "American Freemasons' Monthly Magazine" had there been any masonic monthly periodical published in the United States or elsewhere upon which one half as much money or labor was expended, or in which one half as much matter or features of attractiveness appeared. This declaration may startle many of our readers; but those who have a knowledge of masonic periodical literature, since its earliest appearance until the present time, will pronounce our declaration correct. And we feel proud when we refer to the history of this Magazine during the past two years, to know that although we have not realized as personal compensation for those two years, spent almost entirely in its editorial management and publication, as much as would provide for the actual necessities of one human being, still we are content in the entire success of our experiment. The question—Will the Fraternity in America, numbering to within a fraction of 200,000 MEN, support, to the payment of its actual expenses, a monthly magazine, elevated in its character, expensive in its features of merit, voluminous in size, desirable in shape, and ranking second to none in typographical and mechanical appearance—has been decided in the affirmative. They have done so for two years. The receipts for this magazine for the first year exceeded its expenditure by the sum of \$34.02. The receipts this year have exceeded the expenditure by the sum of \$481.43.

With this declaration before the Fraternity—a declaration which we need not have made, but for their satisfaction—and with the knowledge ours, that scarcely any of the usual style of effort has been adopted by us to increase the circulation of this periodical, we look back upon our labors with a regret that we have not done better, which is tempered by the feeling that our shortcomings have been before us at all times, and the conviction that to the extent of our means we have done the best we could. Had we adopted the practice of our most thrifty contemporaries, viz: supplied the work to all whose names we could secure, whether they paid or not, until we chose to discontinue and call upon them for pay, we could exhibit, at least, a much more extensive subscription list, as evidence of success, than we can. But in not doing this, but, upon the contrary, furnishing the publication to no one but to those who paid in advance for it, and discontinuing it to them when the time they had paid for it expired, we have pursued that course which, although it has left us no book debts to collect or harp upon, has enabled us to keep the business in a healthy condition, and prevented a style of very disagreeable paragraphs, which commonly follow "Words to Delinquent Subscribers" in those of our contemporaries, from appearing upon these pages.

Having been thus explicit with the past, we will now give our attention to the future. The fact that there is a demand for more speedy movement in the publication of Masonic literature and news, and that monthly operations are entirely too slow, has become so evident, that we have decided to make—commencing with the first of January, 1860—three important changes in the publication of this Magazine, namely—1st, To issue it every Monday, in Parts of 32 pages each, at Six Cents a Part. 2nd, To give at least Eight pages of Home and Foreign Masonic News, consisting of reports of Festivals, Speeches, Celebrations, and other current events, in each Weekly Part; and 3rd, For the convenience of those who desire to receive it in that way, to issue Monthly Parts—composed of the four Weekly parts published during the month—at 25 cents each. These Parts will be covered, and, as it is expected they will be preserved for binding, more care will be used in their production.

In presenting our Magazine in this way, with the principal features of a Weekly Masonic periodical, our subscribers will have an advantage heretofore unknown—that of receiving in handsome book form a Masonic Weekly Journal, satisfactory in its matter and manner, and quite up with the prevailing spirit of progress.

Subscriptions to either Weekly or Monthly Parts will be the same as heretofore, Three Dollars for the year. The increase of matter over the present issue will be more than one half, per month, or 48 pages, with no corresponding increase of price. This change, however, will prevent us continuing our present Club rates; but, instead, we adopt the following: *To take no lists of less than TEN names from any one place, (Lodge or post-office).* To these the Magazine will be put at \$2 a year, each, for either Weekly or Monthly Parts, at the subscriber's option; *only one half of this sum being required in advance*, provided the Brother sending the list remits the joint note of the Subscribers, payable Six months after date, for the other half. Individual subscriptions will be expected to cover the Cash, at the regular rate of \$3 for one, or \$5 for two years, otherwise no attention will be given to them.



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